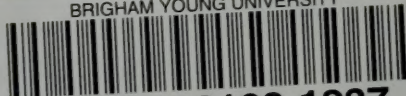


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Yours Truly
John Gale

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
OF
THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF
ODD-FELLOWS,
Manchester Unity.

EDITED BY

GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON,

P.G. of the Marc Antony Lodge, North London District; Author of "The Faces in the Fire," etc.;
Editor of Dr. Dick's "Christian Philosopher," Bayard Taylor's "India, China, and Japan,"
etc., etc.

VOL. II.—NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1859, TO OCTOBER, 1860.

MANCHESTER:
PUBLISHED BY THE G.M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

1860.

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY

OLD-FELLOWS

AND

EDWARD BENHAM, PRINTER, HIGH STREET, COLCHESTER.

NEW SERIES

VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1880, TO OCTOBER, 1880.

MARGHERITA

EDITED BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS

1880

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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. XX.]

JANUARY 1st, 1859.

[Vol. XX.]

JOHN GALE, P. PROV. G.M.

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

THE gentleman whose portrait is presented with this number of the Magazine was born in Hull, Yorkshire, in the year 1808, in which town his boyhood was passed, his father following the the business of a builder and contractor. He afterwards removed to Leeds with his parents, and was there apprenticed to a joiner. It was in Leeds that Mr. Gale became first acquainted with Odd-Fellowship, having been initiated a member of the Order in that town; but subsequently removing to Sheffield he, in November, 1832, joined the Good Intent Lodge there, and filled the various offices of his lodge, and also took a prominent part in assisting to place the Order there upon a solid basis at a period when considerable excitement existed in the Society, in consequence of the oath then administered at initiation, and the many attendant forms and impressive ceremonies used, which the older members of the Order will, with pleasure, doubtless recollect (as, indeed, who, once witnessing them, could forget?) were abolished, and the emblems used in the ceremony destroyed, because of the illegality and consequent danger of administering secret oaths. In Sheffield, Mr. Gale married Miss Ann Twells, daughter of a respectable farmer in Derbyshire; but death separated them early in 1853. In the year 1829, Mr. Gale removed to Liverpool, from which port he made several voyages to America and back, and finally settled down as a joiner and builder, which business he has successfully followed up to the present time, and is highly respected as a tradesman. In the month of October, 1854, Mr. Gale married Miss Charlotte Bowers (his present wife), sister to the late P. Prov. G.M. George Bowers, an active and useful member of the Liverpool District.

Mr. Gale's connection with the Order in Liverpool commenced in 1841, when he joined the Benevolent Lodge in that town. In December, 1848, he was elected D.G.M. of the district, and the following year he was elected G.M., and this office he also served during the year 1854. He was also a trustee of his district, and has been active in furthering its interests to the utmost of his ability. He was one of the representatives of the district at the A.M.C.s of Blackburn, Halifax, London, Durham, Lincoln, Norwich, and Swansea. He was elected a member of the Board of Directors in the years 1854-6-7, and now fills that honourable position. Whilst attending the A.M.C.s of the Order, Mr. Gale has not been an idle member, but has invariably taken his share of the work to be done,—he has sat as chairman of the Estimate and Relief Committees, and in 1854 was chairman of that most important body—"The sub-committee for examining the year's proceedings of the Board of Directors."

His practical knowledge as a tradesman was also turned to advantage for the Order in the erection of the new offices of the Unity in Manchester, he being appointed by the directors as one of the building committee, which had the superintendence of the building and general direction of the various details connected with it. His services have also in like manner been given in his own district, during the erection and in the management of the magnificent hall of which the Liverpool brethren are now in possession,—so that, apart from minor details of service as an Odd-fellow, we see that Mr. Gale has well performed his share of labour in the good cause, and it is gratifying to know that he is as earnest as ever in it, and that he has earned for himself the high honour of being chosen by the A.M.C. as one fitting to have his portrait published with the Magazine.

SONNET.

—
BY CHARLES DREUDY.
—

Thy voice is dead to me ; but ah ! thine eye,
 Is far too eloquent and kind for aught
 So wild and sinful as the bitter thought,
 That with the voice thy love could also die.
 There is no planet in the winter sky
 So bright to me as thy regarding look ;
 There is no music which the skilful make,—
 There is no lore of love in poet's book,
 Can in my soul such tones of rapture wake,
 As this I feel and know in loving thee ;
 Oh ! if I were a bird my life should be
 One song of praise—one melody intense—
 One long enraptured hymn of love to thee—
 One soul, one mind, one all enthralling sense.

SOMETHING ABOUT PROVERBS.

BY GEORGE FREDRICK PARDON.

"PAPA," said my little son to me one day, "What is a Proverb?"

Now, my son is an inquiring young gentleman of between eight and nine years of age, who will not be put off with a mere general answer. He wants to know the why and the wherefore of things, and is by no means content with the usual explanations offered to children. Other parents also have such sons, I have no doubt, whose questions they sometimes find it hard to reply to. I confess that the question rather puzzled me, simple as it looks. Not that there was any great difficulty in saying, off-hand, what was a proverb? the difficulty was—how to frame an answer that should be as satisfactory to the mind of the child as to that of the man. I thought for a moment of the clever definition of Erasmus, "*Parœmia est celebre dictum scitâ quâpiam novitate insigne*;" but then I recollected that many *dicta* might be included in that saying that were not really *proverbs*. I thought also of Lord John Russell's admirable definition—"Proverbs are the wisdom of many and the wit of one;" but then I considered the saying too deep for the mind of a child. At last, however, on the question being repeated, I said—

"A Proverb, Charley, is an adage, or wise saying, in which a special meaning is hidden."

But that scarcely satisfying him—or indeed, myself,—I went on to explain that Proverbs were short sentences commonly used; maxims in which wit and truth are mingled; generally-received sentences applied on particular occasions as rules of life or conduct; the unwritten wisdom of the people; the fruits of experience expressed in pithy phrases; "and in fact, my dear," I went on to say, finding it impossible to answer his question in a single sentence, "a Proverb is a witty or quaint saying, which on being uttered is recognised by its hearers as the expression of a truth or part of a truth. As such it receives by repetition the stamp of public credit or authority, and passes as the current coin of conversation."

Master Charley's blank look at this formidable answer to his simple question slightly amused me; but as he said no more I left him to his own thoughts.

The next day, however, he returned to his Proverbs, and wished to know something more about them. I need not say that I was pleased to discover my child taking an interest in subjects generally thought beyond a child's powers of mind. I had, therefore, a long talk with him about Proverbs. The substance of our conversation I now give, in the form I think best adapted for the perusal of the young people into whose hands this book may happen to fall.

Proverbs are derived from a great variety of sources: from the habits and natures of animals; from legends, oracles, and historical events; from the fancies of poets, and the observations of wise men, as seen in the Proverbs of Solomon; from the manners and customs common to all men in all places; from events or incidents occurring at particular times or places; and also from accidental circumstances, arising in various countries, and among various families and classes of people.

Many Proverbs express a whole truth; as for instance, "A royal crown, is no cure for the headache;" "All is not gold that glitters;" "Preven-

tion is better than cure." Some tell only half a truth, the other half being contained in another Proverb; as "Penny wise and pound foolish," and "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves;"—other Proverbs require local knowledge to render them intelligible; that about the Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple, for instance. Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More was sent by King Henry the Eighth with a commission into Kent to find out, if possible, the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shelf or bar that stopped up Sandwich Haven. Among the witnesses examined was the "oldest inhabitant" of the district, who gave his evidence thus:—"I am an old man, and I remember the building of Tenterden Steeple, and I remember when there was no steeple there at all. And before that steeple was built there was no talk of any flats or sands that stopped up the Sandwich Haven, and I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the Goodwin Sands." This proverb teaches us the absurdity of confounding coincidence with cause. Again, Proverbs convey a warning, as "Look before you leap;" a reproof, as, "If you have too many irons in the fire some will be sure to burn your fingers;" a moral maxim, as "The beaten path is the best road;" a retort, as, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones;" a gentle hint to idlers, as, "When the tree is down all go with their hatchets;" or a religious admonition, as, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, and the years draw nigh in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

The essence of a good Proverb is its terseness, or the quality of being both brief and smooth—a quality that gives double force to the wisdom it contains. To uncultivated minds Proverbs stand in the place of quotations from the poets, historians, and orators to the learned. They contain the soul of wit and wisdom, and are therefore great favourites with the people. They are used as arguments by the ignorant, and are pleasant forms of speech for the scholar. They teach those who would not otherwise learn, and are of great use even to the wisest in presenting them with phrases common to, and understood by, all classes of men.

Proverbs are common to all languages, and many of the most familiar of them are found scattered over distant parts of the world. We say, that "It is useless to carry coals to Newcastle;" the Orientals say, that "It is waste labour to take oil to Damascus;" we say, "The burnt child dreads the fire;" the Hebrews say, "A scalded child dreads hot water," and so of many others. The Italians and Spaniards use a great many Proverbs in their conversation, as those who have read "Don Quixote" well know. Indeed, the great charm of this admirable book lies in the endless string of wise and witty sayings of honest Sancho Panza. The French, the Germans, the Dutch, the Russians and the Chinese possess a vast store of capital Proverbs; and even among the Red Indians of America and the savage islanders of the South Seas, the Proverb exercises an influence unknown among civilized nations. They are poems in little, sermons in sentences; maxims transmitted from generation to generation, and carried from land to land and language to language, till they link all mankind in one common bond of fellowship and truth—the

"touch of nature
That makes the world akin."

Proverbs often convey hints of national peculiarities, and there are no people who have not some which belong solely to them. The English lay claim to about ten thousand; the French to three thousand; but the Spaniards possess the largest stock of all, their book of Proverbs containing nearly thirty thousand wise and witty sayings. The Scotch proverb, "Count money after your father," betrays the prudence and caution of their

national character. The French say, "A man at the shambles (butchers' shops) has no more credit than a dog," and "Cut out thongs from other people's leather"—two sentences that do no great honour to French morals. The Spaniards say, "War with the World and peace with England," a proverb that may have had its rise from the memory of the failure of their great Armada in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Russians say, "Prayer to God and service to the Czar," an evidence of the state of subjection in which the people of that country have been kept for centuries. Again, they say, "Give to the judge, lest thou get into prison," a practical sarcasm on the administration of law in Russia. How different from the German Proverb:—"Liberty, sings the bird, though the prison be a golden cage." The Arabs know little of gratitude, and this fact they illustrate by the Proverb—"Eat the present and break the dish." Some of the Chinese Proverbs are quaint and truthful: "Large fowls do not eat small meals;" "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man purified without affliction;" "It is as wrong in the king as in the people to break the laws;" "Let every man sweep the snow from his own door before he thinks about his neighbour's tiles," a hint to busy-bodies; "The man in boots does not see the man in shoes," a saying true of the proud and haughty in all countries; "Look not a gift horse in the mouth," a saying that has found its way into many languages, and the opposite of which we recognize in the Russian Proverb—"Give a man a shirt, and he will exclaim, How coarse it is."

Many of the Italian Proverbs are extremely quaint. Of old bachelors they say,

"Lazy if tall,
Cross-grained if small;
If handsome, vain;
Shocking if plain."

Though strict Catholics, many of their sayings partake of what we should call heresy; as, for example: "To fast is good, but to forgive better;" "The gate of heaven is not to be forced with a golden hammer;" "Shrouds have no pockets,"—a homily in a sentence;

"He that keeps fast, and else does naught but evil,
Has bread to spare, but straight goes to the devil."

Some of their Proverbs are very severe upon the morality of their governing classes:—"Old rogues make new spies;" "Good order is bread, but disorder starvation;" "The fish begins to stink from the head;" "Bread and Saints' days stop the mouths of the people." But the best and noblest of them teaches a lesson that we may all take to heart—

"Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
Worship as if thou hadst to die to-day."

Some French Proverbs about women are curious: "There are only two good wives in the world; the one is lost and the other is not to be found;"—a saying the opposite of ours, "There is only one good husband, and one beautiful child in the kingdom, and every good wife possesses them." The French character is well shown in the following: "Tell a woman that she is pretty, and Satan will tell her the same thing twenty times a day;" "Choose a wife by your ears, and not by your eyes;" "A pretty woman is like an ill-defended city, easy to take but hard to keep;" "The wind and a woman are difficult to master;" "Smoke and a woman drive a man out of doors;" "Every man fears two things, his wife and thunder;" "Women and cats are best at home;" "Wives are always better next year, but next year, like to-morrow, never comes;" "Two things a woman cannot keep, her reputation and a secret;" "A woman hides from her lover only that which she does not know."

As examples of Proverbs to be found in many languages, the following may be mentioned :—"No mill no meal ;" "A cat in gloves catches no mice ;" "One good turn deserves another," which the French have thus—*A beau jeu beau retour* ; "Better late than never," the Italian form of which is *Meglio tardi che son mai* ; "All is not gold that glitters ;" "New brooms sweep clean ;" "Money makes the mare to go ;" "Hunting dogs have scratched faces ;" "Time and tide wait for no man," and many others.

Many Proverbs are doubtful, others very bad in their morality. Who would like to put faith in such sayings as these?—"As the Psalmist has said, all men are liars ;" "You may know an honest man by the hair growing in the palm of his hand ;" "Honesty is the best policy ;" a saying that has done a vast deal of mischief by insinuating that honesty is not a duty, but that it is necessary only to advance men's wordly interests ; "In for a penny in for a pound ;" "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb ;" "We must do in Rome as the Romans do." The niggardly use the Proverb "Charity begins at home," to excuse themselves from giving. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," is often used as a rebuke to people who meddle with other folk's concerns, but if the shoemaker had always stuck to his lapstone, Christian missions and the name of William Carey would not have been united ; had the tinker kept to his forge, "The Pilgrim's Progress" would never have been written ; had Ben Jonson been content with his bricklayer's trowel, the world would have been a great loser ; and had Daniel Defoe contented himself with selling stockings in Cheapside, you, my Charley, and all other boys, would never have possessed your famous "Robinson Crusoe." But Proverbs of a better class teach us to "Do what is right, whatever be the result ;" remind us that "He that waits for dead men's shoes, goes for a long time bare-foot ;" and tell us that we must "Work or die," for

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

BE ACTIVE.

Look ye ! time is swiftly rolling,
On its axis, fast away ;
Vesper bells will soon be tolling
The departure of the day.

Rouse thee ! rouse thee ! use each muscle :
There is much for us to do
On this stage of mortal bustle,
Wrong to evade, and right pursue.

Plant thy standard, bold and fearless,
On the citadel of "right ;"
Though to-day be sad and cheerless,
Let us hope for morrow's light.

There are hearts that thou may'st cherish,
There are tears to wipe away ;
Smitten hopes that may not perish
Neath the glow of friendship's ray.

CARTOUCHE.

In the environs of Paris, at the extremity of the Faubourg du Temple, is a place well known to the French workman, who, on Sundays and holidays, goes there to enjoy the pleasures of the dance and the booth. This place, which to-day, demands but the slightest amount of attention from the police, was during the last century the rendezvous of sharpers, thieves, drunkards, and, in fact, of all the scum of the capital, and at the same time was constantly invaded by the *gens d'armes*.

In this quarter, which is called La Courtille, Louis Dominique Cartouche first saw the light, at the close of the year 1693. His father, an honest wine-shop keeper, in the place, had amassed during his labours a comfortable independence, the fruit of economy, of hard work, and of very assiduous improvement of his time. The worthy tavern-keeper had marked out for his son a glorious future, and with this end had intended to educate him very carefully. He placed him in the college of Louis-le-Grand, where at the time the young Arouet de Voltaire was obtaining the most brilliant success. But Cartouche was not able to settle down to his studies; from the age of twelve years, he began to display an incredible address, an activity of intellect the most mischievous, and an irresistible longing for theft. Already he had committed many acts of petty larceny towards his fellow pupils, though without being discovered, when one of those little peccadilloes was the means of getting him expelled from the college. Having heard that one of his fellow scholars, belonging to a rich and noble family, had lately received the sum of a hundred crowns, he contrived to enter his chamber, obtain the key of the desk, and to make himself master of the precious hoard.

Fearing lest he should be discovered, he fled from the college, never to return, and took refuge in his father's house; but the latter, speedily learning the truth, resolved to shut him up in Saint Lazare. As they were conducting him to this establishment he contrived to escape, and for several days wandered about the suburbs of Paris, without home, without asylum, till one day, a gang of wandering thieves, that travelled from town to town to exercise their misdirected energies, seeing in the lad the promise of a quick and inventive member of their craft, adopted him.

In a very little time, young Cartouche became their most valuable assistant. He went with them the tour of France, everywhere distinguishing himself by his address and audacity, and at length returned to Paris an accomplished thief. Each day, numerous complaints were addressed to the authorities, on the audacious robberies that were now committed in the capital; the police redoubled their watchfulness, and Cartouche, fearing to be discovered, requested of M. d'Argenson, at that time lieutenant of police, an audience on business of a very particular nature. The official acceded to his request. Cartouche presented himself, and proposed to the official to put him on the traces of all the thieves which infested the capital. This proposition was accepted, and Cartouche entered the police service at the remuneration of a crown per day.

This modest income did not, however, suffice for his debaucheries, and accordingly he combined with his function that of crimp. Till the year 1789 the conscription did not exist in France, and voluntary enlistment going forward but slowly, the army was principally supplied by men paid to entice the young and thoughtless to enlist. These crimps stationed

themselves in every street, and in every tavern, causing poor devils to drink, and while drunk making them sign an engagement they were bound to fulfil under penalty of being shot. These crimps had a fee for each victim, and in order to drive a more rapid trade deputy-crimps were employed, with whom their superiors divided the fees. Such was the honourable profession which Cartouche added to that of police spy. His success in this new line of business was so great that the jealousy of his superior officer was excited, and the latter was resolved to get rid of him. One day, in the tavern, which was the scene of Cartouche's exploits, the superior crimp induced him to drink till he became intoxicated, and while in this condition caused him, in his turn, to sign an enlistment paper. When the fumes of wine had waned off, Cartouche was astonished to find himself a soldier of the king. But knowing by experience the military law, which if broken would sentence him to be disposed of by a round of cartridge, he left Paris to join his regiment.

He served during several years, and with distinction ; he displayed great courage, gaining the esteem of his officers, and was promoted to the grade of sergeant. Had the war continued, his destiny would, doubtless, have been entirely different ; and instead of a villain, his name would have been inscribed in the military annals of his country. But peace was not suited to his energetic temperament, and immediately after the signing of the peace, he applied for and obtained leave of absence, unfortunately with the intention of returning to Paris.

Once in the metropolis, his old habits of thieving and burglary grew upon him with increased force. The wild financial schemes of Law, recently exploded, had induced a spirit for gambling and a thirst for gold throughout all classes of society, leaving society in a state of demoralisation. Accordingly Cartouche found accomplices in the most elevated circles. They, by position, aided him to commit his numberless depredations, and divided with him the produce of his infamous ingenuity.

His first care was to organize in the capital itself a large and faithful military band. Some soldiers whom he had known while with his regiment, some officers, cashiered for their vile conduct, and who thus found themselves without resources, formed the first members of this gang. Independently of these accomplices, he contrived to press into his services some discharged police officials, former members of the municipal guard, valets, and even the servants of the nobility and court. Afterwards he formed dépôts and branch establishments among the provincial towns. He framed a code of laws of the most severe nature, and reserved to himself the right of life and death over the members of this association.

One can easily understand what evil effects such an organized band would produce. Very quickly nothing was heard in Paris but robberies and murders ; the public vehicles were stopped, the mansions pillaged, hotels and palaces were broken into. The police were exhausted from their fruitless exertions. The magistrates, not knowing by what means to get Cartouche into their hands, offered a large reward to anyone who should succeed in bringing him to justice ; but he escaped prison and pursuers as much by the clever disguises he adopted as by his excessive address.

The prospect of obtaining the large reward had, however, tempted the cupidity of several members of his band. Their leader, however, learnt that they were about to betray him, and resolved to make a terrible example. He assembled his band at midnight in the forest of Bourget. He walked round his companions, addressing them in severe language, then calling upon a young soldier, belonging to the Royal Guard, whom he suspected of treason, he ordered him to quit the ranks and step forward. Then loading his intended treachery with the most fearful reproaches, he com-

manded another member of the gang to advance, and stab him. When this terrible act was performed, Cartouche, withdrawing the blood-stained weapon from the side of the unhappy man, and pointing to him in the flickering light of torches that lit up the scene, cried "Perish thus whoever violates his oath." It was by this energetic behaviour that he maintained in his band the most passive and absolute obedience.

Cartouche was of small stature, but very robust ; his countenance was marked by a sweet and attractive expression ; and he displayed on every occasion an extraordinary and cool audacity.

Notwithstanding that he was constantly pursued, he visited the theatres and public places, and sometimes, even the most select and retired circles.

It more than once happened that his conversation fascinated the people with whom he mixed, although they had not the slightest suspicion who this charming person was. He rendered himself most agreeable to the ladies, whom he studied to please with the most assiduous attention. Very frequently he was recognised by the police and municipal guard, yet they dared not lay hands upon him ; often also he forced them to quit their hold, on displaying a couple of pistols which he always carried in his girdle. Once, however, a sergeant and private of the city guard attempted his capture, but their rashness soon produced its result, and, in an instant, they were stretched dead at his feet—the spectators fleeing horror-stricken at the sight.

The renown of Cartouche, and the dismay he inspired, increased daily. In the city or in the country he was the constant theme of conversation. His robberies were so numerous and so audacious, that the parliament became alarmed, and solicited the government to take some steps to secure the terrible depredator. The minister of war, Leblanc, gave secret orders to this effect to all the police and municipal guards of the metropolis and the provinces, and every official in the metropolis was ordered to redouble his activity. At this critical moment Cartouche called his little band together, to lay the state of affairs before them, and take the advice of his council. It was decided, after a long deliberation, that he should leave Paris for some time, with the view of putting the police off the scent. He set out for Burgundy. At Bur-sur-Seine he presented himself, under the name of Charles Bourquignon, to an old lady as her son returned after a long absence in India. The poor old woman really believed that she saw her dear son and received him with open arms, and shortly afterwards introduced him to a rich and worthy circle of acquaintances, in which he was entertained with the greatest hospitality.

There he might have amended his life, and have obliterated the past, while leading a new and entirely strange mode of life ; but the force of evil inclinations and bad habits drove him to quit this happy retreat, and to again present himself in Paris.

His first task was to learn from the superior officers of his gang what had been done during his absence, to reward or punish according to desert. This assumption of absolute authority might fairly entitle him to be called a veritable king ; indeed, he had his mistresses, his courtiers, riches, and subjects, and, it must be added, traitors also ; for a short time after he was denounced by one of his favourite companions, a soldier of the guard, named Duchatelet, who assisted him in his boldest and most terrible expeditions. Cartouche had taken refuge in a tavern of La Courtille, named "The Pistol," and situated near Belleville, when the soldiers of the municipal guard invested the house by night, and surprised him in his bed before he could defend himself.

His capture caused the greatest excitement throughout Paris, every one feeling as if, henceforth, neither murders nor robberies would be committed. They conducted him to the Chatelet prison, and securely lodged him in a

cell. He tried to escape from his gloomy chamber, but all his efforts were fruitless. The parliament met and engaged in an animated discussion as to whose office it was to try the notorious robber. The criminal court of the city claimed the privilege exclusively, and after a long debate he was handed over to it. Once in the hands of the law, Cartouche displayed a coolness, a gaiety, and self-possession the most complete. He would not name any of his accomplices, and when confronted with several of them, who were likewise in prison, he declared he did not know them. At first, in fact, he pretended not to be Dominique Cartouche, but Charles Bourquignon, son of Thomas Bourquignon, originally of Bur-sur-Seine, and while they were cross-examining him on this point, he asked for a bottle of Burgundy and said, with an ironical tone, as he emptied his glass, "My love for that wine proves that I am of the same country as itself, and that I am a patriot."

The public excitement increased each day, and nobody was spoken of but Cartouche. Such extraordinary and fabulous adventures had been related of him that every one was anxious to see and hear him. The fair sex displayed the most intense interest in the judicial proceedings; and notwithstanding the strongest regulations of the judges, contrived by the most ingenious methods to gain admittance to the court house. Several ladies of the court, disguised as officers of the Royal Guard, got an introduction to his cell, escorted by a couple of gaolers. Cartouche, who was indisposed on that day, was greatly honoured by the visits of the young officers. He spoke to them in the most delightful manner, and caused by his charming conversation the greatest astonishment in the young ladies' minds. As they were leaving the prison, profoundly touched by their interview with the robber, they encountered a captain of the Royal Guard, who penetrating their disguise, but waiting to extract some amusement out of the adventure, feigned to take them for subalterns of the Royal Guards. He demanded where they had come from, and why they had broken the prison regulations. On one of the young ladies replying in an embarrassed tone, he ordered them to be conducted before the lieutenant of police. M. D'Argenson, who was a very severe official, hesitated some moments as to what course to take; but recognizing in one of the young officers a maid of honour, he quickly discharged all the frightened ladies. This adventure amused for a time both the court and the city.

On another occasion, the lady of Marshal De Boufflers, having by dint of great influence obtained an order to see Cartouche, betook herself to the prison, where she found the prisoner singing. On seeing the lady he wished to rise, but the weight of his chains having caused him to fall back, the lady could not restrain her feeling of compassion for the charming robber, and uttered a shriek. Cartouche hastened to reassure her with a voice full of emotion; and on bidding him a tender farewell she presented him with two louis to procure some comforts in his prison.

At the commencement of his examination he endeavoured to deny his identity. He wished to pass for a man named John Little, son of a merchant of Barrois; but his mother and younger brother, on being called, swore to him, and he was pronounced guilty of several murders, without counting those that had failed from circumstances over which he had no control.

Finding himself thus condemned, and seeing no way of escape from his prison, he sought to commit suicide by dashing his head against his chains, but was prevented by the gaolers who watched over him, and in order that this attempt should not be repeated, he was secured to the wall so closely that he was scarcely able to take a step in advance.

Some influential persons, who feared lest he might confess, conveyed a quantity of poison to him, which he drank in some wine.

About midnight on the 17th or 18th October, 1721, he vomited several times ; a physician, who was at once summoned, immediately administered an antidote to him and thus saved his life ; but from that time no one was allowed to enter his cell.

This event caused the court to expedite the completion of the trial, and although he made no revelations, the evidence was sufficient. He was, by a parliamentary decree, on the 26th November, 1721, condemned to die at the Place de Grève.

On the morning of the 27th October, he was subjected to question by torture, but he revealed nothing, and would not make known who were his accomplices. Every persuasion was moreover employed, but he confessed nothing ; and treated as a coward and a perjurer one of his accomplices who, on being tortured by water, had at the eighth pint, revealed the names of some of his comrades. Nevertheless, although he would not name any of his band, the exhortations of the priest who attended him produced some effect, and he began to display signs of repentance.

The day of execution arrived, and he was led forth from the prison to the place where he was to be deprived of life. The streets were thronged by an eager multitude ; the windows were filled with spectators who, for the last month, had awaited with anxiety this horrible spectacle. As Cartouche drew near the place of execution, he perceived a coffin placed on the scaffold surrounded by archers. By the side of the coffin stood the executioner and his assistants, who were arranging, with the utmost coolness, the instruments for the execution. This view produced an impression upon him, and he cried out in a loud voice "That is a horrible sight."

His confessor profited by this moment of very natural weakness to make fresh efforts to induce him to reveal the names of his accomplices, but he quickly mastered his emotion, and stepped up the ladder with a firm foot. When he reached the summit he cast on all sides an anxious look, but he could not see his comrades, who, by the strongest oaths, had bound themselves to rescue him. At this his firmness abandoned him again ; he beckoned to his confessor and told him that before he died he wished to make a full and complete confession, and at his request he was taken to the Hotel de Ville.

He commenced with a detailed list of all his crimes, named his accomplices, pointed out their dwellings, and the methods of arresting them. Among the number whom his revelations compromised were several distinguished ladies and gentlemen. He denounced also, more than forty persons belonging to the suite of Mdle. Louise Elizabeth de Montpensier, one of the daughters of the regent, who was just leaving for Spain to espouse the prince of Asturias.

Whilst Cartouche was at the Hotel de Ville, the archers scoured Paris, and secured a great number of those named by the condemned man, with whom they were speedily confronted. When they were brought face to face with him he reproached them in a calm tone, and told them that as they had not kept their oaths, he had not been obliged to hold to his. He then began to narrate in detail the crimes of each, and giving his proof to support what he said. The miserable men, paralysed with terror, were speedily carried off to a prison cell to await the day of their execution.

After his companions, came the turn of his mistresses, of which he had three. They were immediately arrested. The first who appeared was a handsome and stately woman, he called her the "Gray Sister," and declared that she had had several children, one of whom she had killed. She was at once removed to prison. The second, whom he called the "Reigning Sultana," was magnificently dressed and had a bold, queenly air. He had nothing to charge her with. She was condemned to ten years' imprisonment.

The third was a fish woman in the markets of the Halle. Cartouche had always shown a preference for her above her rivals. He denounced her as having received the greatest quantity of the stolen goods. Her house was searched, and, on the accusation being found correct, she was conducted to prison like her companions, there to await trial.

These confrontations had lasted an entire night and the following morning. When all was concluded, they left Cartouche alone with his confessor till two o'clock in the afternoon, and when he had received the consolations of religion, he was again conducted to the Place de Grève.

He mounted the scaffold with firmness, and resigned himself to his executioners. The crowd rushed after the principal assistants of the executioner, who hastened along with the corpse to be disposed of to the surgeons of Saint Come.

The execution of Cartouche completely put an end to the horrible crimes which had so long dissipated the capital. His accomplices quickly shared a like fate to his own; but not one displayed the courage of their leader.

Scores of volumes have been written on Cartouche and his strange career; but the details here given as to his life and death have hitherto been imperfectly known. We have selected them from the most authentic sources. Whilst the famous thief was lying in his cell awaiting his end, a piece entitled "Cartouche, or the Robbers," was produced in Paris; but at the third representation it was withdrawn at the urgent request of the hero himself, who said that he was not desirous of amusing France entirely at his own expense. And on the first day of the representation of the play the Italian Comedians produced "Harlequin Cartouche." At a later period, Cartouche and his adventures were converted into a celebrated melo-drama.

The story of Cartouche is productive of one consoling thought,—the very great progress society has made since those days; he had for accomplices persons in the most elevated ranks of society, who scrupled not to participate in the profits of his crimes. Thieves and murderers now-a-days form a world apart, surrounded with universal reprobation, and pursued with an incessant eagerness by the vigilance of the police, and when taken, punished by the strong hand of justice.

THE CAMELIAS.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

"DOES this Camelia, Kate, become my hair?
 Charles Bertram brought it for me from the town;
 The very flower he wished me so to wear
 This county ball-night; and you wear one too!
 Ah, coz, I've caught him; he's my shadow, Kate,
 A partner always at my will to-night;
 Whom shall you dance with? with this same sweet Charles!
 Charles, if I spare him, always flies to you;
 With Edward Conyers with his curled moustache?
 A doughty captain, judge him by his beard;
 Now he's a match that half the county's mad
 To win, yet half I think he sighs to you.
 O, that he and his thousands sued to me!

O, Kate, to win him ! win his acres, Kate,
 With him encumbered ! how the dark old hall
 Should blaze again, were I but mistress there !
 And I've a hope ; I've met his eyes, my coz,
 And half I've read the meanings there I would ;
 Pique him with Charles ? Ah, Kate, but that might do ;
 There you're no rival, and I leave you Charles,
 Winning this prize, coz."

So, before her glass,
 Twining a white Camelia in her hair,
 Misty with lace and satin, gold and gem,
 A fleecy cloud lit by the wintry moon,
 Ran Ellen Mordaunt on—Ellen, whose eyes,
 Dazzling as diamonds they, as hard and cold,
 Dark lights had lured to wreck full many a heart ;
 How many a voyager by their Lorely spells,
 Trustful, had drifted towards them, rich in hopes,
 Rejoicing, but to founder, losing all !
 O, fair deceit ! O, passionless sweet pride !
 That held hearts but as toys, to crush at will,
 Broken if brittle, or as counters, worth
 The gold they stood for, she, a cold coquette,
 The falsest, fairest thing by nature formed,
 As cruel as the tiger, crafty, fair,
 A siren in her beauty and her wiles ;
 Laughing she spoke, and, lustrous, left the room,
 All Cleopatra in her queenly eyes,
 Whose starry darkness walked to wilder souls,
 And throne her, regnant, on the hopes of men.

And in that great old chair of ancient oak,
 All carved and quaint, sits blue-eyed Kate, and smiles,
 Musing to net the snarer in her snare.
 " If he would do it—he, my one-time flame,
 This dear good Edward that she'd win to-night ;
 Gay moth that fluttered round my light awhile,
 Warned, but unharmed, and now my trusted friend ;
 A flutterer he, yet with how kind a heart !
 And one who holds my pleasure as his own ;
 If he would do it ! snare this snarer now ;
 Small ill to Ellen ; O, what gain to me !
 Charles loves me ; O, he does, unmeshed by her !
 And, he, my own, O, what a life of hours
 Unshadowed, shall he know, sweet-sunned by mine !
 She loses but a plaything ; he a mask
 Of beauty, hollow as her soul within,
 Her cold hard nature it so falsely hides !"

So, hearts for stakes, the cousins won and lost
 That wintry ball night. The blue eyes of Kate,
 More murmuring than her words the boon she asked,
 Whirled Edward Conyers, merry with the trick
 He played the dark-eyed plotter, dance on dance,
 Through waltz and polka, all that sparkling night,

Whisperer of nothings in caught Ellen's ear,
 Ellen all deaf to all but only him,
 All but the wealthy prize she held her own ;
 Charles, swept from her proud side with cold sweet scorn
 Knowing himself her last toy cast aside,
 Her mask of fairness, glass to him at last.

O, rose-lipped Kate, but what a night was yours,
 Murmuring away with Charles the happy hours !
 O, merriest laughter, what a frosty dawn,
 Warmer than summer to your happy heart,
 Your happy heart, so blessed by Charles's side,
 With Charles's whispers murmuring in your ears !
 O, lustrous lamps that lit that whirl of joy,
 Gazed you in eyes more brightly blessed than Kate's,
 On blushes deeper dyed with rosier joy !
 O, keen-eyed stars, white watchers of the morn,
 Tracked you a happier heart to its sweet nest,
 One sweetlier fluttered by the laughter love,
 Love that in its red rose-core hid what hopes,
 Hopes that the swift months swept to glad sweet death,
 In blissful surety, where they smiling died,
 That happy morn that made her Charles's bride,
 She, sweeter than the orange-flowers she wore,
 More fair than the white rose-buds of her wreath,
 Ellen, her dark-eyed bridesmaid, lustrous, by,
 She, still the coquette—she, unwedded still,
 But with no white Camelia in her hair.

A DAY AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

BY WILLIAM F. PEACOCK.

RAIL to Liverpool—steam to Belfast; that's a minute's work on paper! Let's push along to Carrickfergus. A pleasant tramp by the coast, with good scenery; general effect, to brace the nerves and wear the boots. Rail to Ballymena, and put up at Mrs. Reed's Hotel. If you like salmon, now's the time; just feel the weight of this fellow which was swimming a couple of hours ago!

Interesting town Ballymena; streets clean and regular, white houses with blue roofs. Allons! we've got the night through, and having breakfasted and discharged the bill, let us proceed to Coleraine. The Causeway is our destination, my friend, and all else is secondary. Still, a few words of our progress.—From Ballymena to Coleraine (you can coach or rail it) the country has many attractions for the stranger, both natural and social. Even the sight of the little water girls whom, during the first seven or eight miles you meet coming from the well with cans balanced by the hoop which encircles the gentle carrier, does you good! There's a tonic in their bright innocent faces and their merry laughter. The true characteristics of North Ireland are beginning to be disclosed.

We are soon in an unctuous kingdom of bog and potatoes. Except a superficial half-foot or so where the moisture has evaporated, and a proportionate change of colour occurred, the bog is jet black and very humid. Bog—bog—as far as the eye can reach, nothing but bog; dark, watery, and monotonous. It seems to be laid out in “fields,” for the labourers cut it down at the edges and leave narrow passages between square and square (Hibernian phalanxes, compact as those of Leonidas). The same order and regularity you find in a brick-croft. Amid the foul and stagnant exhalations (watery, but more like pitchy gas) you see the turf in all its stages. Now it is uncut, undry, coal-black; now you observe Paddy digging it in blocks; these he lays to dry for a time, and then exposes them to the action of fire. Witness the rolling smoke-clouds which take their life from these plains, and darken the turf from which they ascend. For about a week said turf is left to dry; then you may see the carts loading, their unsophisticated drivers as merry as the dogs at their side, exchanging broad jokes and grinning from ear to ear.

You also see the flax; its tiny blue flower looking very artless and very pretty. In some parts living—in some parts dying; at your right hand it is growing to maturity—at your left *burning*; its smoke curling up with spiral swelling and convolutions of a waterspout.—Altogether, the road from Ballymena to Coleraine (pronounced *Côlren*) is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Very different from the country between Ballymoney and Larne, of which presently.

In sight of Coleraine now, imagine our old dusty coach driven “full swing” to the *Clothmakers’ Arms*. (Coachee likes to put the steam on when entering any town of importance.) A host of precious youths throng round you, each and all vociferating the praises of “Orr’s car” or “Redfern’s ’osses.” “Here’s the mare, yer ’onor;—a divil to go. Jump up, yer ’onor. Ould Ireland can’t mend it any way!” These young Emeralders, though prone to cunning talk and exaggeration, very seldom stand to a deliberate lie. There is a great amount of genuine humour amongst these lads. Dickens might pick out more than one Sam Weller.

Coleraine is a pretty place. The town itself is small, but exquisitely clean; its houses whitewashed when of brick, and pure in colour when of stone. I don’t suppose its population is more than a thousand or fifteen hundred. The Market Hall is a good building, and large for the size of Coleraine; but the main feature is the Bann, seen here to advantage from that excellent bridge which crosses at the northern part of the town. Of the Bann and its salmon I would speak, but let me say a word or so about the place itself, and its conveyances. Coleraine, you must know, is finely situated for those tourists who intend to visit the Causeway. You can take the long road to Port Stewart, through a noble country, where the rail is laid and the guard’s whistle sounds loud and clear; or you may start to Bush Mills, a charming spot, where salmon are counted by thousands; or you may follow my example and go to Port Rush, which lies seven miles N.E. The generality of people take Irish cars, and go direct to the Causeway Hotel; but those who have little luggage, and great love of scenery, will just “tramp” to the little village last named. The road is excellent and the scenery picturesque; you have occasional views of the coast, and Lough Neagh is apparent at times—looking black and cheerless in the distance. To return to the Bann and its associations. It rises to the east of Newry, flows into Lough Neagh by the northern shore, and out again by the north-west, with many a roar and leap. The lough is many miles in circumference; three rivers empty themselves into it, yet the Bann is the only stream that escapes. Having, then, to convey so much water to the North Sea, and in its course sweeping through Lough Beg, you may

imagine with what thunder it rolls onward through a channel beset with rocks innumerable. After running about seventy miles it reaches Coleraine, and is there calm and serene, as though penitent for its long course of discord and contention. From Coleraine to its junction with the North Sea, the distance is four miles. In the neighbourhood of Coleraine Bridge fish abound. The "salmon leaps" are two, and there is therefore little chance of freedom for the fish. It would be easy to describe the means provided against its escape; the weirs of solid stone; the gratings or "traps" which silently receive the victims and retain their coveted selves until the fatal change from water to crushed-ice occurs.

From Coleraine to Port Rush we pass through a novel country. The journey from Ballymena formerly opened out a world of bog, but now it is not so. Certainly the characteristic of Ireland is still somewhat apparent; yet, if you judged Ireland from what you now see, its main feature would by no means be *bog*.

Some hundreds of yards before you arrive at Port Rush, an unexpected and charming view presents itself. A break in the road reveals to you the rolling waters of the North Sea, with the little pier of the town, and the cliffs of Port Rush below you. Your prospect is extensive; by mounting the side road, you can see perhaps thirty miles Derry-way, and to your right, the coast to the extent of several leagues.

From Port Rush, the tourist takes a boat "to the Causeway." But, in truth, the Causeway Proper is not seen. Where it commences, there you get out, and, landing on the rocks, pursue a winding path to the excellent hotel on the cliffs.

But we have not yet arrived, and I have to jot down a note or two regarding the scenery. A trip of nine miles, by water and by such a coast, cannot fail to possess some attractions.

Fairly on your way, you lay back and think a little. "Home" and its associations press into memory; and the silence of the waters, so unbroken, save by the regular "dip, dip" of the oars, is an excellent assistant to reflection. Possibly you recall, too, a coast whose scenery was similar; and, looking over the stern, you imagine in the green sea some old and well-remembered face now dead to you—

"a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wings."

But the charm is broken. You hear an unexpected splash, and are made acquainted with a porpoise which rolls its burly form along in a manner strongly remindful of Sam Johnson, and then disappears "full fathom five." It is useless again to court quiet dreams; so, with an effort, like that of young Copperfield, when he strove to speak gruffly, you fall into chat with the boatmen. From them you derive certain bits of information; as that the sea-fishing here is farmed by a Mr. Black, who pays £400 per annum for the right. And in your subsequent rambles from the Causeway to Carrickfergus, you are forcibly struck with the notion that Mr. Black possibly makes a goodish thing of it; for in every town through which you pass, coast salmon await the carrier, nicely packed up in wicker baskets, strewn with ice and secured with straw.

Your boatmen point out in the distance a shapeless, indistinct mass; it is Rathlin Island. "A bad place," says one; "sure there's two wracks lying on the beach at this moment." Still on, through the dancing water, its waves glittering in the sunlight and looking like blended amethysts and gold. Fine fishing here. "Wish we'd some hand-lines," says one rower, as he spits into his horny fist and grasps the oar anew.

We are breast to breast with the White Rocks. They stretch out some

distance, rising from the shore to a considerable height ; bulwarks of limestone. White they are, and contrast remarkably with the black cliffs farther east, which join the pale ones with great abruptness. This phenomenon is not the result of waves or sea-breeze ; if you dug twenty feet into the respective cliffs, you would find the respective tints of either rock still preserved.

But these White Rocks are truly curious. The shapes they assume often astonish and always delight.

I have seen several curious natural rocks, yet none to supersede these, in variety at least. Walking from Carnarvon to Beddgelert, in North Wales, a rock lies by the highroad, which is called "William Pitt's Head." It presents, on a gigantic scale, an exact portrait, in bold relief, of that Chancellor of the Exchequer who raised and calmed the troubled spirit of the Mutiny at Spithead ; eyes, nose, mouth, every feature is detectable, yet never a sculptor's chisel has had a hand in it. But these rocks on the Port-Rush coast have equal recommendations. In succession you row past the "Priest's Cave," a singularly formed cavern, with its legend not wanting, and possessing two entrances ; then "Jackson's Cave," with its legend ; and, by the way, it is from this spot that the finest and most delicate gravel is obtained ; "The Parliament House," a square chamber dignified with its legend, too ; and then you see "Lot's wife." Not that pillar which travellers tell you stood, to within a recent date, on the shore of Lake Asphaltes ; not that remarkable ossification of feminine gender which, being measured, was pronounced thirty feet high ; but a rock, standing detached from the cliff, and in general contour not unlike a female figure. Even while you gaze on her, two fisher lads approach the beach, and when you lazily ask the boatmen "what those fellows are after?" "A-going to see Lot's wife!" one answers, with a horse-laugh.

Still coasting the White Rocks, we arrive at "The Pulpit," a half-dome in the cliff, not unlike one of those ancient pulpits from which our sturdy reformers spake in words of thunder ; but though concave, its figure has some resemblance to a Gothic window ; and as you look, you think that the half of a pear would, if inverted, furnish the true form of this pulpit of Nature.

What is this? Nobly situated on the high cliff, stands a time-worn castle—the ruin of Dunluce. A cave in the rocks seems to penetrate to its very vitals ; indeed, between the castle interior and the castle cave a communication still exists. Black, frowning ruin ! What tongue shall tell of the deeds that may have occurred in thy precincts?—what pen shall paint the midnight scenes when victims left thy dungeons, and, being conveyed through that subterraneous passage, gave their dying breaths to the bleak sea-breeze, and found rest at last in the ocean-bed?

I know not the age of Dunluce, but it is said to be *very* old. It is one of the finest of those ruined fortresses, of which Ireland contains so many. The keep, or tower, stands on a rocky cliff, separated from the mainland by a chasm several hundred feet deep, and all around, except on one side, are beetling crags, that might safely defy the quickest eye and surest foot, and against those black grim rocks, the sea, rolling in one unbroken swell from icy regions of the pole, beats with an everlasting roar ; and in stormy winter weather, when roused by a north-west gale, it often flings its spray, as if in mockery of man and his works, upon the grass-grown floor of the ancient hall. The walls are still nearly all standing. Hall and kitchen, and courtyard, tower and battlement, are still distinctly marked ; the stone stairs, in some of the towers, being still perfect. Like old Nuremberg, its walls are wreathed about with

"Memories of the Middle Ages."

We row past Dunluce, and the Black Rocks begin. "Ah," says one man in the boat, in contradiction to the truth, "once these rocks were white. Everything was made clean at the Creation, but Time has cast his shadow on their surfaces." "A shabby trick, by Saint Patrick!" says the "bow-oar."

Port Roon Cave; the sea high, and boatmen unwilling to enter. Our boat gets into broken water, and for the next ten minutes we are in danger, the sea splashes in, and our chaps at the oar are not at all sanguine; but at last we get out, and ride on the rolling waters, now poised on a giant wave, and now sweeping down into the valley, down, down; to be again mounted on the climbing billows.

The coast scenery continues to furnish delight, and the buildings in the neighbourhood of the cliffs are not unnoticed. Some of the gentlemen's seats are finely constructed, and their situation sets them off to the best advantage.

But let us suppose the boatmen to have fulfilled their charge. We are at the Causeway Landing, and it is necessary to climb the cliffs before you can get a sight of the hotel to which, in the first instance, appetite prompts. On the beach stands that old guide M'Mullin, who proffers his hand to assist you in stepping ashore. He will be happy, as he says, "to show your gentleman's honour the 'otel, an' maybe in the mornin' your honour would be so obligingly kind as to employ him as guide."

An honest, decent, old fellow is M'Mullin. He has the Irish blarney on his tongue; but his actions are sincere, and he faithfully fulfils his trust. For about thirty years he has been the ciceroné of tourists and visitors, and is a remarkable compound of truth and fiction. His legends, and the homely way in which he recites them, cannot fail to give pleasure; and it is a notable truth that in the old man's observations you will find great and keen good sense, and no contemptible amount of knowledge. He was the guide of Sir Humphrey Davy, who visited these parts, of Jones the geologist, and of many others.

Basalt exists in several quarters of the world. In America and Asia we find it, wholesale, and in Europe. Where the Missouri rolls, and in the Deccan, you discover it. Nearer home, in England, Scotland, and (peculiarly) in the sister Isle. You may trace a curious similarity between the basaltic columns of Mexico and those of the Giant's Stack, County Antrim. Basalt withstands many tests, but is fusible, and therefore of volcanic origin. That there was a period when some tremendous convulsion threw up this Giant's Causeway is considered certain by geologists. The principal or grand causeway (there being several considerable and scattered fragments of a similar nature), consists of an irregular arrangement of many hundred thousands of columns, formed of a black rock, nearly as hard as marble. The greater part of them are pentagonal, but so closely and compactly situated on their sides, though perfectly distinct from top to bottom, that scarcely anything can be introduced between them. These columns are of an unequal height and breadth; several of the most elevated, visible above the surface of the strand, and at the foot of the impending angular precipice, are of the height of about twenty feet, which they do not exceed, at least not any of the principal arrangement. How deeply they are fixed in the strand, has never yet been ascertained.

This grand arrangement extends nearly two hundred yards, as it is visible at low water; but how far beyond is uncertain; from its declining appearance, however, at low water, it is probable that it does not reach beneath the water to a distance equal to that which is seen above. The breadth of the principal Causeway, which runs out in one continued range

of columns, is in general from twenty to thirty feet ; in some parts it may, for a short distance, be nearly forty. From this account are excluded the broken and scattered pieces of the same kind of construction, which are detached from the sides of the grand Causeway, as they do not appear to have ever been contiguous to the principal arrangement, although they have been frequently comprehended in the width, which has led to some wild and dissimilar representations of this causeway, in the different accounts that have been given. Its highest part is the narrowest, at the very spot of the impending cliff, whence the whole projects ; and there, for about the same space in length, its width is not more than from twelve to fifteen feet. The columns of this narrow part incline from a perpendicular a little to the westward, and form a slope on their tops, by the unequal height of their sides ; and in this way a gradual ascent is made at the foot of the cliff, from the head of one column to the next above, to the top of the great Causeway, which, at the distance of about eighteen feet from the cliff, obtains a perpendicular position, and lowering from its general height, widens to between twenty and thirty feet, being for nearly three hundred feet always above the water. The tops of the columns being, throughout this length, nearly of an equal height, form a grand and singular parade, which may be walked on, somewhat inclining to the water's edge. But from the high-water mark, as it is perpetually washed by the beating surges, on every return of the tide, the platform lowers considerably, becoming more and more uneven, so as not to be walked on but with the greatest care. At the distance of a hundred and fifty yards from the cliffs, it turns a little to the east, for the space of twenty or thirty yards, and then sinks into the sea. The figure of these columns is, as we have already said, with few exceptions, pentagonal, or composed of five sides ; and the spectator must look very narrowly indeed to find any of a different construction, having three, four, or six sides. What is very extraordinary, and particularly curious, is, that there are not two columns in ten thousand to be found which either have their sides equal among themselves, or display a like figure.

The composition of these columns, or pillars, is not less deserving the attention of the curious observer. They are not of one solid stone in an upright position, but composed of several short lengths, nicely joined, not with flat surfaces, but articulated into each other like a ball and socket, or like the joints in the vertebræ of some of the larger kind of fish, the one end at the joint having a cavity, into which the convex end of the opposite is exactly fitted. This is not visible unless on disjoining the two stones. The depth of the concavity or convexity is generally about three or four inches. It is still farther remarkable, that the convexity and correspondent concavity of the joint are not conformable to the external angular figure of the column, but exactly round, and as large as the size or diameter of the column will admit ; consequently, as the angles of these columns are in general very unequal, the circular edges of the joints are seldom coincident with more than two or three sides of the pentagonal, and are, from the edge of the circular part of the joint to the exterior sides and angles, quite plain. It ought likewise to be noticed as a singular curiosity, that the articulations of these joints are frequently inverted, in some of them the concavity being upwards, in others the reverse. This occasions the variety and mixture of concavities and convexities on the tops of the columns, which is observable throughout the platform of this causeway, without any discoverable design or regularity with respect to the number of either.

The length of these particular stones, from joint to joint, is various ; they are in general from eighteen inches to two feet long ; and, for the greater part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, the

articulation of the joints being there somewhat deeper. The size, or diameter, likewise of the columns is as different as their length and figure ; in general they are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. Throughout the whole of this combination there are not many traces of uniformity or design, except in the form of the joint, which is invariably by an articulation of the convex into the concave of the piece next above or below it ; nor are there traces of a finishing in any part, whether in the height, length, or breadth. If there be particular instances in which the columns above water have a smooth top, others near them, of an equal height, are more or less convex or concave, which shows them to have been joined to pieces that have been washed away, or by other means taken off. It cannot be doubted but that those parts which are constantly above water have gradually become more and more even, at the same time that the remaining surfaces of the joints must necessarily have been worn smoother by the constant action of the air, and by the friction in walking over them, than where the sea, at every tide, beats on the causeway, continually removing some of the upper stones, and exposing fresh joints. As all the exterior columns, which have two or three sides exposed to view, preserve their diameters from top to bottom, it may be inferred that such is also the case with the interior columns, the tops of which alone are visible.

I would not willingly essay a full description of the Causeway. Many a writer has relinquished his attempt ; and many another has stayed his ardent goosequill in despair. If ever the works of Almighty God were particularly manifested in oppressive grandeur—if ever an atheist feels his atheism quail within him—it is at the Giant's Causeway. To see such cliffs—five hundred feet high—beautiful in their component parts, and in their columnous construction even and regular, as though a mason and rule had been at work. O, it is marvellous ! No pompous unit, with a bit of humanity clinging to his heart, can go there and retain his pomposity. He visits the Pleaskin, the Giant's Stack, the Cliffs at Fairhead, and his vain folly trembles on its pedestal and falls to rise no more.

Cliffs five hundred feet in height ; columns and separate, yet aggregate, and standing in layers not unfrequently thirty feet ; these meet his wondering gaze ; and if he were able to uncover the area above, he would probably find the interior columns still regular and compact ; three-sided, seven-sided, eight-sided ! And their hues ! Hire a boat ; go out to sea,—still how distinguishable and how delicate. Now, row in, and lay on your oars,—they spread from east to west, above, below, in colours shading from a white to a crimson. Dig beneath where they join the coast ; they are still there !

No marvel that, on a tempestuous night, when the moon was veiled and the seas rough, the ireful Spaniards of King Philip's Armada, beating off the coast, thought those three basaltic columns were Irish peasants' chimney-pots ; and, in very malice of the worst sort, because useless and unprovoked, fired their cannon thitherward. To this day the marks of Spanish shot are shown on the face of those imperishable columns ; and, only the other month, a relic of that unfortunate Armada, came up on the iron-bound coast, a rusty anchor, which the smith forged hoping and believing it would find an anchoring ground, not in the Irish Seas, but in the English Channel.

I might tell you of my lonely walk on the headland ; I might discourse of the setting sun, as seen from Hamilton's Cave at the famous Pleaskin ; I might fill page after page with a fruitless, because imperfect, account of the Causeway ; but the night has come, the daylight departed, and I lay down my pen to revive again, in thought, the mingled feelings which arose in my astonished mind, when surveying that most

wondrous of His wondrous works. And when, in addition to what I have described, you shall have seen the evidence of basalt in fusion (pointed out by King on the authority of Buckland); the stratum of ochre oxidized; the marvellous Giant's Stack; the Highlander's bonnet; those parts of the Causeway called "the Wild," "the Honeycomb," "the Middle," and "the Grand;" the boulders, which were once the scum of the basalt lava;—when I say, you shall have seen these marvels, and the Giant's Organ, forty-five feet in height, row back to Portrush and cautiously explore the wondrous caves which are on your way. Observe the overhanging crags, the spacious dome which echoes Alexander's shout, and is the abiding place of many a dark-coated gull, whose cry is like nought human; take a long look at the Giant himself, whose profile arrests you as you voyage on, and causes you to exclaim "Can this be solid rock and Nature's art!" Then, when the beach of Portrush, is in sight, pass your flask to your honest guide and let him drink his usual toast, "Here's to yer 'onor's health, and here's to me, and here's to my good old mate!"

DECEMBER.

THE whispering foliage-song no more
 Along the air is sweeping;
 But hush! 'twill chorus as before—
 The spirit-leaves are sleeping:
 December's breath awhile shall be
 The cradle of their memory.

Though flowers not now their varied hues
 In charmed union mingle,
 Yet look! the eye more richly views
 The flower in beauty single:
 And old December's smile shall be
 The perfumed tints of blazonry.

Though warblers from the grove are gone,
 Here's yet a joyous fellow;
 For hark! 'tis Robin's song, no one
 Was ever half so mellow:
 And old December chirps to be
 So welcomed by that minstrelsy.

Though cold and storm-fill'd clouds career,
 And o'er the casements darkle,
 They make—turn round, the hearth is here—
 The blaze more brightly sparkle:
 December clasps his hands in glee,
 Most jovial round the hearth is he.

Then hail, December! let the soul
 The moments dark appearing
 Make bright—for it can change the whole
 To beauty rich and cheering:
 Old guest to thoughts in harmony,
 December ever welcome be!

RECENT LEGISLATION AFFECTING ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

ENGLISHMEN are proverbially said to be grumblers. A large proportion, indeed, not only plead guilty to the indictment, but, like the fanatical devotee or the overwrought enthusiast, actually pride themselves on the peculiarity which, to others differently constituted, savours largely of mental or moral weakness. John Bull believes in the existence of a healthy species of grumbling which he terms *vigilance*; and he knows well (in his own estimation at least) how to discriminate between this freeman's privilege and constitutional virtue, and the habitual carping of splenetic incapacity, or the eternal wailing of a dyspeptic philosophy which somehow contrives to exist in perpetual horror of the speedy advent of a social or political nightmare. John especially claims the privilege of grumbling at the government; no matter whether his friends or political opponents, for the time being, hold the reins of power. He has immense faith in the potency of his own action upon the paces of the legislature, and consequently relies, to a considerable extent, upon what is termed the "pressure from without," for the attainment of good and cheap government. In fact, in this very power to grumble, John recognises the rugged husk that enshrines and protects the precious germ of constitutional liberty.

John invariably declares that the popular wisdom is in advance of that of the constituted authorities. Unfortunately, as a rule, there is too much truth in this assertion. But there are exceptions to this, and striking ones too, as to all other rules. With respect to legislative enactment for the encouragement and protection of the friendly societies of the provident working men, government has, in the main, outstripped the efforts of those for whose especial benefit such legislation was designed. Nay, it has been, and not without some reason, charged with meddling too much with what really and truly is outside its function; with nursing and "codling," in fact, into a "rickety" imbecility the healthy offspring of English manly self-dependence. The great value of the friendly society or self-dependent principle was recognised by the House of Commons as early as the year 1773. The peers, however, rejected the bill passed by the lower house, which professed to provide for the "better support of poor persons in certain circumstances, by enabling parishes to grant them annuities for life upon purchase, and under certain restrictions." Sixteen years afterwards a similar measure met with a precisely similar fate. The first act on the statute book having reference to friendly societies was passed in 1793. Its preamble sets forth "that the protection and encouragement of friendly societies in this kingdom, for securing, by voluntary subscription of the members thereof, separate funds for the mutual relief and maintenance of the members in sickness, age, and infirmity, is likely to be attended with very beneficial effects, by promoting the happiness of individuals, and, at the same time, diminishing the public burthens." Many other acts followed, from time to time, all approving of the great principle, and some of them endeavouring to regulate the financial arrangements of the societies so as to secure future stability. The act of 1846 required, as a condition of legal protection, that all societies assuring benefits which were influenced by the laws of sickness and mortality, should procure a

certificate from the actuary of an insurance company testifying that, in the said actuary's opinion, the rates of contribution and benefit were such as might with safety be acted upon. The compulsory production of an actuary's certificate, however, proved so distasteful to the great mass of the members of friendly societies, that, in 1850, when Mr. Sotheran's bill became law, the principle was abandoned to a great extent, and the question of financial improvement virtually severed from that of legislative protection. In all cases, however, where deferred annuities are subscribed for, the actuary's certificate is still necessary to secure enrolment.

It is certainly singular that an enlightened government should for a long period have subjected institutions which it professed to foster, to the ban of outlawry, merely because it was not quite satisfied whether the arithmetical knowledge of the members was or was not adequate to the perfect development of their own self-dependent provident efforts. It seems to have altogether escaped the attention of those who promoted this species of legislation, that the working-men who embarked their money in friendly societies were not paupers soliciting relief, but self-dependent men providing for their own necessities and the probable contingencies of ill health, etc. Government might with equal propriety refuse the benefit of common law and the statutes to all merchants and tradesmen who were unable to procure an actuary's certificate that their business was conducted upon such principles as effectually precluded the possibility of their troubling the insolvent or bankruptcy courts. Working men very properly could not understand the nature of that anxiety for their welfare which was manifested in such a manner as virtually handed them over to the tender mercies of any adventurer who might first win their confidence, and afterwards abstract their cash. Whatever evils may eventually result from the imperfect financial systems adopted by many of these societies will have to be borne by the members themselves, who are their own law makers; and who, consequently, as they advance in knowledge, will for their own interest gradually introduce such improvements as experience may demonstrate to be necessary. It is scarcely right even to say that a club founded upon insecure principles is a positive evil. While it does exist it is continually dispensing good; when it collapses it merely ceases its previous commendable action. Those who fail to receive the assistance they anticipated know that the misfortune lays at their own doors. They have no government agent or honorary mismanagement to throw the blame upon; while they have the satisfaction of reflecting that the money subscribed has, at the least, been productive of a vast amount of benefit to their more unfortunate brethren.

I have often heard past officers in the Manchester Unity declare that if the lodge to which they belonged should unfortunately be compelled to suspend payment when they became old and liable to heavy sickness, they should not on that account regret the payment of their annual subscription; simply because, in the spirit of true philanthropy, they did not perceive in what way they could better have spent the money. And these men, it must be understood, are staunch advocates for the most full and complete reform of our financial imperfections, and are prepared to make heavy personal sacrifice in order to effect so desirable a consummation.

It is undoubtedly true, that the Manchester Unity and other affiliated bodies were, for a lengthened period, excluded from the protection of the law, for reasons quite independent of their inability or their indisposition to procure the stipulated actuary's certificate. The *secret* Friendly Societies of the past generation were looked upon with the utmost jealousy, not only by the governing body, but by the well-affected and "respectable" citizens of every class in society. The great provident object of these institutions was not originally

the chief, or even a prominent item in the list of attractions paraded before the public. They were suspected by many to be, in reality, political clubs ; and Odd-fellowship was placed in the same category with the then obnoxious trades' unions, orangeism, ribbonism, and the mysterious conclaves from whence the agrarian atrocities of the redoubtable "Swing" emanated. It cost some labour to convince the legislature that the Manchester Unity, for instance, was free from the taint of sedition. And yet this very society was, from its commencement, not only one of the most loyal, but, practically, one of the most conservative, in its truest sense, of the institutions of the country. When, however, all the circumstances are fully understood, this jealousy seems but a natural result of the then conflicting element of political disquietude. A few hours' communion with our past history will not only enable us better to appreciate, by the contrast, the extent and quality of the moral, social, and intellectual progress achieved within a comparatively recent period ; but it is calculated to arouse within the breasts of all who truly appreciate the great principles upon which Odd-fellowship is based, the fullest and most satisfactory assurance that that progress has been real, and is but the precursor of a still more extensive and more healthy development—the roseate morning twilight that heraldeth the coming of a still more glorious day.

The instruction of the provident portion of the population in the laws of finance will never be accomplished by coercive measures. Legal protection to the accumulated capital of a friendly society is as much demanded by ordinary justice as it is in the case of any other honestly acquired property whatever,—the inability of its owners to use it to the best advantage notwithstanding. Some of the restrictions imposed by the law often defeat their own object, and cause many societies to remain unenrolled. Strange though it may appear, there are many strong-headed illiterate men in various parts of the country who prevail upon majorities to decline enrolment, from a fear that such a proceeding would place their funds entirely at the disposal of government ! It is therefore highly desirable that all trifling difficulties should be swept away, if it be only with the view to lighten the labour of those who are toiling to procure the enrolment not only of the yet unregistered lodges of the Manchester Unity, but of all other societies which still continue without the pale of the law,—if, in order to effect this, several, to the government, unimportant, but to the members most important, alterations in the present acts of parliament are necessary.

I have referred to the clause which says, that "it shall not be lawful for the registrar to grant any such certificate" (of registration) "to a society assuring to any member thereof a certain annuity or certain superannuation, deferred or immediate, unless the tables of contributions, payable for such kind of assurance, shall have been certified under the hands of an actuary to the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, or by an actuary of some life assurance company established in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, who shall have exercised the profession of actuary at least five years." Of course, it would be useless for me to say here anything in exposition of the necessity which exists, not simply for that portion which relates to annuities, but for all and every financial element of friendly society insurance, being constructed upon sound calculations, based upon the results of past experience. This is now acknowledged by all intelligent Odd-fellows : the difficulty consists in the indoctrinating of the mass of their more humbly educated brethren, with some of the more recondite principles and unpleasant truths which such past experience has revealed. The existence of this clause in the act of parliament, under present circumstances, however, is detrimental, rather than otherwise, to the cause of

progress. Even the more intelligent of the self-governed friendly societies dislike the compulsory demand of this certificate as the price of legal protection to their funds. Others look upon the affair as the result of professional hankering after fees, or as a kind of mysterious government patronage of certain favourites, who have little knowledge of, and less sympathy with, the habits and feelings of the mass of the provident population. Doubtless the clause was not intended to operate prejudicially to the free action accorded by the same statute to the working men's institutions, as they rarely, if ever, contract for annuities, immediate or deferred. But they have begun to perceive that the average claims of their members during their latter period of life for sickness, are not only excessive, but, even when the experience is spread over tolerably large numbers, of a very fluctuating character. To remedy this, one of the chief sources of the absorption of their funds, and the cause often of increased rigour in the application of the bye-laws to old and decrepit members, it has been suggested, that after the age of sixty or seventy, as may be agreed upon, all sick pay, *as such*, should cease, and in lieu thereof, a small weekly "superannuation," as the act describes it, should be paid to each survivor, irrespective of the state of his health, on his capability to perform some light labour. By the present system old members, partially disabled, are perpetually on the funds. They receive generally only about one-fourth the full sick pay, and yet they are prohibited from following any employment. By the system of annuity or superannuation payment no such condition would be required, and, therefore, under it many an industrious disabled old member would continue to earn now and then a trifle to eke out the little income received from his club. Now, the calculations of a superannuation or deferred annuity is a matter of much greater ease and certainty than that of a sick allowance after the age of sixty. Nay, I venture to assert that the best tables extant are nearly valueless, in this particular respect, to an ordinary Friendly Society; and that eventually this species of insurance will be expunged from the rules of all well governed bodies. And yet, forsooth, working men may operate in this dark region of Friendly Society finance, without the certificate of an actuary to a life assurance company of five years' standing, but not in the path which is now relatively well known, not merely to actuaries, but to any ordinary arithmetician. Perhaps, however, the government wisely judged that actuaries to *life assurance* companies, as such, did not necessarily know more of sickness experience than many intelligent members of these societies, and, therefore confined their operations within the sphere of their own professional duties. Of course, some of the actuaries, being the compilers of tables from data furnished by the past experience of sick societies, stand in a different and much superior position. If, however, government are determined to retain this clause, the members of the Manchester Unity ought to insist upon the name of their actuary and secretary, Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, being added to the list. Not only is he the compiler of one of the most valuable series of tables extant upon the subject, but he has, from his long connection with so numerous a society, an amount of practical knowledge on the subject, that a hundred years' experience in a London, Dublin, or Edinburgh Life Assurance Office could not command.

It is but justice to Mr. Tidd Pratt that I should here state that, on my representing to him the necessity of an alteration of the law, with a view to facilitate the introduction of a superannuation payment in the place of a sickness one in old age, he cordially acquiesced, and introduced a clause into the then pending enactment which would have answered the purpose. Owing to a portion of the bill, to which this clause was appended, being rejected on a general principle, it was lost without, I believe, any express

condemnation of it on its individual merits. It is not, therefore, improbable that, on a future occasion, parliament may be induced to concede this point to the self-governed bodies.

Considerable anxiety has been latterly manifested by trustees of lodges, in consequence of a circular issued by the registrar, in which he says, "If any loss arise to the society through their (the trustees) investing the funds upon any other securities than those authorised by 18 and 19 Vic. c. 63, s. 32, they may be called upon personally to make it good." Where the trustees have invested money on their own responsibility, without a special vote of the lodge authorising the particular investment, there can be no doubt that not only strict law but ordinary justice would decide in favour of their personal liability to meet any loss that might accrue from such a proceeding. Indeed, Mr. Pratt's circular, though somewhat ambiguous, or rather incomplete, in its information, appears to have reference only to cases of this character. But it frequently occurs that lodges invested a portion of their money previously to the passing of this act, in a manner not recognised by it: for example, in the building or purchase of cottage property. It becomes therefore a matter of serious import to the trustees in whose names such property is still held, whether or not they are liable personally to be called upon to make good any loss caused by such investment. If the building or purchase of the property was the act of the members when legally assembled, I opine no court of equity would hold the individuals, whose names are inserted in the deeds as trustees, to be responsible for loss at the suit of those under whose authority and instruction they had simply acted. The matter, however, is too important to be lightly passed over. It is highly desirable that the accumulated capital of provident institutions should be invested in the most certain and reliable securities, and that all *speculative* employment of the funds should not only be discountenanced but prohibited by the rules of the societies themselves. Still it would have been much more satisfactory, and have been productive of far more beneficial results, if the following sentence in Mr. Pratt's circular had been less dictatorial in its tone. He says: "The act of parliament, in restricting the modes of investment to securities of the highest class, may be said to endeavour to *compel* the members of Friendly Societies to take as much care of their funds as possible." Many members have taken serious umbrage at this word *compel*, which Mr. Tidd Pratt himself prints in italic letters, as though he wished to give full force to the menace. They look upon such *dictation* to people whose right to the property in question is as undeniable as that of the peer of twelve generations to his ancestral acres, as an insolent attempt to wrest from them the privilege of "doing what they like with their own," so vehemently claimed by certain other distinguished individuals. If the word *compel* were expunged, and *induce*, or *encourage*, or *assist*, substituted, it would certainly sound more in accordance with the spirit of the British constitution, which after all never contemplated the confounding of the savings of the industrious provident man with the money raised by a poor rate.

There appears to be some misconception as to the nature of the duty and authority of a party appointed to the office of trustee to a Friendly Society. By such appointment it was never intended that he should do more than lend his name to the club, and, in conjunction with his colleagues, act, not on his own responsibility or private judgment, with respect to investments, but according to instructions received from those whom he represents. Some imagine that the members are placed in a similar position to a minor awaiting his majority, and that the trustees of a lodge are no more called upon to consult their feelings or wishes respecting investment than are the executors who hold in trust under a will the funds

bequeathed to an individual whom the law terms an "infant," until he has completed his twenty-first year. This might be very gratifying to certain gentlemen, whose position would command such appointments; but it certainly never was intended that the adult provident working men should resign the control over their own property, and by a voluntary act proclaim themselves imbeciles, or solicit the good offices of some kind friend to attach to their incompetent persons a kind of infantile social leading-strings. No; the trustees are their servants, not their masters. They are merely called into being, as in other public companies or associations, from legal necessity, in order that the transactions of business may be facilitated, and not as a check upon the free action of those by whom they were appointed. If a resolution, ordering a trustee to invest money in what he conceived an improper manner, was passed by a legal committee, it is his duty, after due explanation, to resign his office, if he thought compliance with the resolution would compromise him in any way; and not proceed on his own responsibility to invest the money in what he might perhaps rightly deem not only a legal but a better security. A contrary course would eventually open the door to the exercise of irresponsible authority to an alarming extent.

The Directors of the Manchester Unity have submitted a case for the consideration of eminent counsel, relative to the present condition of the law upon the subject of investment, and especially the liability of trustees, who merely act in accordance with the instructions of those whom they represent. If the present law, with Mr. Tidd Pratt's interpretation, be not satisfactory, the remedy is in the hands of the members themselves, who, if united, possess sufficient weight and influence over candidates for legislative honours to induce Parliament to grant such amendments as will meet their peculiar necessities.

There is a growing tendency, in some quarters, to subject the people's Friendly Societies to a somewhat strict middle or upper class *surveillance*; nay, there is a desire to appropriate the honour and authority incident to the direction of their affairs, now that they have gained a "respectable" position amongst the institutions of the land, to which the free British provident operative will never submit. Of this, from my own experience, I feel certain. Still, it is as well to be on our guard, or much valuable effort may eventually have to be expended in the removal of what may, with ordinary care, be prevented from taking deep root amongst them. As the next Annual Committee of the Manchester Unity will unquestionably consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament for sundry alterations of the present law, it is desirable that the more intelligent members of the Order should direct their attention to its provisions, and carefully note down any obnoxious peculiarities in its application which may exhibit themselves in their respective localities. Many murmurings have reached the executive of the Manchester Unity respecting sundry eccentric acts of the Registrar, and inquiries as to the extent and nature of his official duties are continually being made. As this subject, however, will doubtless form an important item in the catalogue of complaints at the forthcoming annual meeting, and as it is in itself of too important a character to be dismissed slightly at the end of the present article, I prefer returning to its consideration in the next number of the Magazine. In the meantime, the communication of any further facts relevant to the matter will confer an obligation.

CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the eve-tide of Christmas, and Christmas put on
 The most old-fashioned garments that Christmas could don.
 There was snow in the valley, and snow on the hill,
 There was snow on the roof-top, and snow on the sill;
 The voice of the swift-running brooklet was still,
 The frost-keys had locked up the wheels of the mill,
 And the birds were so tame, that the wildest ones came
 To peep in at the casement with crumb-seeking bill.

All was white on the earth—all was grey in the sky,
 The north wind was muffled too closely to sigh,
 The ice pearls glanced back to the sun's ruddy eye,
 And the rook thought it better to roost than to fly.
 King Christmas strode on in his slippers of glass,
 With a grasp and a word for each one that might pass;
 His blessing was kind, though his greeting was bold,
 And this plain carol ditty he lustily trolled:—

“Room for me, room for me,
 High or low born though you be,
 I'm very cold and very old,
 But very strong, as ye may see.
 Yonder stand the turrets tall,
 With holly in the banquet-hall,
 Dainty fare is smoking there,
 While the minstrel echoes fall.
 Town and hamlet, foul or fair,
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

“Hark! the flushed and shouting lip
 Laughs to see the red wine drip,
 Warm hands fill up the wassail cup,
 And busy fingers toss the flip.
 Here, the hovel roof is low,
 And the casement lets in snow,
 But the green and red are seen
 Hanging in the wood-fire glow.
 'Mid poor and many—great and rare,
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

“See yon circle—gaily proud—
 Wait more friends to join the crowd;
 More friends still come—and list the
 hum—

In my name's welcome—blythe and
 loud.

Farther on, a woman's sigh
 Breathes through salt of weeping eye,
 Since I came last a cloud has past,
 And she has seen the dearest die.

'Mid Mirth and Mourning, Pomp and
 Prayer,
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

“Sacred ceilings, dark and grey,
 Bear the mistletoe and bay, [dim,
 And anthem hymn, through cloisters
 Peals along the close highway.
 Farmer's boys fetch in Yule logs,
 To pile upon the chimney dogs;
 And laugh to find I'm just behind,
 To trip them up with icy clogs.
 Church and homestead—here and
 there—
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

“I mix the cake, and broach the beer,
 I tell long tales of fun and fear,
 I bring choice flasks, and tap huge
 casks,
 And load the board with revel cheer.
 I call back wanderers to the hearth,
 Where Home's undying love had
 birth.

I fling a gleam of memory's beam,
 On those far off—'mid Death and
 Dearth—
 By night-watch flame, and fire-side
 glare,
 Christmas looks in everywhere.

“Roast the beef and drain the butt;
 Let no human heart be shut;
 Let 'Goodwill' be reigning still,
 And the Castle help the Hut.
 Room for me! room for me!
 High or low born though ye be,
 I'm very cold, and very old,
 But ever welcome as ye see.”

MYSELF AND LITTLE "KATIE."

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

WAS I ever in love? I just believe you. What a question! *I was*—wildly, furiously, madly in love (you may spell it with a *big L*—Love, if you like) with my little neighbour and school-fellow Kate Arden, as sweet a little fairy-child as ever, with her soft voice, sunny looks, and endearing ways, made herself beloved by all who knew her.

How big was I? Bigger than your thumb,—come now. How old? Oh, not a round dozen, by any means. I'm not offended; only I feel hot when I think of her, and then I grow sad; for I see the pretty head with its brown clusters lying so still, and the nut-brown eyes closed with violet-coloured lids, and the sweet hands folded, and—and—oh, my darling! my little darling! I must cry for you yet, for you will never kiss me again nor clasp me round the neck with your loving arms.

Now, I'm going to stand no nonsense; and if I do wipe my—nose, does it signify to you? You want to know about my little sweetheart, Kate, and I'm going to tell you. She was prettier than any one I have ever seen since. She had a head so bright and golden-brown, that you could think of nothing but fondling it; and as for filling it with horrid multiplication tables, and those ugly columns of long spelling, I held that it was a shame to put it to such wrong, dry miseries, what was fit only to make one glad and happy to look upon.

She was not quite such a fairy of a creature as you may think. Fairies can't laugh, and romp, and play, and pinch your cheek, or pull your hair,—can they? I don't believe they can; and she could do all these; and you don't know which you liked her to do the most—in what temper you loved her best.

We went to a day-school together,—it is a provincial fashion; and our old schoolmaster's wife—a faded, fretful, but kind body she was, for all that—attended to the girls' classes; the school being a great raftered room, part of an ancient-looking house, and occasionally used as a chapel.

He had a mania for angling,—the trout and salmon in the river were irresistible; and every boy was a dabster at weaving horse-hair lines for the master, until he had a stock that must have been something wonderful; while, as for their strength, they would have stood the tug and lashing of a conger eel.

But about Katie. We were about an age and stature, and neighbours' children—each living "over the way;" and I soon vowed (to myself) eternal devotion to Kate, and used to watch her to school—at first, from a distance, till we grew friendly and confiding, and then we waited or called for each other, and then came and went together.

The school was a picturesque, ivy-canopied, straggling, rambling old building, which in the summer had such drooping lilacs about it, such odorous roses, a wealth of foliage, a garden crammed to suffocation with all sorts of fruits, flowers, apple-blossoms, and such a giant of a walnut-tree, as you can't think. Then round about—for the country was something to look at—there were dells, and running waters, and dingles, where we gathered blackberries when we didn't gather nuts, and gathered nuts when we didn't gather anything else. In my blackberry war-paint, or walnut-juice, I was something to look at too,—for we were not particular

as to choice. To cut this short, the whole was a sweet spot, I can tell you, with no end of changes,—all offering such an extent of play-ground as you don't find near any schools that *I* am now acquainted with.

Katie had a brother—a big brother, and how it happened that she who was so pretty could have a brother like Tom—that was his name,—with his hair growing in obstinate directions, cheeks puffed out like pale apple dumplings, and one bigger than the other—who had a doubtful left eye, and was exceedingly awkward with his arms and tolerably heavy with his hands—who blubbered when scolded, and turned one knee in; how *he* could be *her* brother, and how *she* could be so fond of *him*, is a thing that I have not been able to understand to this hour.

It was the case though, and I soon found it out—a little to my cost. I took a tremendous thrashing from him one day, just as I was beginning to polish him off for having shown an intention of mastering my marbles without winning them. At the critical moment when his cupidity had become aggressive, and I was roused into action by a blow on the nose, and just as I was finding out that he was a little of a bully, Katie came running up, her eyes flashing, her lips quivering, her cheeks pale with anger, and fearlessly stepping between us, poured upon me a torrent of such angry reproaches, that if I had been going to be Tom's butcher she could not have disarmed me sooner. The result was that my hands were down instantly; and then Tom took the opportunity of crowning his victory with a slap in the chops which made my jaws chatter, recommending me to be careful how I turned upon *him* for the future.

I sacrificed all the peace of mind I was able to invest in tops, for *him*, as if he was a Moloch or an ugly "Joss," (Tom, I am happy to add, has not belied the promise he gave, for he couldn't be much uglier if he had been carved out of wood), and she his worshipper. I became his abject slave, and made over an infinite amount of property to him, including a kite, ever so many yards of twine, an old knife, a trap's-ball, marbles not to be counted. I became his friend (he did not misuse me after, for a reason of his own, maybe), and I was rewarded by Katie's smiles, *his* fullest approbation, *her* entire confidence; from that hour she was my "lode-star"—I was her champion—hers, for ever—Oh little Kate! that "for ever" was very, very brief.

When she did not call upon me, I called upon her. As we sat together at the window of their room, which looked into the garden, I sometimes noticed her father—he was a "collector," possessing wealth and power incalculable—a portly person and a loud voice—as he smoked his long pipe—glance towards us, and smile. Her mother, with her kindly pleasant face, would stand now and then and listen, laughingly, to our chatter, or while reading to one another from our story-books—that's how *I* knew about the "Pilgrim's Progress," and how *she* knew about "Robinson Crusoe." As for Tom, he had no great taste for anything beyond "sweets"—perhaps he had not found out *his* Kate, perhaps "ring-taw" and "trap" had greater attractions than our pretty fairy-tales. Oh, dear me, how we two, with our arms passed round each other's necks, used to wander up and down those enchanted gardens—pass through those wondrous palaces, built up in a night, and vanished ere the next eve came! How we followed the Pilgrims through the dreadful Valley, and avoided the awful blandishments of "Vanity Fair." How we shrank from the appalling foot-print in the sand—and shuddered with the lone mariner on his raft. For all these, I liked marbles, and bird's-nesting, and boy's play, quite as well as the liveliest of them all. I wasn't sentimental, and I wasn't a "spooney," for all the grin I see ready to break out on your—well then, I *won't* say "ugly mug," but don't you be too sharp on a fellow.

The more you were with Kate, and the more you knew of her, the more her winning ways, sweet temper, and loving affectionate nature would shine about you, just as if the sun were coming out with a double power of light and warmth. She had a good deal to do to please her little brothers and sisters at home—three or four, I think; but as for Tom—whom I could have *strangled*—there, you have it—many a time—he was such a rough *beast* to her at times. I never knew a creature so—well, so he was—ugly. There must have been something beautiful in him after all, which she alone could find out—I couldn't—for she actually doted on him, and didn't he reward her for it? He loved her in his queer way, and she didn't care, the sweet darling, how rough that way was, so that he loved her at all. He couldn't have helped himself nohow.

I played truant for Kate, and grew so hardened in that appalling depth of criminality that I didn't feel any regret—what do you think of that? I would do it again, but it is too late—not needed now. I have made forays, and foraged for her. I have gathered her baskets of blackberries, and bushels of ripe hazel-nuts. I have caught for her dozens of plump trout, gathered her early violets, and barrow-loads of cowslips. *They* cooked the trout, and I am sorry to say that “hips and hawes” and raspberries, and much fruit generally, would make Katie ill, and I have been half heart-broken for the share I took in it.

I have torn my clothes to shreds for her—broken my head, scratched my face and hands among the brambles—once I was nearly drowned, in fishing up a trumpery old bracelet that we saw shining in the mill-pond, under the bridge, and at half a wish she expressed I scrambled in for it, and what's more, I got it too; but I shan't forget her white face in a hurry, nor the scolding I got from her—I did so like *that*. If I could have got the moon, and rolled it at her feet, a regular “cheese” of the very greenest character, I'd have done it, and no mistake. In the deepest dingle, or the highest tree, no nest was secure from me. It was understood at last, I'm greatly afraid, that if I did not show at school I was needs on some predatory excursion, in which she was principal and accessory, bless her! but our old Tinglefinger was a kindly old fellow, and did not massacre us boys, as I've heard they do at *some* schools.

I suppose you are getting a little tired of me, and think I ought to speak a little more to the purpose about Katie; but, if this is not all about her, who is it about? *Me!* Nonsense. Besides, without me, you wouldn't know anything of her at all.

Well, there was the summer, and we spent our half-holidays and spare time—a lot of us—in the leafy woods, down in the meadows anywhere, amidst grass and flowers, and sunshine, and the sweet hay. Then the autumn took us into the gardens, or on a nutting expedition; and then came the winter, with howling winds and sheeted snow, and we had our books by the evening fireside, and oh, how happy we were; and then came Christmas, with its pudding, and its presents, and its Christmas tree, the first I had ever seen, but I shant keep you long about that.

It was the merriest and the happiest Christmas party you ever knew, and besides, a number of us smaller folks—I was one of them,—you may be sure, and Katie, of course, was another, and looking in her white frock and her blue sash and ribbons, with her rosy cheeks and her curling brown hair, just like a little angel—besides, about a dozen of *us*, there were grown up people—grandfathers and grandmothers, and uncles and aunts, and fathers and mothers, and cousins and friends—and, if we young ones were the merriest, the old people, with their aged faces beaming with kindness and their great pockets stuffed with presents—they were the jolliest, and the tree was all-ablaze with little lamps and candles, and we had music

and a dance—Sir Roger de Coverley and a minuet—and such feasting, and heaps of toys, and that Christmas tree, with all the pretty stories that a white-haired old gentleman told about it, and its associations, and the angels that brought gifts down, and the beautiful and solemn story belonging to that time, that I couldn't help listening, although he *did* have Katie on his knee, and though she *did* put her arms around his neck and kiss him; but she came and sat by me afterwards, when we whispered these rare things over again, or played together at forfeits. I couldn't forget those wonderful things, and then we had funny stories told us, which made us laugh, and one about a tall ghost which made our flesh creep, but, I think, we liked that story as well as any, it was so very astonishing. And so that Christmas passed by, and the long winter nights which followed were pleasantly spent, as before, with our books and fairy tales and pictures, until I don't know why, I began to fancy that something very dreadful was about to happen, and, at last, I found it, and oh! the despair and the terror that began to fill my breast.

There were a good many parties given about this time, and one to which Katie went without me. Of course, I could not always be with her to protect and take care of her. I remember how her father roared out, "Oh! oh! oh!" when I told them so. And when she returned, some days afterwards, I noticed that there seemed an anxious look about the household—that Katie was wrapped in shawls, in the parlour, by the fire—that the doctor came, and, with a laugh that gave me joy to hear, it was so full of health, "Well, and how were *we* to-day?" speaking to Katie, and calling her his "little woman," and that Katie coughed every day, and that a strange light came into her eyes, quite different from the sweet lovely light that used to dance and sparkle in them before; and that on her cheeks, which used to be so rosy, there were two red spots which awed me; and I used to look upon her in a silence so wistful,—with a feeling so strange and awe-stricken to myself, that she would hold out her arms and say, "Frank, dear Frank, don't look at me so—you frighten me!" but how it frightened *me*, I can't tell you; and then, I remember, how, with a sob, I would sit beside her and lay my head on her lap, and she would smooth my head and kiss it, and say, "Oh! Frank, dear Frank, don't cry."

But, what was the use of telling me *that*, you know, when a fellow couldn't help it?

It was a heavy time for me, for when alone I thought and moped about Katie; but I always pulled up spirits was cheerful and brisk when I went to see her, which was every day, but our evenings were now sadly shortened, and her cough was become distressing. The poor little darling was *dying*—dying of one of those slow, yet fierce and horrible fevers, arising from cold on the lungs. Her delicate frame could not stand against the kisses of that fever-demon, which she had met on the night I was not with her, and how changed she was becoming every day! Our evenings were shortened, as I said, because she was obliged to be borne to her little chamber early. She used to kiss me on wishing me good evening, and say:—

"Good-night, Frank dear, I shall name you in my prayers. Pray for little Katie, and be a good boy, and cheer up poor Tom."

Tom used to cry dreadfully, and, I think, his heart was tender enough—if his head was soft. I used to say my prayers too, I hope, and if *they* could have saved her, Katie would have been alive now. It was better that she should add to the number of the angels. I thought I heard her sweet voice singing when the Christmas angels gathered in my dreams at the next Holy-tide.

I had by this time borne away my little flying island out of the scents of the garden and the orchard, out of the sunshine and chequered shadows, and moored it, with all its wizard and fairy splendours, beside the fireplace—beside Katie's couch, where she now lay daily, and when the winds were making sad complainings and the snow falling fast, and the angry sleet dashing against the faces of the passers-by—then I read to her as before, but we added now to our favourite stock, the sermons on the Mount, the miracles of our Saviour, and the beautiful parables, by which He taught us such sacred lessons of love and goodwill to men; and I saw that Katie, with her eyes half closed and her hands folded together, would wear upon her lips a smile, such as was never there before, and I knew that she felt happy.

I don't mean to say much for myself, when I tell you that I gave up marbles and top, kite and fishing-tackle, cricket and prison-bars, and the rest of the sports our boys engaged in, because the wintry weather was not very favourable for them; but skating and slides I had no time for now, as I was always with Katie when out of school, and in school my thoughts were with her, and, I think, old "Tinglefinger" behaved with kindness and forbearance to the forlorn lad, who saw his little sweetheart dying daily before his eyes, and overlooked many a slip and blunder, and many a neglected lesson.

Did this approach of Death, whose stealthy footfalls seemed to grow daily louder and to arrive nearer, frighten me, you ask? I am inclined to believe that it did; but not quite in the way that one feels usually frightened, at something that is hideous or dreadful. The mystery of Death seemed to be invested in her person, with something that was awful, but also beautiful. The whisperings that came in the midst of silence, as from unseen presences that were watching over her, were as things which I cannot explain, but clear to some hidden sense within me that made them understood, but not to ear of flesh, to eye of reason, or to any process of thought. She was before me, and beside me, and about me; and if I was at first disposed to murmur and complain, she had in her teachings, her words, and her ways—all now imbued with a loftier and higher character,—made me submissive, if not happy. It was a change, singular enough to me, for they told me many a time that I had not a very tractable temper. Little Katie could calm the wildest storm in my breast—dissipate every trouble, and make me by a word or a sign as quiet as a lamb and as easily led. She could do anything with me.

So day by day passed on, and week by week went by, and the winter was passing into spring, and oh! I hoped, I prayed that she might be able to stray into the meadows once more, that I might gather wild flowers for her, and fetch bundles of the rushes wherewith to make fantastic caps. But the Spring was not to bring her health and strength and renewed beauty. It was only to blossom upon her grave.

One evening I went to their house—I was almost a part of the household now—and a little later than usual. I saw that she was not down stairs; and I met the clergyman, a good, kind, venerable man, who was passing in from the stairs as I entered. Despite his office and my respect for him, I could not help looking upon him with something of a half-angry, hateful fear. You may guess what he boded.

"Is—is—anything the matter—is Katie worse?" I managed to gasp forth.

He looked down upon me with a tenderness and pity. "You had better not see her," he said, "your little play-fellow is not likely to outlive the night;" and I rushed in with a choking sob, and a great cry just begun which I had the power to suppress.

"Not see her!" thought I, "not see my little darling, and to part so soon—and for ever!" I thought they were cruel and harsh. Tom, blubbering, attempted to comfort me. Katie's mother in her great grief thought of mine. She asked me to remain quietly in the parlour, while she went up stairs for a few minutes. The silence, the heaviness of death reigned in the house. All seemed muffled, stealthy, dark, stifling, airless. Choking as I was, I sat down in sullen rebellion, and waited. I thought she would never return, but she came back at last, her worn fond motherly face streaming with tears. She beckoned me to follow, with a low, trembling hush! and I obeyed.

I don't know how I felt on entering the chamber, but my eyes fastened on the bed at once. The eyes had not now their unnatural lustre, the cheeks had lost their dreadful patches of fiery red. It was white, calm, holy, and I don't know that I shall ever behold a face whose loveliness had so much of a seraphic calm, which I cannot attempt to describe.

The eyes unclosed—they beheld me. The lips parted—I surely heard my name:

"Frank! Frank! dear Frank!" It was only a whisper, but I stooped and kissed her forehead, and knelt and covered her thin worn hands with tears and kisses, and heard the low sweet voice praying—then followed a thrill, a shiver, and a moan, and my little Katie was—dead! my little darling, my play-fellow, my pretty sweetheart Kate—was dead!

I saw my pretty treasure buried, and I thought I should liked to have been laid beside her—the bright blossom that she was. I have seen her grave since, and it lies in a swarded nook, which is as rich and as odorous as a garden, with bird-songs rising around it, and a winnowing as of great white wings all about it.

I always am better—I know I am better when I think of Katie, who loved me, and prattled to me, and prayed for me, and—and I don't think I have any more to tell you.

Only this—before the dear face of that angel-child fades out of my memory, I shall be still as she, or a very old man. I *am* growing ever so old now—and I shall then be unable to recollect that I have been a boy—when I shall forget her.

And that's my story—if you like it—about myself and little Katie, and I'm not going to answer any more questions. Its somebody else's turn now, and I'm quite ready for the ghost story that's going to be told. Put plenty of sheet on it, let it be ever so tall, and as white as the moonshine on the snow.

DESPONDENCY.

THERE travels a wasting fire
 From vein to vein ;—
 Thy shadow is not more faithful
 Than is this pain.
 I count the dull hours passing,
 So sad—so slow ;
 But to me they bring no changing
 As they come and go.

The spring-time is well-nigh over—
 'Twas like a dream ;—
 On the hedge wild flowers are hanging,
 Yet blind I seem.
 The nightingale's notes are ringing
 O'er wood and lea ;
 Let her warble, or let her be silent,
 What is't to me ?

I only can feel for ever
 Within my heart,
 That from thee, O best beloved one !
 I'm torn apart.
 Thy shadow is not more faithful
 Than is this pain ;
 And travels the wasting fire
 From vein to vein.

GEIBEL.

OUR PRISON PUNISHMENTS.

THE subject of prison punishment is one in which every individual is concerned, and not, as it is practically regarded, one of importance to criminals only. Society at large is interested in the fact as to whether a due amount of punishment is awarded to those who break our laws, so that our goals may vindicate our wrongs ; and those (few, indeed, comparatively as they are,) who give a thought for the true welfare of their fellow-men, are also interested to know that punishment does not degenerate into vengeance. Both of these classes have the same end in view, but they would attain it by somewhat different means ; and hence our gaols have ever been regarded in different lights by the honest portion of the community. The one looks for nothing and will admit nothing but punishment, in the belief that that is necessary both to distinguish the criminal from the honest man, and to deter honest men from becoming criminals,—the other admits punishment as one element only in this plan of procedure, and proceeds upon the belief that the improvement of the criminal, so as to induce him to leave his evil courses, is that which will most effectually benefit society.

There is no doubt truth on the side of both of these classes, and there is also an evil into which both are likely to fall,—the one will be that of undue severity, and the other of too much lenity ; and hence it would be to be regretted if either class obtained exclusive control over our goals. Against the first class may be urged the facts, 1st, That a large part of our criminality is originally due to the misfortunes of men ; such, for example, as the want of home and proper parental education of so great a part of the children of our great towns ; to the crowding together of both sexes, resulting from poverty, and from that crying evil of the day, the destruction of the poor man's dwelling to make room for the rich man's palace. 2nd, To the frailty of human nature, whereby men not hitherto vicious, by some

sudden temptation fall into evil. And 3rdly, That however necessary punishment may be, and however much it may be deserved, it more commonly, perhaps, tends to raise in the heart of the criminal a spirit of hatred against society, and renders still deeper his determination to pursue his evil courses. Hence surely punishment should not only be kept within bounds, but, as far as it is practicable, it ought to be discriminating. A poor child who has become a thief from the want of home and food, is as much entitled to receive at the hands of society some amount of protection and sympathy, as to suffer the punishment by which alone, perhaps, he may be made to feel that his course is an evil one. The cry of vengeance ill becomes erring man, under any circumstances, for "let him that standeth take heed lest he fall," is a word of caution fitted for the best of men, and, least of all, when it is expended upon a poor creature whom we are all in some sense bound to protect, when left or driven to evil courses by the absence or the ill conduct of his parent.

But it is quite competent to urge some serious objections to the conduct of the other class to which we have referred, viz.,—to those whose advice tends towards lenity. If there is to be no punishment for breaking the laws, is there not a possibility that the vile saying may become applicable to us, viz : that "the difference between vice and virtue is simply opportunity;" and however much the criminal may claim our sympathies, he has a conscience which tells him when he does wrong, and instead of being held up as a martyr to his circumstances, he must be taught that he is responsible for his actions. Is it just to the hard-working honest man who, with great privation, keeps his house and brings up his children as good members of society, that a person indulging in wicked courses should have a home with good nourishment found for him by the State, whilst he spends his time in willing idleness? Dishonesty must be discountenanced and punished, or honesty and industry cannot be properly encouraged.

Here, then, lies the difficulty of the whole question, viz.,—to apportion punishment to crime, and to suitably temper justice with mercy. If the natural instincts of men were left to settle this question, there can be no doubt that they would lean towards excess of punishment; and this indeed has been abundantly exemplified in the prisons of our own country, and is now the crying sin of several of the continental states. But this fact has led men and women to institute inquiries into the state of our prisons, and almost invariably this has tended to the amelioration of the condition of the prisoners. We need not mention the name of Howard and Fry in times now past, and we well know that the number of those who have imbibed some of their spirit is greatly increased at the present time. Indeed, such are the efforts now made to improve the condition of our criminals, that, strange as it may seem, many thoughtful as well as kind-hearted men are entertaining serious doubts as to where it is to end. A new class of prisons, under the name of Reformatories, are springing up in every county, and whilst they have been made the means of snatching many juvenile criminals from the paths of evil, they are almost altogether setting aside punishment as a mode of dealing with criminals.

This can scarcely be confined to children, but will doubtless extend to youths, and then to adults, and hence, at a period of change, we are making a plunge of infinite moment to society almost in the dark. Our belief upon this question is, that there is a tendency springing up to unduly discountenance punishment, and that it would be to the interest of the whole community if the subject were fairly and repeatedly brought under consideration. The publication of the reports of the inspectors of prisons is in a degree supplying this need, but their statements are for the most part very meagre, and are not published so widely, as to influence the nation.

Private persons are also engaging in the work, and amongst these we mention Dr. Edward Smith, one of the physicians to the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, London, who has undertaken the enquiry in the interests of science, and has subjected himself to the various methods of prison punishment, with a view to determine their true influence upon the system. The results obtained by him have been published in a series of reports and papers read before the learned societies, and from these we have drawn some of our information.

We lay it down as a principle of action, in reference to the treatment of our criminals, that they *must* be punished, and reformed if *possible*. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that suffering tends to prevent a recurrence of that which leads to it, and, with many, is far more effectual than any rewards for honesty could be, and that it is a mode of procedure sanctioned and even enjoined both by divine writ and by the instincts of our own nature. Only let punishments be in proportion to crime, and let them be at all times both certain and even-handed, for it has been found by experience that disproportionate severity defeats its own end, and that a smaller punishment, when certain, is more dreaded than a greater one which is uncertain. It must also be remembered that punishment may be variously administered, as by corporeal inflictions, by the restriction of liberty or of food, and by bodily labour, and, strange as it may seem, the most severe punishment may be the absence of labour. In inflicting the punishment we have therefore opportunity of applying it with discrimination, and in doing so it is possible for us to make it more effectual. Another law which we lay down is that the health and strength of the prisoner is not to be injured by any of our plans of punishment, for when he leaves the prison he should be, if possible, in a state of body such as to enable him to gain his living by his labour. But, on the other hand, it cannot be just to make it an aim to improve the bodily health and strength of the criminal, except so far as that may of necessity result from those conditions which we must adopt in order to avoid injury to his health, for it often occurs that not to injure is to improve. The question of labour, however, raises another difficulty, viz, what shall they be made to do. Shall it be of a profitable nature, or shall it be mere waste of human strength? If the former, shall it be skilled or unskilled labour? The latter is open to all men, but it is but slightly productive; whilst the former must be restricted to a few, unless we will undertake to teach it to the prisoners. Then if we teach our prisoners some kind of trade whereby the labour may be profitable, we give them that as a punishment for which honest men have had to pay, and we turn them out of the prison to be competitors with the honest man in the labour market. Now, there is an evil in all this, but whether it is practically one which society may dread is very questionable; and it has this good, that by teaching an idle criminal a trade whereby he may obtain his honest living, society does that which relieves itself from a degree of responsibility, and should the criminal abuse this advantage, he must answer for it to a higher power. It is, however, evident that the chief good of all this is the belief that if men can be taught to gain a living by labour, they will be indisposed to break our laws. There can be no doubt that idleness leads to vice in many forms, and that labour withdraws the person from temptation, and hence that there is truth in the opinions upon which the plan is based; but it is also true that many a criminal has learnt a trade in prison, and learnt it so well that when at large he can get a living, and have time enough to spare to pursue his evil courses; and also that to many, the trade which they have acquired being of no use whatever to them when they have left the prison, all the time, pains, and money expended by the country upon them to teach them the trade has been utterly useless. Hence these and similar questions have raised the further question which is

still under discussion—the desirableness of labour or no labour in our different prisons.

In applying these principles to an examination of the actual state of our gaols we must offer this preliminary remark, viz., that the apportionment of punishment to crime really ought to rest with our legislature, and with our judges, when the details of the crime and the criminal are before them. Now, on this head, we must admit that every effort has been made for years past to effect this object, and statutes which from their heartlessness have shocked the feeling of the day have been erased from our statute book, whilst others have been made more stringent to meet increasing evils, as for example, the beating of women and the wholesale robberies of banks. It would now be difficult to point to a single law which in practice inflicts a punishment greatly beyond the crime. This being admitted, we should naturally look upon our gaols as places for carrying into effect the views of the legislature and the judge, and deem it out of place to see if they meet out even-handed justice and apportion punishment to crime. They ought to be simply the rod, the judge being the head which directs its employment. But this is very far from being the case—so far, that we ought to ask what the gaol does, and not what the judge says. It is, in fact, the gaol which apportions as well as inflicts the punishment. This may appear impossible, but we shall see that it is true, and it results from the different system which is pursued in different goals.

The methods of punishment adopted are the following :—1stly, restriction of liberty ; 2ndly, dietary ; 3rdly, silence ; 4thly, separation from their fellow-prisoners ; 5thly, labour in trades, in shoemaking, tailoring, mat and rug making, repairs, cleaning, stone breaking, pumping, and grinding ; oakum, wool, or hair picking ; the turning of a crank, working the tread-wheel, and the shot-drill ; and 6thly, education.

It is evident from looking at this list with its great diversity that the effects will belikely to differ in degree, unless special care be taken to effect uniformity. They cannot all be present in the same gaol ; and hence, as they must differ very greatly in the amount of punishment which they are fitted to inflict, is it not certain that uniformity will not be a leading characteristic of our gaols ? Such are perhaps *prima facie* and self-evident objections, but they by no means approach the reality as it is present before us. That absolute uniformity in all gaols must be of difficult if not of impossible attainment is probable, but that extreme diversity should exist is surely neither necessary nor desirable. But is the judge on circuit expected to know the peculiar arrangements of each gaol, so as to help him to arrive at a just opinion as to the sentence which he shall pronounce, or, being ignorant of this, must not the same sentence be in reality very different in effect according to the gaol to which the prisoner may happen to be sent ? Surely this is a most important question, for we naturally suppose that a sentence of three weeks' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for some trifling offence, means the same wherever it may be awarded. This touches the very foundation of our sense of justice ; and if the sentences be not as uniform in effect as they are in terms, there ought to be an outcry of indignation on the part of all who would maintain the uprightness of our laws. Now, without examining every particular, how stand the facts in reference to one question, viz., that of labour ? Let us inquire.

In Reading Gaol there is no labour of any kind, except that of cleaning the prison and turning wheels sufficient to grind corn and pump water for the prison use. The punishment here is simply restriction, separation, silence, forced idleness, and education. There is nothing for the prisoners to do, and yet they are kept in prison for even three years. How then are they punished ? Forced idleness and silence, if unbroken,

would ruin both mind and body, and hence may be most potent punishments; but they dare not have them unbroken; and hence, with fixed periods for exercise out of their cells, and with the bible, which many of them have committed to memory from end to end, employment is found for both body and mind, and the punishment is reduced to the least possible amount. Thus a man commits a great crime, and is sentenced to three years' imprisonment with hard labour, is fed, housed, and clad well, educated, and taught to know the bible by heart, as a punishment for his offence! How much further could lenity be carried? only, we believe, to one degree—that of giving a pecuniary reward for good behaviour under these trying circumstances! as is effected in the Bedford and some other gaols, but with this difference that there other punishments are awarded.

On the other hand, at Wakefield and Durham, all the prisoners are constantly employed in rug and mat making, or similar employments, whereby the aim is to make their labour productive. At Leicester they work the tread-wheel, at Wandsworth the crank, at Flint gaol they break stones, and at the Coldbath-Fields and many other prisons, the tread-wheel, the shot drill, oakum picking, or working at trades are adopted indifferently.

But upon this point we will quote from a report made by Dr. Edward Smith, containing the answers given by the governors of more than sixty gaols, and ask our readers to say if such diversity of punishment in different parts of the kingdom is not a disgrace to our legislature, and a great wrong even to our criminal class.

“From this table [the tabular return of the number of prisoners and their employments] it appears that out of sixty-four prisons, eight enforce tread-wheel labour as the sole mode of punishment. These are Northallerton, Warwick, Rutland, Walsingham, Spilsby, Canterbury, Huntingdon, and Cornwall. Thirty-five others conjoin some other punishment with it; so that in two-thirds of the whole number there is tread-wheel labour. In thirteen only is it stated to be productive. The crank is used alone in two prisons, and as a pump in a third; but in twenty prisons there is pumping apart from tread-wheel labour; fourteen in which the crank is employed, and three in which there are hand grinding-mills. All these are of the nature of crank labour; and from the returns I am unable to associate them in a more correct manner. In the Carlisle Gaol women are put to the crank. The shot drill is found only in two prisons. Thus, whilst there is so great a diversity in the instrument employed, there is this amount of uniformity—viz., that in fifty-six out of sixty-four prisons, some kind of instrument of punishment is retained.

“Oakum-picking, and the exercise of various trades must be classed apart from the foregoing, and we find that in twenty-seven prisons the former, and in forty the latter is adopted. The two are associated together in twenty-three prisons. The trades selected are such as are useful in the repairs of the prison fabric and the prisoners' and officers' clothing, in addition to the manufacture of mats, hearth-rugs, and cocoa-matting, of rope-making and tarring, shoemaking, tailoring, weaving of linen, and hair-picking. Stone-breaking is adopted exclusively in Flint Gaol, and with other occupations in Pembroke, Montgomery, Swansea, Cardigan, Brecon, Stafford, Somerset, Monmouth, Kirkton in Lindsay, and Cumberland Gaols, and pounding of gypsum, with pepper and rice-grinding, in the gaol at Abingdon. Some of these occupations constitute the sole employments, or nearly so, in Durham, Tynemouth, Ipswich, Wakefield, Anglesey, and Flint Gaols, and attention is given to make the labour as remunerative as possible—as, for example, in the Durham and Wakefield Gaols. In all other instances these employments are associated with others of a more

laborious kind. In a very few gaols, as the Reading Gaol, the sentence of hard labour is carried out almost entirely by giving mental instruction.

"In reference to the plan pursued in selecting the punishment for the prisoners in each gaol, the letters prove that in some prisons the tread-wheel and crank in various forms are selected for short sentences, whilst manufactures are reserved for the longer ones. This is the case at Bedford; with stone-breaking at Derby, at Northampton, and Lewes. In the Worcester, Salford, and Chester Gaols, all the prisoners work the tread-wheel or crank at first, and afterwards are engaged in trades. All who are able-bodied work the tread-wheel or crank, and only others pursue trades in Dorset, Maidstone, Louth, Spalding, Southwell, Salop, Somerset, Bury St. Edmunds, Beccles, Beverley, Cardiff, Montgomery, and Pembroke Gaols. At Taunton the tread-wheel is reserved for prison offences and incorrigible offenders, and even women are made, for prison offences, to work 'a light but wearying pump.' At Stafford the crank is allotted to second and third offences, to refractory paupers, and for assaults; and at Southwell there are three or four crank-machines, for the use of vagrants chiefly. At Dorset Castle, those are placed at the grinding-mill who are unfit to work the tread-mill. In the Horseley and Cardiff Gaols oakum-picking is not regarded as hard labour; at Spalding it is the employment of invalids; at Taunton it is the employment of all prisoners for one hour before breakfast; and at Ipswich it is allotted to old offenders, whilst their trade employments are given to first convictions. At the Maidstone Gaol those only who have gained a good character are employed in the repairs of the prison. In the Salop Gaol oakum-picking and trades are the employment of all prisoners during one part of the day. In the Cardigan Gaol oakum-picking and stone-breaking are allotted to those who are reduced in strength from long continuance at the tread-wheel and from other causes. At the Beccles Gaol those employed in shoemaking and tailoring are only such as have previously learnt those trades.

"The number of hours during which the various kinds of labour are performed, is not given in many of the replies. In the Exeter Gaol the statement is simply 'all the available hours.' At Springfield the prisoners work the tread-wheel and the crank one hour at a time, and have three hours' work daily, but they give the tread-wheel and crank labour as exercise. At the Coldbath-Fields they work a quarter of an hour on and a quarter of an hour off during nearly eight hours. At the New Bailey, at Salford, they work twelve minutes on and four minutes off. At Canterbury it varies from six minutes on and six off, to sixteen on and six off. At Falkingham they work twenty minutes and rest ten minutes during ten hours. At Northallerton the tread-wheel is worked five minutes on and ten minutes off, from eight to nine a.m. and ten to a quarter to one, and from two to a quarter to six in the afternoon, or seven and a half hours' labour per day. At Beverley those working at trades in separate cells have two hours' more work than those engaged on the tread-wheel. At the Salop Gaol they work the pumps four hours daily, with five minutes' rest after each half-hour. At the Somerset County House of Correction all the prisoners pick oakum from half-past six to half-past seven in the morning, then labour at the tread-wheel and other employments from nine to one and two to six, and all again pick oakum from seven to eight p.m.

"In a few instances, the governors of prisons have given additional remarks, which it may not be inappropriate to mention here. The governor of Bedford remarks that they have no uniform system, and that they grant a good-conduct badge, which entitles the prisoner to a small sum on leaving the prison. At Abingdon the tread-wheel has been dis-

continued fourteen years; at Brecon it has just been discontinued; at Morpeth they have discontinued the use of one of two tread-wheels; at Coldbath-Fields they have taken down the tread-wheels, which were unprofitable, and are erecting, or have erected, others of larger size, to grind corn. At Leicester they are well satisfied with that instrument; and the governor of Pembroke Gaol expresses his opinion that 'the tread-wheel is the very best system of hard labour that can be adopted.' The governor of Preston Gaol writes, 'I am no advocate for useless crank labour, but for low dietary and stoppages of food for all prison offences; these, combined with education, are, I humbly believe, better for all purposes, than that horrid, associated, and villanous 'getting up stairs.'"

A TRIP TO WINDSOR.

BY GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, P.G.

Author of "Shakspeare: his Times and Contemporaries," etc.

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not, chaos-like, together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite suppress.
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There, wrapped in clouds, the blueish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

"Windsor Castle enjoyeth a most delightfull prospect round about; for right in front it overlooketh a vale, lying out far and wide, garnished with corn-fields, flourishing with meadows, decked with groves on either side, and watered from the most mild and calm river Thames; behind it arise hills everywhere, neither rough or over high, attired as it were by nature for hunting and games."—Camden's *Britannia*.

It was during my visit to London, like all the world, to see the great exhibition of 1851, that, walking along Holborn one evening towards my lodgings in Fetter Lane, a small hand-bill was placed in my hand by a bill-distributor, advertising a succession of cheap trips to various delightful places in the vicinity of the metropolis. My exchequer, never too full, was at that time particularly limited, so that I had to guard my expenditure with a miser's care; but finding that I could be taken between London and Windsor and back for eighteen-pence, I determined to visit that truly poetic and historic site, on Sunday, August 10th, 1851. My good cousin by marriage (and, what is more, by affection), Brother John Cole, a good Odd-fellow, then a painter and gilder, in London, and now a farmer, in New

Zealand, at once agreed to accompany me, and volunteered to act as a guide,—for he “*had* been there, and still would go ;” and *his* cousin, Miss C., my sister-in-law, who had been my travelling companion from Cleveland to London, was also to be one of the party.

Honest old Izaak Walton, in that glorious book of his, *The Complete Angler*, makes Piscator walk seventeen miles before calling to “drink his morning’s draught at the Thatched House in Hodsden.” For myself, I have a sort of conscientious objection to long journies before breakfast : a cup of good Mocha or Jamaica coffee before starting, with a few thin slices of home-made bread and sweet butter, I firmly believe in ; and if the good woman of the house *will* fry a collop of Yorkshire ham, or boil a couple of new-laid eggs, why, I always think that it is a pity to prevent her. Accordingly, Brother Cole and I pay some slight attention to the wants of our frail human nature before we sally forth from our lodgings in Blewitt’s Buildings, Fetter Lane, to call for our lady companion, who is staying with some female relatives in High Holborn. Finding that she, too, has breakfasted, and has only her bonnet to put on, we are soon wending our way to the Waterloo Station, from whence the train is advertised to start. Well, we arrive in time at the by-no-means handsome station, ascend the high flight of dirty wooden steps, leading to the shabby platform, and secure three tickets, though not without some squeezing in the crowd, and an imminent danger of having our eyes knocked out with the rectangular corners of an iron-bound wooden box, which a woman just before us is dancing about with on her head. It is evident that we shall be more comfortable if we take our seats in the carriages, which is no sooner said than done ; and really “the cars,” as our American friends call them, are not amiss. We are elevated above the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and can see the smoke ascending from the chimnies below us ; what is not so nice—we feel it too.

Ring-a-ting, ting-a-ting-ting ! that’s the bell for starting. Hurrah, what a scramble for seats ! Puff—puff—puff ! now we’re off, and do not travel far before we leave the smoke, and feel as if we were altogether in another clime. It is a glorious day, thank God for it—thank Him also for railroads, and for a Sabbath : To-day I will worship in the forest.

Past the stations of Vauxhall, Wandsworth, Putney, Barnes, and Mortlake, and we reach Richmond, in Surrey, the scenery around which is truly beautiful, once the residence of the poet Thompson, and where he lies buried. A mile and a half more, and we are at Twickenham ; and now what a crowd of associations does that name force upon the brain. It was at Twickenham that our great English philosopher, Lord Bacon, then plain Mr. Francis Bacon, was presented with an estate worth two thousand pounds—a great sum in that day—by the unfortunate Earl of Essex ; an act of munificence which the mean-spirited Bacon repaid with the grossest ingratitude : for when Essex was brought to trial for conspiracy against the queen (Elizabeth), Bacon, who with all his genius was a lick-spittle all his life, appeared as counsel against him, and used every means in his power to magnify the crimes of his benefactor. It was at Twickenham that the polished poet, Alexander Pope, spent the last twenty-eight years of his life, and where he chose to be buried, rather than in Westminster Abbey ; but the house in which he resided, after passing through several hands into the possession of the Baroness Howe, was ruthlessly pulled down, and even the monument which the poet had erected to his mother, on an hillock at the further extremity of his neat little grounds—for he had only five acres—has been removed with a barbarism worthy of the Goths and Vandals. Nor are Bacon and Pope the only illustrious names connected with Twickenham ; for it has been the residence of William Lenthall, speaker of the House of Commons

during the stormy strife between the king and parliament; of Robert Boyle, the philosopher; of Henry Fielding, the celebrated novelist; of Lady Mary Montague; and of Alfred Tennyson, our greatest living poet; to say nothing of such poet-laurets as Paul Whitehead, whose like may England never see again. At a distance of about half a mile from the village of Twickenham is Strawberry Hill, once the famous residence of that literary fop, Horace Walpole.

Twickenham, Feltham, Ashford, Staines, and Wraybury stations left behind, and anon we arrive at that of Datchet, only two miles from Windsor. The towers of Windsor Castle have peered forth upon us for some distance. As a reader of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I need hardly say, that no sooner did I find myself at Datchet, than I involuntarily began to look for the Datchet Mead of Shakspeare's comedy, almost expecting to see Mrs. Ford's two men-servants bearing shoulder-high jovial old Sir John Falstaff, in a buck-basket, with "foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking;" and whilst the fat knight "was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish," as he himself has it, to see him "thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe." But this pleasant revery was cut short by the stoppage of the train, and the announcement that we had reached—WINDSOR!

"Windsor the next, where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with Strength, above the valley swells,
With such an easy and unforced ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
But such arise as does at once invite
A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace:
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
Save Atlas only, which supports the spheres."

Sir John Denham.

Having left the neat railway-station, Brother Cole conducted us by a "short cut" to the Castle, which, (though certainly "no stupendous precipice, denies access,") by the flight of steps we ascended, as well as by the magnificent prospects from the terraces, convinced us at once that the noblest home of our English monarchs stands on no mean eminence. St. James's Palace is absolutely unsightly in its exterior appearance, and Buckingham Palace has never appeared to me half so beautiful as many of our country manses and halls of the nobility and gentry; but Windsor Castle is the fitting residence of our beloved Queen, and is worth all the treasure it has cost. I only regret that we ever had other than noble-hearted kings to inhabit so noble a palace. A mean monarch in such a place appears as loathsome to me as a filthy reptile on a golden plate: I therefore feel sorry that George the Fourth was ever a resident of Windsor Castle.

It is necessary for the reader to understand, that when he finds it stated that Edward the Confessor occasionally kept his Court at Windsor, the manor of which he afterwards gave to the abbot and convent of Westminster, and that William the Conqueror obtained it back again by exchange, it is old Windsor that is meant, two miles south-east by south from the town now known as Windsor. The exact site of the palace of the kings of England at old Windsor is now a matter for the antiquary to guess at.

New Windsor, or as it will henceforth be called in this article; Windsor, is situated in the hundred of Ripplesmere, in Berkshire, twenty miles east by north from Reading, and twenty-two west by south from London. It is only divided from the town of Eton, in Buckinghamshire, by the river Thames, and the two towns are connected by a good stone bridge, to which Windsor is built up on the south and Eton on the north.

Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, writing during the reign of Queen Anne, says, "Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel;" and really, though it has doubtless improved greatly since then, it is far from perfection in the reign of Queen Victoria. Alas! how slow is human progress. Next to the Castle, the Guildhall is the principal building. It was erected in the year 1707, and is supported with columns and arches of Portland stone. In a niche on the north side of the structure is a statue of Queen Anne, in royal robes, with a sceptre in her right hand, and the orb in her left. Underneath is a Latin inscription, which has been Englished thus:—

"Erected in the sixth year of her reign,
1707.

Sculptor! thy art is vain: it cannot trace
The semblance of the matchless Anna's grace;
Thou may'st as soon to high Olympus fly,
And carve the model of some deity.

S. Chapman, Mayor."

Whether "S. Chapman, Mayor," was the author of this sublime piece of flattery or not, and whether "the matchless Anna" laid her sword upon his shoulders and dubbed him knight, I neither know nor care. In another niche, on the south side, is a statue of "the matchless Anna's" consort, Prince George of Denmark, in a *Roman military habit*. It was erected in 1713, by Sir Christopher Wren. The council room of the corporation contains portraits of several royal and other eminent persons. I may mention that Edward the First created Windsor both a corporate and parliamentary borough. It is not a place of much trade, though its ale is considered to be excellent. Archbishop Laud, who has much persecution to answer for, did a good deed in giving fifty pounds a year to the parish of Windsor, to be employed two succeeding years in apprenticing poor boys, and every third year in giving marriage portions to poor maidens of that town. There are many other excellent charities at Windsor, which I cannot here particularise. Fairs are held annually on Easter Tuesday, the fifth of July, and the twenty-fifth of October; and a market every Saturday. The barracks are capable of accommodating about a thousand men. The church is said to contain some excellent carving by Gibbons, and several good monuments. But enough of the town, and a little more of the country. Yet we *must* glance at the glorious old Castle, with its thousand historical associations; and then, hurrah for a ramble through the park and across the forest. It is to me a sort of hallowed ground about Windsor; and if at times I use expressions which seem to some of my readers too enthusiastic, I can assure them that they are no more so than my feelings are; for the historical associations connected with Windsor and its vicinage will ever cause the heart of every true Briton to beat high with glorious emotions.—But, for the present, I close my note book.

Industrial School, Bury.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

CAUSES OF INCREASE AND DECREASE IN THE MANCHESTER UNITY.

See Vol. I., pages 442—4.

As a general rule it will be found that in those years when the claims for "travelling reliefs" are large, not only is there a comparative diminution in the number of members initiated, but a great decrease by members leaving, chiefly, no doubt, from not being able to pay their contributions. In the year 1848 the Unity consisted of fewer members than in 1857, yet in the former year there was paid out for "travelling reliefs" nearly five times as much as in 1857. The chief officers have repeatedly stated—and it cannot be denied—that the Order is affected by the position of the working classes; or, in other words, by the want of trade and the demand for labour. In the years 1846, 1847, and 1848, it will be remembered the state of the British empire was wretched; the appeals necessarily made and responded to for the distressed Irish and Scotch cannot be forgotten. The figures for those years will best illustrate the effect. During 1847, 12,870 members were initiated, and 14,073 ceased to belong to the Unity; whilst the sum paid to travellers amounted to £1,230 13s. 3d. In 1848, 10,645 members were initiated in the Unity, and 13,666 left it; the travelling reliefs having, during the same time, increased to £1,959 10s. 7d. Taking 1849, there was paid out £1,126 17s. 10d. for the same purpose; the initiations decreased to 9,372, and the number leaving being 11,783. From that time, the troubles of the country having subsided, an improvement is observable in the experience of the Unity. The initiations, it is true, were somewhat irregular until 1853 (vol. i. p. 443), but the gradual decrease in travelling reliefs shows a marked correspondence with the varied state of trade; and the increase in 1857 over the amounts previously paid, as well as the decrease of members initiated, only serves to prove the rule stated. It will be curious to observe in the Quarterly Report for April 1859, the experience of 1858 to test the correctness of these views. The members and friends of the Order must be gratified to find the comparatively small, and continually decreasing, number of members separating from the Unity in lodges—"expelled," "suspended," "seceded," or "closed;" the column showing "Lodges closed and funds divided" being a remarkable one of its kind. Those who insist that were the Unity so deserving of support as it is claimed to be, it would have a greater number of members, are in some measure answered by Table II., and the information now offered. Looking to the numbers leaving by migration, non-payment of contributions, or from causes unknown, it will be found that in 1857 the per centage was only 1.642, or 1 in every 60 members; whilst in 1848 it was as high as 5.482, or 1 in every 18. It may well be asked, how is this? It is known that amongst the classes forming the Unity, many change their residences through uncertainty of employment, and in 1848 this cause operated; but another, the reaction consequent upon the excitement of 1845, &c. (in the Unity) had doubtless an influence. The majority of members were either ignorant of, or indifferent to, their rights under the laws; and though they might have availed themselves of the privileges of joining other lodges, every facility being given for continuing their membership, they neglected to do so. The experience of

subsequent years attests that the members generally are getting more careful, and the humblest, in adhering to the *forms* prescribed by law, obtain some idea of the *spirit* of our association, and an appreciation of its substantial advantages. But not to these causes alone is the steady position of the Unity attributable, nor will they account for the increase of numbers coming in—in spite of wars, rumours of wars, and commercial failures. Why there should be 10,613 initiated in 1852, and 21,319—more than double the number—in 1855, must be guessed, by reference to Table V. With regard to the first period embraced in the table, take the words of the Report of April, 1852, "Lodges were initiating members at a rapid pace, members were paying a less rate of contributions, and lodges were expending their funds in such a manner that, had it not been put an end to, must have brought them to such a state that redemption would have been impossible. From this period may be dated a commencement of a gradual decrease in numerical strength, and the reconstruction of the Manchester Unity on principles which have materially increased its funds, and not only increased them, but husbanded them in such a manner as to strengthen and consolidate the Unity." Still, the changes effected were far from satisfactory, and for that reason the fluctuations in numbers continued; but the Preston A.M.C. (1853) took the bold step of adopting a graduated scale of payments, and since then the initiations have enormously risen; "thus justifying those earnest members who introduced and carried into effect that important change, and confirming the well-grounded opinion which attributes the great increase of new members to that alteration." In truth, our late experience proves that the young man joins us because he is not taxed with an exorbitant initiation fee, and the middle-aged man because a greater contribution is asked from him on account of increased age, both feeling satisfied that a society which makes such a proper difference has taken some pains to deal equitably with all its members.

PAYMENTS AND BENEFITS.

In considering the subject of payments and benefits in the Manchester Unity, the members may be divided into four classes, namely:—those who oppose any change, however necessary, because it is new, and refuse to reason upon it, for the selfish motive that it may cause a trifle more work in book-keeping; these are about one-sixth of the whole number—those who regard the matter as a curiosity, and so are nearly indifferent about it, about another sixth,—those who are wholly indifferent, or having had their grumble on something they do not understand, unwillingly submit to any thing; these form about one-third—and those who are intent upon the study of the proper principles of Friendly Society combination—who are zealous for their true application in the Unity—who sacrifice their time and comfort for the benefit of the Order, and whose only reward is in their own conscience that they have aimed to do their duty: those form the remaining third. Yet it is a subject which, above all others, should receive close attention. For the early days of the Unity allowance may be made on account of the imperfection of statistical knowledge to those who were the workers; but now, to neglect scientific deductions, especially those from our own experience, is highly blameable, is in fact suicidal. A dashing opponent might drag forth the Quarterly Reports for 1845 and challenge us thus, "Here are your own published documents, showing, that in your lodges the contributions of members varied from 3d. to 7½d. per week, and the benefits, so far as regarded sick allowance, were from 7s. up to and

including 15s. per week; the funeral donation to single members varied £5 to £25, and taking into account the married members, the funeral donations were from £11 to £48 including that paid on the death of a wife, and 'expenses of conducting the lodges were also taken out of the contribution,' and their tables (Griffith, Davies, &c.) were put before you for adoption, whilst before and since you have been repeatedly bidden by various writers to alter your financial laws. What have you done?" We should answer, "the fact of being bidden has not hastened but rather retarded our movements. Our members are not always willing to submit to the biddings of those who set out by finding fault with them, and follow with some violent suggestion which *must*, without alteration, be adopted.

Since 1841 we have been gradually pressing onward from a conviction that it was necessary to do so, and yet, although the Unity is the most advanced of Friendly Societies, it has unfortunately received the greatest share of abuse. What we have done is this,—we have compelled every district and lodge to have a separate fund for expenses of management, to which members contribute apart from the funds for benefits. In 1844 it might be true that the man of 30 was only asked for a total payment of the value of £19 14s. 5d. to secure the benefits (Table V.) he required, and to cover management expenses, but it is also true that from 1847 to 1853 another would be asked for £20 18s. 8d. instead; and equally true that *now* a man of that age entering our ranks must pay £23 0s. 11d., besides extra contribution for those management expenses. We have fixed the payments according to the age of those entering for benefits, as your large Assurance Offices would. We are now discussing (to please those who ask for it) a scale of payments for redeeming part of the annual contribution payable, and though it is not likely to be adopted, it will instruct members as to the value of their payments, if it has no other good effect. Beside making necessary a certain method of conducting business in every lodge, we have endeavoured to attain some uniformity in the amount of benefits, and the difference now in the scales of lodges is not the same as in 1844, though we are free to confess that variations still exist, and if we speak of contributions "generally paid" (Table V.); we mean general in the majority of lodges. It may, we consider, be safely said we are now so far on the high road of improvement, we shall not think of halting till we have reached the desired end. By such apologetic answers we may for a time avoid the criticisms of our friends, but there is yet much to be done before the Manchester Unity can be safely shielded from the attacks of opponents. Shall it be said of us that we are boasting of our intentions, whilst we are committing waste with valuable time wherein we should be *doing*? Surely not. Yet before we agree to do, let us be certain we understand each other.

The captious, the curious, the indifferent, the complaining, and the earnest workers, must all agree that *every* member entering a Friendly Society should pay an exact equivalent for the benefits to be assured to him; or, in other words, a sufficient amount to meet the liability he adds to the common risks; and that every society should be properly based to secure the intended benefits to its members. Starting with this understanding, we then meet these questions:—What is the exact equivalent? What is the sufficient amount? How shall we know that a society is properly based? Now, we will suppose we are dealing with the general population, without reference to place of residence or peculiarity of employment, or any other special circumstance affecting strict calculations. Two men, one aged 20, the other 30, step forward, desirous, to become Odd-Fellows, for the same benefits. He aged 20 we know may be expected to live longer than the other aged 30, the difference in age being ten years,

but the strict difference of the value of life is about seven years and three months (Table VIII) in favour of the younger man; that is, on the average of deaths in the experience of the Unity, he is expected to live that much longer than the elder. Let both pay 4d. per week each during life, and the effect will be this: the young man living for 41 years contributes £35 10s. 8d., and the elder living 34 years, about £29 9s. 4d., *for the same benefits!* This would evidently be unfair. The obvious remedy is to adjust the contributions, so that both shall pay nearly an equal amount in value, and the member aged 30 should be called upon to pay 6d. per week instead of 4d. It is of course presumed that 4d. per week is the proper amount to be required from the member aged 20, for his exact equivalent, to be improved at interest; so that the other, aged 30, in consequence of there being less time to accumulate compound interest on his contributions, and his expectation of life being less, and his greater liability to sickness on account of increased age, does, in fact, in contributing 6d. weekly, only pay his exact equivalent. It is an admitted truth, proved by all scientific inquiries, that as a member's age increases, a greater amount of contribution must be required from him to entitle him to participate in an equal benefit from a common fund. This is now so far worked upon in practice, that some societies, following the Unity in adopting a scale of payments graduated according to age, have offered similar benefits on payment of a smaller amount of contribution; for instance, 3d. at age 20, and 4d. at age 30. Here the difficulty presents itself. If the Unity considers it *necessary* that 4d. and 6d. contribution should be paid at those ages for certain benefits, how can other societies accomplish the same object for a lower payment? The answer is in a few words,—the society is not obtaining a “sufficient amount;” and though for a time, perhaps for years, it may wear a false appearance of stability, there must be a failure, and, as in most other cases, the result is, those who die first are the luckiest, and those who live longest and pay the most money are the greatest sufferers. We see, then, the necessity for well considering the subject, and that in such a supposed case a society would be losing by both members—their contribution might be called a “proportionate equivalent” to the liabilities, but not the “exact equivalent” or “sufficient amount.” It may be urged in the extremity of argument that the society asking the lowest subscription *may be* as well based as any other; it would then be necessary to start again from the beginning, and enter into a full exposition of the principles of Friendly Societies. For the present we will only say that no society can be considered properly based which has not for its guidance some past experience in sickness and mortality; nor can it be properly based unless its tables of payments and benefits are calculated upon that experience, and, whether for sickness allowance, funeral money, or annuities, have a close correspondence with each other. The experiences may have been imperfectly recorded or insufficient, and on a future examination different results might be obtained; but at one period or other, the past must be referred to, as pointing to what may possibly happen in the future. Let us now consider, as an instance, a new lodge about to be opened, expected to consist of mixed members of the ordinary occupations (not such as miners, &c., liable to extreme sickness and mortality), and within the ages prescribed by general law. The first thing to be considered is the “want” felt by those likely to join, or, as it is said, “the benefits to be given.” Presuming those stated at the head of Table V. to be adopted, and that all those who join are married, and that the wives' ages are equal with those of the members, we find on turning to Table VI. the value of the benefits, as ascertained by C.S. Ratcliffe, from the past experience of the Unity. The next thing to be done is to determine how

the "value" shall be obtained from each member, or "what shall be the payments," as we know it is next to impossible for the members to lay down the value in one sum. We must fix an initiation fee and a contribution that shall be equal in "present value" to the value of the benefits; and obtaining these payments from the members, we say they are paying the "exact equivalent," a "sufficient amount," and that the society is "properly based." Now, we may again illustrate from ages 20 and 30—to make the matter plain—the effect of the two Tables V. and VI. At age 20, Table V. shows the present value of the initiation fee and contribution, there stated, to be £19 11s. 8d., and Table VI., the present value of the benefits, as £24 7s. 7d., so that there appears a loss or deficiency of £4 15s. 11d. At age 30 the payments are valued at £23 0s. 11d., and the benefits at £29 16s. 6d., here showing a loss or deficiency of £6 15s. 7d., and different amounts at other ages. It must not, however, be supposed that there will be those amounts of positive loss to the society, because various circumstances interfere with such an expectation. For instance, it is well known that many members join, who, after contributing some time, leave the Unity, thus relieving the society of all liability, and leaving behind them the money paid as profit. Again, all the members are not married men, and yet are generally required to pay the full subscription though they may never bring upon the common fund a wife's liability. Others, who are married, have wives younger than themselves, and, as it is therefore probable the wives will live longest, the common fund again escapes that liability. And it seldom or ever happens that district or lodge laws secure the benefit of *full* sick pay during the whole of life, but on the other hand they contain some qualification or condition which makes a considerable reduction in the value. If it should also happen that the sickness actually experienced among the members does not reach the average (Table VII.), a benefit is thus made to the society, at least to that extent, and during the period observed upon. Any member may satisfy himself as to the experience of his lodge in any year by obtaining the number and ages of the members in it, and making for himself a table of the expected amount—multiplying the quantity of average sickness (Table VII.) by the number of members at each age (age, 18, members, 3 multiplied by 3 days 19 hours equal 11 days 9 hours), then adding up the whole see whether the total sickness of the lodge, in weeks and days, exceeds or falls short; to cause a loss or profit to the funds. The larger the number of members in a lodge the less, as a general rule, will be the observed difference.

The results arrived at by such familiar examples as these may be objected to by some as slightly incorrect because not sufficiently nice. Our object, however, is not to assist those who are already in command of a ship to learn navigation but to attempt to make figures popular with the bulk of our members.

All should know something about the financial foundation of the Unity and, therefore, the extent to which the value of benefits may be reduced by certain conditions; and also the proper percentage which may be taken off the full payments for certain benefits in consequence of the influence of events—such as secessions—upon a lodge; otherwise a sense of dissatisfaction may prevail with some members. When necessary, alterations are proposed to such an extent as to do the Unity greater injury than can the attacks of outside opponents.

J. H.

TABLE V.

"Initiation Fee" and "Contribution" (fourpence per week) generally paid in the Lodges of the Manchester Unity to the Sick and Funeral Fund, for the following benefits, viz.:—£10 at Death of a Member, £5 at Death of a Member's Wife (if death occurs in Member's lifetime), and 10s. per week in Sickness.

Age	According to Law in force from A.M.C.'s 1841 to 1847.			According to Law in force up to August 1st, 1853.			According to present Scale under 145th General Law.		
	Initia- tion fee.	Annl. Con- tribu- tion.	Immediate equivalent.	Initia- tion fee.	Annl. Con- tribu- tion.	Immediate equivalent.	Initia- tion fee.	Annual Contribu- tion.	Immediate equivalent
	£ s. d.	s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	(including additional)	£ s. d.
18	1 1 0	17 4	22 15 9	0 12 0	17 4	21 4 3	0 5 0	17 4	19 19 9
19	1 1 0	17 4	22 10 7	0 12 0	17 4	20 19 9	0 5 0	17 4	19 15 9
20	1 1 0	17 4	22 5 3	0 15 0	17 4	21 5 2	0 5 0	17 4	19 11 8
21	1 1 0	17 4	22 0 0	0 15 0	17 4	21 0 4	0 5 0	17 4	19 7 7
22	1 1 0	17 4	21 14 11	0 18 0	17 4	21 5 3	0 5 0	17 10	19 14 0
23	1 1 0	17 4	21 10 0	0 18 0	17 4	21 0 7	0 5 0	17 10	19 10 2
24	1 1 0	17 4	21 4 9	1 1 0	17 4	21 4 9	0 7 6	19 4	21 4 11
25	1 1 0	17 4	20 19 7	1 1 0	17 4	20 19 7	0 7 6	19 4	21 0 3
26	1 1 0	17 4	20 14 8	1 1 0	17 4	20 14 8	0 7 6	19 4	20 15 8
27	1 1 0	17 4	20 9 6	1 5 0	17 4	21 1 0	0 10 0	1 0 8	22 4 10
28	1 1 0	17 4	20 5 1	1 5 0	17 4	20 16 4	0 10 0	1 0 8	22 0 6
29	1 1 0	17 4	19 19 8	1 5 0	17 4	20 10 9	0 10 0	1 0 8	21 15 0
30	1 1 0	17 4	19 14 5	1 10 0	17 4	20 18 8	0 15 0	1 1 7	23 0 11
31	1 1 0	17 4	19 9 0	1 10 0	17 4	20 12 10	0 15 0	1 1 7	22 14 10
32	1 1 0	17 4	19 3 6	2 0 0	17 4	21 12 11	1 0 0	1 1 9	23 4 8
33	1 1 0	17 4	18 17 7	2 15 0	17 4	23 3 11	1 0 0	1 3 0	24 1 2
34	1 1 0	17 4	18 11 11	3 12 0	17 4	24 8 10	1 0 0	1 3 11	24 10 10
35	1 13 0	17 4	19 15 3	4 10 0	17 4	26 13 11	1 0 0	1 4 10	24 19 6
36	2 8 0	17 4	21 4 0	5 7 4	17 4	28 5 3	2 4 10	1 4 10	27 10 3
37	3 4 0	17 4	22 13 9	6 4 8	17 4	29 14 9	3 9 8	1 4 10	29 18 10
38	4 2 0	17 4	24 6 7	7 2 0	17 4	31 3 3	4 14 6	1 4 10	32 4 9
39	5 5 0	17 4	26 8 5	7 19 4	17 4	32 9 7	5 19 4	1 4 10	34 7 9
40	- - -	- - -	- - -	8 16 8	17 4	33 14 9	7 4 2	1 4 10	36 8 8

The Initiation Fee is supposed to be paid on admission, and the Contribution *annually* afterwards, both being improved at 3 per cent. interest. The "Immediate Equivalent," or value of the payments made at each age, is calculated upon the Tables XII. and LXXXIV. in C. S. Radcliffe's Book of "Observations."

TABLE VI.

Value of Benefits, in Table V.

TABLE VII. TABLE VIII.

Average Sickness. Expectation of Life.

Age	£10 on death of Member.	£5 on death of Wife.	10s. per week in sickness.	Total Value.	Age	Ws. ds. hrs.	Age	Ys. ms.	Decimals
18	3 5 9	1 1 7	19 0 11	23 8 3	18	0 3 19	18	42 5	42.453
19	3 6 11	1 1 10	19 9 1	23 17 10	19	0 3 23	19	41 8	41.691
20	3 8 2	1 2 2	19 17 3	24 7 7	20	0 4 2	20	40 11	40.920
21	3 9 5	1 2 6	20 5 8	24 17 7	21	0 4 8	21	40 17	40.172
22	3 10 8	1 2 10	20 14 3	25 7 9	22	0 4 14	22	39 5	39.433
23	3 11 11	1 3 2	21 2 11	25 18 0	23	0 4 17	23	38 9	38.712
24	3 13 1	1 3 6	21 11 9	26 8 4	24	0 4 23	24	38 0	37.994
25	3 14 8	1 3 9	22 0 10	26 19 3	25	0 5 2	25	37 3	37.284
26	3 15 7	1 4 0	22 10 2	27 9 9	26	0 5 4	26	36 7	36.576
27	3 16 6	1 4 4	22 19 9	28 0 7	27	0 5 6	27	35 10	35.854
28	3 18 0	1 4 8	23 9 8	28 12 4	28	0 5 9	28	35 2	35.142
29	3 19 4	1 5 0	23 19 10	29 4 2	29	0 5 11	29	34 5	34.422
30	4 0 11	1 5 4	24 10 3	29 16 6	30	0 5 15	30	33 8	33.702
31	4 2 2	1 5 8	25 1 1	30 8 11	31	0 5 18	31	33 0	32.984
32	4 3 8	1 6 0	25 12 1	31 1 9	32	0 5 21	32	32 3	32.263
33	4 5 2	1 6 7	26 3 4	31 15 1	33	0 6 1	33	31 6	31.531
34	4 6 8	1 6 11	26 14 11	32 8 6	34	0 6 4	34	30 10	30.812
35	4 8 2	1 7 2	27 6 10	33 2 2	35	0 6 8	35	30 1	30.084
36	4 10 2	1 7 7	27 19 1	33 16 10	36	0 6 12	36	29 4	29.353
37	4 11 8	1 8 0	28 11 7	34 11 3	37	0 6 17	37	28 7	28.614
38	4 13 5	1 8 6	29 4 6	35 6 5	38	0 6 23	38	27 11	27.885
39	4 15 2	1 8 11	29 17 8	36 1 9	39	1 0 5	39	27 2	27.143
40	4 17 0	1 9 5	30 11 3	36 17 8	40	1 0 13	40	26 5	26.412
41	4 18 11	1 9 11	31 5 2	37 14 0	41	1 0 21	41	25 8	25.693
42	5 0 9	1 10 4	31 19 7	38 10 8	42	1 1 6	42	25 0	24.971
43	5 2 8	1 10 10	32 14 1	39 7 7	43	1 1 17	43	24 3	24.263
44	5 4 6	1 11 3	33 6 2	40 1 11	44	1 2 4	44	23 7	23.552
45	5 6 6	1 11 9	34 1 7	40 19 10	45	1 2 16	45	22 10	22.856
46	5 8 6	1 12 3	34 17 2	41 17 11	46	1 3 6	46	22 2	22.155
47	5 10 6	1 12 8	35 13 1	42 16 3	47	1 3 20	47	21 5	21.452
48	5 12 7	1 13 2	36 9 3	43 15 0	48	1 4 12	48	20 9	20.763
49	5 14 8	1 13 8	37 5 6	44 13 10	49	1 5 5	49	20 1	20.083
50	5 16 7	1 14 2	38 2 8	45 13 5	50	1 5 23	50	19 5	19.402
51	5 18 9	1 14 8	39 0 6	46 13 11	51	1 6 18	51	18 9	18.743
52	6 0 8	1 15 2	39 18 11	47 14 7	52	2 0 18	52	18 1	18.091
53	6 2 9	1 15 8	40 18 1	48 16 6	53	2 1 2	53	17 6	17.465
54	6 4 9	1 16 1	41 17 9	49 18 7	54	2 3 8	54	16 10	16.834
55	6 6 10	1 16 7	42 17 6	51 0 11	55	2 4 23	55	16 3	16.226
56	6 8 11	1 17 3	43 17 1	52 3 3	56	2 6 18	56	15 7	15.615
57	6 11 0	1 17 7	44 16 4	53 4 11	57	3 1 20	57	15 0	15.014
58	6 13 1	1 18 0	45 15 2	54 6 3	58	3 4 5	58	14 5	14.423
59	6 15 0	1 18 6	46 13 9	55 7 3	59	3 6 20	59	13 10	13.853
60	6 17 4	1 19 0	47 12 0	56 8 4	60	4 2 18	60	13 3	13.292

P. 159, Appendix, Table V.) (P. 157, Radcliffe.) (Radcliffe, p. 30.) (Radcliffe, p. 28.)

MANAGEMENT.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.

Sir,—On reading Mr. Charles Hardwick's article upon Management, &c., in your October number, I think, in his endeavours to expose the disadvantages of the Office Clubs, he has rather overstepped the strict bounds of fellowship, by advising the working man not to accept the independent and disinterested advice and assistance in the practical management of their financial concerns. The absence of this aid has indeed been too frequently the cause of ruin to so many clubs, leading them the prey of *interested* members. All societies, from the humble club to the House of Peers, require for their own true stability a mixture of *interests* and *sympathies*; and is it not the daily effort of the intelligent public to infuse more popular elements into their House of Commons, and for a very wise purpose, to destroy the very object which Mr. Hardwick is anxious to promote in his *house of parliament*—namely, classism and selfish ideas? I think that all Benefit Societies should seek and cultivate a lively cordiality with all classes, and promote those principles of friendship, love, and truth, which have been with honest pride the boast of your Order particularly.

The universality of Odd-Fellowship is only rivalled by the Freemasons; and it is to be regretted that so little advantage has been taken of it by the Brethren to make them more public; out of the lodge room they become dormant and listless. With Masonry, on the contrary, it is ever active in *all* places and with *all* men, no matter what their position, so long as they are honest.

In my daily life I always endeavour to promote the welfare of Benefit Societies, and it is frequently done in the face of many annoyances and unjust reflections.

Yours, in good fellowship,

Southwood, November, 1858.

A TRUSTEE.

The above letter was sent by the Editor to Mr. Hardwick, from whom the following reply has been received:—

To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.

Manchester, November 25th, 1858.

Sir,—I have perused the note of "A Trustee." He altogether misunderstands me if he conceives that I "advise the working man not to accept the independent and disinterested advice and assistance in the practical management of their financial concerns," of (I suppose he means, for he does not state) the upper classes. I think I may, without egotism, assert that I have done as much as any other Odd-Fellow to procure the countenance and approval of the middle and upper classes to our institution and similar societies; and I am happy to say I have by no means been unsuccessful in my efforts. What I desire is—that the financial members should retain their authority over that which *is their own*, and not hand themselves over to the mercies, (tender or otherwise) of any class or party. In my estimation, one of the most valuable results of Odd-Fellowship is the practical education which its self-government gives, and this I would preserve at any cost. It is easy to talk about "independent and disinterested advice and assistance," but to distinguish it from its counterfeit is not always the easiest of tasks. All profess disinterestedness who give advice, but ulterior results do not always endorse the profession. The administration of public trusts in England presents no very encouraging picture; but, if the reverse were the case, the self-government of these societies is in itself too valuable to be ex-

changed even for the most perfect and honourable foreign administration. I find this to be the opinion of many of our best friends amongst the middle and upper classes; men who wish to develop the true manhood of the people, and not to simply train them to political or social docility. The laws and principles of Odd-Fellowship ignore no man's right to advise and assist; but they very wisely confine its honours and authority to those who have earned it by actual labour amongst themselves. If any gentleman feels disposed to give "independent practical advice and assistance," the road is perfectly open; nay, he is actually invited to enter. Let him do as I and scores of others have done—become a subscribing member, and doubtless his superior talent and command of leisure will speedily be appreciated. Odd-Fellowship is essentially a self-dependent provident institution, and self-dependence cannot hang pendant from external patronage, however distinguished.

I am, yours respectfully,

CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

P.S.—I know several clergymen and professional gentlemen who have done, or are now doing, the routine of lodge duty. I think, Mr. Editor, you informed me a short time ago that you had harnessed yourself to the car of practical Odd-Fellowship, and had become secretary to your lodge. This is the true course.

EXTENSION OF BENEFITS.

Brother John Bannister, of the Loyal Patience Lodge, Chorley—in a letter for which we regret we can find no room—suggests that, instead of members of our Order joining other Friendly Societies, they might be allowed to pay double subscriptions and obtain double benefits. This is a question that might be properly submitted to the delegates at the next A.M.C.—ED.

BROTHER J. T. SMITH, MAYOR OF MELBOURNE.

On the occasion of the visit of this gentleman to England, the G.M. and Board of Directors, having heard that he took great interest in the working of the Order in Victoria, Australia, determined to invite him to a dinner at head quarters. The invitation was forwarded accordingly, and the following correspondence ensued:—

London, Morley's Hotel,

November 9th, 1858.

Dear Sir and Brother,

I have to acknowledge your very kind note inviting me to visit Manchester and dine with the Board of Directors. I regret much, as I leave London on Thursday next on my return to Melbourne, that I am precluded from enjoying your hospitality. Be kind enough to convey to the Board the assurance of my sincere gratification at the proffered hospitality.

Believe me very fraternally yours,

J. T. SMITH, M.L.A.,

Mayor of Melbourne.

To Henry Ratcliffe, Esq.

On receiving the above, Messrs. Aitken, Daynes, and Hardwick were appointed to prepare an address of congratulation on Brother Smith's visit to this country. The following address, engrossed, was afterwards laid before the Board, and having been signed by the officers of the Order, was forwarded to London:—

"To J. T. Smith, Esq., M.L.A., and Mayor of Melbourne.

"Honoured Sir, and Brother,

"We, the officers of the Manchester Unity Independent Order of Odd-Fellows and Board of Directors, beg to congratulate you on your visit to the mother country.

"We are exceedingly happy to know that you take an active part in all that concerns the well-being of our Order, and hope you may long be spared to support the benevolent principles of our constitution, laws, and lectures of our extensive Society.

"Be pleased to convey to our Brethren at the antipodes how pleased we are to know that, although so far from us, they so cheerfully carry out everything that can tend to the consolidation and extension of the Independent Order.

"In bidding our shores farewell—it may be for ever,—we hope you may arrive safely at your distant home; and, in your future journey through life, that you and yours may enjoy all the happiness this world can afford.

"We remain, yours fraternally, on behalf of the M.U.,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, G.M.

WILLIAM HIKTON, D.G.M.

CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

SAMUEL DAYNES, P.G.M.

HENRY BUCK, PROV. C.S.

JAMES ROE, P.G.M.

JOHN SCHOFIELD, P.G.M.

REV. THOMAS PRICE, P. PROV. G.M.

BENJAMIN STREET, P.G.M.

WILLIAM AITKEN, P. PROV. G.M.

JOHN GALE, P. PROV. G.M.

JOSEPH WOODCOCK, P. PROV. G.M.

HENRY RATCLIFFE, *Corresponding Secretary.*

"Manchester, November 10th, 1858."

LIVERPOOL NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.—At the meeting of this important association, held in October last at the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., by invitation from the central committee, read a paper upon "Friendly or Benefit Societies, their errors, and the means of improvement." Mr. Hardwick's sentiments on this subject are well known to the readers of our Magazine. He entered at length into the discussion of the principal points at issue between the patrons of "office clubs" *versus* the self-governed bodies, and contended that the true duty of the upper classes was to aid by their countenance, and by the diffusion of sound information on the subject of finance in a popular form, the efforts of the provident and industrious portion of the community, but to leave management and the practical details in the hands of the members themselves. The paper, which was well received and listened to with marked attention, was read in the section devoted to subjects having relation to "Social Economy," Sir James Stephen occupying the chair.

STATISTICS OF THE NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.

December 14, 1858.

To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.

Sir,—Will you please to find a corner, in the next issue of the Magazine, for the annexed return. By so doing, you will perhaps assist in disabusing the minds of our members of the slander too carelessly thrown on Benefit Societies by the *Times* of yesterday. I am aware that it is not always easy to answer the sophistical arguments which appear in that paper; but all men possessing an average of common sense will admit that a plain statement of facts like those accompanying this note, are worth all the *ifs* and *supposes* which the scribblers to the *Times* have caused to be inserted therein.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

JAMES ROE,

Secretary to the North London District. M.U.

A Return is issued to the Lodges of the North London District, shewing the income and expenditure of the Sick and Funeral Funds for the year

1857. Seven Lodges have not supplied Returns, as called for, and have caused delay in publishing. Sixty-four Lodges numbering 6483 members, have forwarded Returns to the District Secretary, and the following is the result :—

INCOME.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Contributions	6835	17 5½	Sickness Allowances..	3726	14 0
Admission Fees	347	7 10	Funeral Allowances...	1249	19 10½
Interest	1373	5 5½	District Sick Levy...	19	5 6
On an incomplete re- turn.....	5	15 0½	Total Expenditure...	4995	19 4½
			Balance of gain in the Year	3566	6 5¼
Total Receipts	£8562	5 9¾		£8562	5 9¾

CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

	£	s. d.
Increase by Income over Expenditure in 60 Lodges	3633	17 6
From which deduct Expenditure over income in 4 Lodges...	67	11 0¾
Net Increase	3566	6 5¼
Capital at beginning of Year.....	36,807	8 0¾
TOTAL—Capital of Sick and Funeral Funds of 64 Lodges	£40,373	14 6

PRESENTATIONS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

ABERDARE DISTRICT.—*Presentation to a Young Lady.*—On Tuesday, Nov. 23, 1858, the members of the Sunnybank Lodge, with many visitors, met for the purpose of presenting the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Price with a mark of their esteem, a large Family Bible, bound in the most costly manner, on the corners of which, in gold letters, was the following inscription:—"This Bible was presented to Miss Emily Price by the Sunnybank Lodge, I.O.F., for eminent services rendered by her father, the Rev. Thomas Price, P.P.G.M., of the Aberdare District, to the above lodge, 1858." The presentation was made by D. Thomas, P.P.G.M.; and Miss Price returned thanks in some Welsh stanzas, one of which we give for the benefit of our Welsh friends,—

Meistr cadeirydd, ac anwyl gyfeillion,
Cyflwynaf fy niolch o eigion fy nghalon,
I chwi oll, aelodau Cyfrinfa Bryn Heulog,
Am anrheg mor werthfawr, a thlws mor odidog,
Sef Beibl, yr hwn yw ewyllys y Duwdod,
I fydaid o fodau, sy'n gorwedd mewn pechod.

The meeting was afterwards addressed by her father, the three district officers, P.P.G. Masters, Jones, and Botting; Lewis, Thomas, Morgan, and Jones;—all testifying to the services which called for this expression of their regard by the members of the lodge.

ABERSYCHAN, PONTYPOOL DISTRICT.—On the evening of Wednesday, 25th August, the members of the Union Lodge, and of various lodges of the district, assembled at the house of Mr. David Nicholas, Union Inn, Abersychan, for the purpose of presenting P.P.G.M. William Fisher with a small token of respect for his valuable services to the Union Lodge and Pontypool District. Prov. C.S. Thomas was called to the chair, and P.P.G.M. Joseph Ellis acted as vice-chairman. The chairman, after a few compli-

mentary remarks, presented a purse and £5 to P.P.G.M. William Fisher, as a small token of respect for his superior management of the district, while acting as their chief officer. Mr. Fisher responded briefly, but very feelingly. During the course of the evening numerous songs were sung and toasts proposed.

ATTLEBOROUGH, WARWICKSHIRE.—At the annual audit of accounts of the Loyal Howard Lodge, on the 9th of November last, the balance in favour of the lodge was found to be £1,196 19s. 11½d., which, with some interest then overdue, left the capital over £2,000. A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to Mr. William Taverner, the secretary, who on that night completed his seventh year of office. We understand that a voluntary subscription is being made in the lodge for a testimonial to Mr. Taverner, for his meritorious labours in the lodge of which he has been a member for upwards of eighteen years.

BEVERLEY, YORKSHIRE.—On Wednesday evening, October 27th, about 100 members belonging to this district met in the Girl's School-room, near the Minster, for the purpose of witnessing the presentation of an emblem of the Order to the Rev. J. B. Birtwhistle, the worthy incumbent, as a token of gratitude and respect for the valuable services that gentleman had rendered. The proceedings commenced shortly after eight o'clock, and were greatly enlivened by glees and songs. The emblem was in a very handsome and costly gilt frame, the picture representing a widow and her children escaping from Poverty, whose grim hand was outstretched to grasp them, but was frustrated in his design by Charity, who extended her hand to save and protect them. At the bottom of the picture was the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. J. B. Birtwhistle, M.A., by the members of the Widows' and Orphans' Auxiliary, belonging to the Beverley District of Odd-fellows, M.U, October 27th, 1858." The chairman on this occasion was Mr. William Edmondson, Mr. William Carr Appleton being selected to present the emblem, while Mr. James G. Crosskill read the following address:—

"TO THE REV. J. B. BIRTWHISTLE, INCUMBENT OF BEVERLEY MINSTER:

"Rev. and respected Sir,—We, the Widows' and Orphans' Auxiliary, belonging to the Beverley District of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, beg to present you with a small token of gratitude and esteem for the kind and disinterested manner in which you have, whenever requested, assisted us by your administrations. We feel proud to think that at one time our society had the honour to number yourself as one of its members, and that in the early days of manhood you thought it not degrading to be counted a brother Odd-fellow, and sincerely do we regret that by reason of unseen and accidental circumstances, you ceased to belong to our brotherhood; yet, knowing that other and more weighty matters had a stronger claim on your time and attention, it pleases us to see that you still have the good and welfare of our society at heart, and are ready at all times to advocate its claims. We cordially congratulate ourselves that we have frequent opportunities of listening to your ministrations, and hope many of us profit by your instructions. Rev. Sir, it now remains for us to present this memento of our gratefulness; and earnestly do we wish you every earthly happiness; also, that you may long live to be a comfort and protection to your own household and a blessing to your fellow men, and when you shall have finished your course on earth, and ended a life of usefulness, may you die in peace with all mankind, enter the Grand Lodge above, and receive the gracious welcome of our Great Redeemer—"Wel done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The address was then handed to the Rev. J. B. Birtwhistle, after which Mr. James Carr Appleton presented the emblem in the name of, and on

behalf of, the Odd-fellows.—The Rev. J. B. Birtwhistle in a brief but effective speech thanked them for the token of respect. As a minister, he was truly thankful to learn that his ministrations had been approved of, and that by some of them they had been found profitable and instructive.—After several speeches, the National Anthem was sung by the whole company.

BINGLEY, YORKSHIRE.—On Tuesday, the 12th of October, the members of the Airedale Lodge held a tea party in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, when about 120 members and friends sat down to tea. After tea, a public meeting was held on the occasion of presenting to Mr. Benjamin Beck Skirrow a splendid framed portrait of himself, valued at £15, with the following inscription:—"Presented by the Brethren of the Airedale Lodge, Bingley District, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, to Benjamin Beck Skirrow, P.P.G.M., as a token of their esteem for his zealous and gratuitous services. October 12, 1858." P.G. Joseph Stephenson took the chair at seven, p.m.; and after a few introductory remarks, called upon P.G. Joseph Manson to make the presentation; on which he read the following address, which was neatly written on parchment, and signed by the officers and committee of the lodge, with the seal affixed thereto:—"To Benjamin Beck Skirrow. Sir,—Permit me, in the name and on behalf of the officers of our lodge, to present to you a portrait of yourself, as a memorial of our high esteem for you, and of our sincere gratitude for the zealous and gratuitous services which you have so long and faithfully rendered to our lodge. We esteem and regard our testimonial the more, because we flatter ourselves that it will be handed down to posterity as an heir-loom in your family, and thereby become a lasting memorial of the good and friendly feeling which exists between you and this lodge, whose prosperity you have so assiduously laboured to promote—with the portrait which we have the honour to present to you, and which, we sincerely hope, you and your family may live long to contemplate and admire, we beg your acceptance of our best wishes for your future welfare and happiness."

BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—On Thursday evening, 25th November, about eighty members and friends of the Industry Lodge assembled for the purpose of presenting to P.G. George Hey, permanent secretary, a splendid electro-plated tea service, as a mark of their approbation of his conduct during a period of twenty-eight years. The lodge now possesses a surplus of £1,055. During P.G. George Hey's stewardship, the lodge had paid out upwards of £2,000 for sickness, and more than £1,000 for funeral expenses; and from the 1st May, 1858, to the present time, they had paid £40 in sick pay and other expenses, and still had a clear gain from that time of £47 3s. 1d. The toasts were interspersed with some excellent oratory and vocalization.

BURSLEM, STAFFORDSHIRE.—The members and friends of St. John's Lodge celebrated their anniversary by an excellent dinner at the Swan Inn, on Wednesday, November 17th. Prov. D.G.M. Edwin, the chairman, congratulated the company on the cheering prospects of the lodge, which had been in existence upwards of thirty years. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman spoke in eloquent terms on the progress of Odd-Fellowship; and, in responding to the toast—"The Independent Order, Manchester Unity," Mr. Glass explained the nature and objects of our Society. Some, he said, had thought that Odd-Fellowship was born in the camp of Augustus Cæsar, and some in the Garden of Eden! but he thought, after careful research, that some fifty years ago it was introduced by some men in humble life, and they had derived the idea from the principles of "Freemasonry." It mattered little, he thought, where it came from, there could be but one opinion formed of it, and that was, that it was calculated

to do very much good. That it was thoroughly English in its character and constitution he could prove from the following statistics:—In England there were 40 counties, and Odd-Fellows were to be found in every one of them. In Wales, 11 out of 12; in Scotland, 10 out of 32; and in Ireland, 3 out of 32 counties in which they were found. In the Isle of Man there were 8 lodges; in the Isle of Wight, 5; in Guernsey, 3; and with regard to foreign countries, wherever Englishmen were found, Odd-Fellows were also sure to be found. In the Cape of Good Hope there were two lodges and 140 members; in Canada, 25 lodges; in Australia, 64; in Calcutta, 1; in California, 1; in Demerara and Barbadoes, 3; in North America, 6, in France, 1; Rouen, 1; Malta, 1; and in New Zealand, 18 lodges. Twelve years ago the Order numbered a quarter of a million, but some alteration having been made in the system, 20,000 seceded. Since that period wonderful progress had been made! and in six years the entire number of seceders was made up; and at the present time, although there were 21 lodges less, there were 51,060 members more. This was to be accounted for from the fact that small lodges had been incorporated. The annual contributions of the Order amounted to £280,000, and they were paying to the sick and for funerals £160,000 more. Here, then, was a noble institution, which none but Englishmen could work. Every seven years they were paying away something like a million of money. The St. John's Lodge numbers 160 members, with a capital of £2,553 3s. 8d. Twenty widows receive pay from its funds. The weekly sick pay is 9s., and funeral money £10.—On Thursday afternoon the Widow and Orphans' tea meeting, in connection with the lodge, took place, when upwards of sixty sat down to a comfortable tea, P.G. George Mountford in the chair.

CREWE.—On Saturday, 2nd October, the brethren and friends of the Loyal Strangers' Home Lodge met at the Adelphi Hotel, and sat down to a substantial dinner, provided by Brother John Furber, P.D.G.M. Henry Hawkins presided, and the vice-chair was filled by P.G. Joseph Cook. The Strangers' Home Lodge was opened in December, 1848, by a few members with a very small fund. It has progressed steadily and quietly, and at present numbers 53 members, and having satisfied all demands, has a balance of £230,—a proof that working men are capable of managing their own affairs.

DUBLIN DISTRICT ANNUAL BALL.—On Monday, the 22nd of November, the annual ball in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund took place in the Rotunda, and was most numerous and respectably attended. The entire suite of spacious rooms were thrown open, and presented a very animated appearance, being tastefully decorated with banners, flags, and evergreens, and the brethren of the different lodges appeared in regalia. The ball was got up under the superintendence of Prov. G.M. Thos. Gray, Prov. D.G.M. James A. Hyde, and C.S. John Quigley, no fewer than 1,500 persons being present.

FORDINGBRIDGE, SOUTHAMPTON DISTRICT.—The members of the Loyal New Forest Lodge wishing to present Brother J. Bonnett, P.G., with a testimonial, for his services as honorary secretary for three years, a subscription was entered into, when the sum of £5 7s. was raised, with which was purchased a handsome gold guard chain, and P.O. certificate of merit in a gilt frame. A special meeting of the members was convened on Wednesday evening, and the testimonial was presented, on behalf of the members, by the medical officer of the lodge, T. B. Rake, Esq., who made some very eulogistic observations on Brother Bonnett, who accepted the gift in a few feeling and appropriate words.

GLASGOW.—The nineteenth anniversary of the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge was celebrated upon Thursday, 18th November, 1858. Upwards of forty

members and friends of the lodge sat down to a substantial supper in P.G. George Cranston's Crow Hotel, George's Square—Brother John Mitchell, Esq., in the chair; James Melles, N.G., croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman gave the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge." Brother William Crawford, Managing Secretary, replied, by stating that this lodge was opened in the year 1839, and had continued to progress. In the year 1854, their numbers were 129; in 1855, 117; in 1856, 113; in 1857, 116; and at present, 115. "By this statement there appears to be a falling off of members, but when we take into account the number of deaths and clearances drawn by members leaving the city, it will show that the members have been keeping pretty near an average during the last five years. The lodge has paid for funeral gifts, £210, being gifts for 17 males and 8 females; for sick gifts, £450. At the end of last year the balance in lodge funds was £1,129 12s. 10d., and at present, £1,142 4s. 2d., being an increase during the last ten months of £12 11s. 4d.—the funds of the lodge being worth £10 to each member at the quarterly balance of the books in October last." The lodge have their funds invested in the following manner:—In the Clyde Trust, £1,000; in the Royal Bank of Scotland, £116 12s. 8d.; in National Security Savings' Bank, £15; on hand, £10 10s. 6d.: in all, £1,142 4s. 2d. The weekly payments into this lodge are 6d. per week. The allowance, during sickness, is 10s. per week for the first six months; 7s. 6d. for second six months; 5s. for third six months; and 3s. as a permanent aliment. The funeral gift is £10 at the death of a member, and £5 at the death of a member's wife. The health of the present officers of the lodge was given by P.G. Alexander Smith, and responded to by the croupier, Brother James Melles, N.G.; followed by that of the G.M. and district officers of the Glasgow district; the past officers of the lodge; the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U., and Board of Directors; the City of Glasgow, and others; when the evening's proceedings were concluded by some excellent singing by Messrs. Millar, Stevenson, Walker, Lindsay, and others of the company.

GRANTHAM.—The report of the Odd-fellows' festival at this town, held in June last, did not reach the Editor till the middle of October, when it was too late for insertion in No. VIII. We regret that its length and the lapse of time since it took place prevent its appearance in the present number.

HANLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.—On 15th November the annual gathering of the members of St. Andrew's Lodge was held at the British Flag Inn, when about forty members sat down to an excellent dinner—Prov. D.G.M. Edwin Alcock in the chair, and Mr. P. Bowers, Prov. C.S., officiating as vice-chairman. After the usual toasts, the chairman gave "Prosperity to the Manchester Unity," which was suitably acknowledged by the vice-president; after which followed "Success to St. Andrew's Lodge," which was ably responded to by P. Prov. G.M. Brain, the permanent secretary, who dwelt at some length on the present prosperous condition of the lodge, and paid a high compliment to the officers for their exertions for the lodge's welfare. "Prosperity to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund" was feelingly responded to by Mr. Bradley, the treasurer. A variety of other toasts and sentiments were given and responded to. Mr. Rowe's band was present, and played a number of favourite airs. Brother Steele gave several recitations, and a number of songs were sung by the brethren.

HARTLEPOOL—OPENING OF THE LOYAL HAVELOCK LODGE.—On Tuesday, October 5th, a new lodge, named the "Loyal Havelock," was opened at the Raby Hotel, Egypt, Hartlepool, and 35 members (from a list of about 60) were initiated; after which, the following officers were elected:—P.G. Edward Appleton, as Noble Grand; P.G. James Armstrong, as Vice Grand; and Brother William Brown, as Secretary. After transacting some lodge

business, they partook of supper, and the party (about 50 in number) enjoyed themselves with harmony, &c. P.G.M. Dr. Kirk occupied the chair, and Dr. Baatham the vice-chair. Numerous speeches, songs, toasts, and recitations were given during the evening. We may state that this lodge is thriving amazingly, and now numbers 50 subscribing members; and, having a long list of propositions, it is not to be doubted but that it will soon surpass some others in the neighbourhood, as it is in a locality that is rapidly increasing.

HEREFORD.—PRESENTATION OF A TESTIMONIAL TO P.D.G.M. F. J. JENNINGS.—On the evening of the 25th of October, the members of the above district assembled at the Virtute Securus lodge-room for the purpose of presenting to P.D.G.M. F. J. Jennings (Permanent Secretary of the lodge) a very handsome and valuable mark of their esteem, for his untiring zeal in the cause of Odd-fellowship in the district and his general urbanity. An excellent supper was provided, which was presided over by P.P.G.M. F. T. Barrett; the vice-chair was filled by P.S. Hull. About 90 members sat down; the cloth being withdrawn, the usual loyal toasts were drank, after which P.P.G.M. Henry Magness was called upon to make the presentation, which consisted of a very handsome gold watch and guard of the value of £20, supplied by Mr. George Price of Hereford. Upon the inner case was inscribed the following:—"Presented to P.D.G.M. F. J. Jennings, by the members of the Hereford District, I.O.O.F., M.U., in testimony of respect for his valuable services, October 25th, 1858." Accompanying this gift was a parchment scroll, a beautiful specimen of calligraphy, containing the whole of the subscribers' names.

ILKESTON, DERBYSHIRE.—Tuesday, October 5th, was made a memorable day for Ilkeston by the presentation to Mr. Mark Attenborough of his portrait by the members of the Rutland Lodge. The portrait, which is full life-size, does great credit to the artist, Mr. Brassington, of Derby. The arrangements of the day were ably carried out by a very efficient committee of members; and too great praise cannot be accorded to the worthy host and hostess for the choice and ample supply of good things provided for the entertainment. Among the company present were the Rev. G. Scarl Ebsworth, vicar of Ilkeston; G. B. Norman, Esq.; — Parker, Esq.; Revs. T. R. Stevenson and G. Haywood; Messrs. Hobson (chairman), Taylor, E. S. Whitehouse, P. Potter, J. Ball, W. Ball, Thos. Ball, H. Ash, Isaac Attenborough, sen., Fletcher, Adlington, Paling, Wilson, Noon, &c. After the usual loyal toasts, the following were given in quick succession:—"The Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of Devonshire," "The Duke of Rutland," by the Rev. G. S. Ebsworth, which was duly acknowledged by the agent of the Duke—Mr. Taylor, Ilkeston Hall. Mr. Norman next presented the portrait to Mr. Attenborough, in a most feeling and able speech; and the Rev. G. S. Ebsworth, on behalf of Mr. Attenborough, said: "As the substitute for Mr. Attenborough, I return you his most hearty thanks for your noble gift. He has always regarded his services at a low rate, and this approval of them by his townsmen, when in the decline of life, is equally gratifying as unexpected. I believe he has gained the respect of all persons in the parish of every shade of party or politics, and that his character is best told in the words 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'" Various sentiments and toasts followed.

LANCASTER.—The members of the Loyal King William the Fourth Lodge assembled at the Odd-fellows' Hall, Lancaster, on Wednesday evening, the 18th of August, for the purpose of presenting to their late secretary, P.G. William King, a testimonial of esteem and respect. The testimonial consisted of an elegant and chastely-wrought tea service, supplied by P.G. Edward Gardner, silversmith, of North Road, Lancaster. Metcalfe John-

son, Esq., occupied the chair, and made the presentation. In doing so, he alluded in the warmest terms to the valuable services rendered to the lodge by P.G. King, passing a high eulogium on his assiduity, business aptitude, and social and moral worth. Mr. King's sphere of usefulness in connexion with the lodge was not restricted to the functions of his office, for on all matters affecting the interests of the Order his counsel and energy had always been exerted to promote its prosperity. The tea-pot bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Loyal King William the Fourth Lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Lancaster district, to P.G. William King, late secretary, as a mark of esteem for his valuable services, August 1858." P.G. King having replied in appropriate terms, the accordance of votes of thanks to the committee and chairman brought the interesting proceedings to a termination.

LEYLAND DISTRICT.—Monday, September 27, being the anniversary of the St. Michael's Lodge, at Croston, the society met in the morning, and afterwards formed a procession, headed by the Third Royal Lancashire band, to meet the Hearts of Oak Sick Society, led by Mr. Ellis's band, when the members of both clubs joined in procession to the rectory. The Rev. S. Master, the Rev. W. R. P. Waudby, and Lieutenant-colonel R. A. Master, then joined them and proceeded to the church, where an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. R. P. Waudby, from Galatians, c. vi. v. 2: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." They afterwards returned to Mr. William Cottom's, the Horse Shoe Inn, when upwards of eighty sat down to a sumptuous repast. In the afternoon the societies again formed in procession to the rectory, where a very large concourse of people were assembled to hear the lively strains of the bands, when some very beautiful pieces of music were performed. The members then paraded the principal parts of the village, and afterwards the members of each society returned to their respective lodge-houses.

NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS.—Recently the members of the Good Intent Lodge, No. 685, presented a handsome silver snuff-box to Henry Appleton, as a slight testimony of their appreciation of his valuable services as permanent secretary for upwards of fourteen years.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The Loyal Queen Victoria Lodge, No. 1295, held their twenty-first anniversary dinner at the lodge-house, Host Bell's, Nottingham Arms, Nottingham-street, Marylebone, on Monday the 27th of September. The chair was very ably filled by P.G. R. Robertson, and the vice-chair by P.G. Thom. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman showed that the lodge was going on in a very prosperous state, and in the name of the members presented P.G. John Lockett and P.G. William Rogers each with a handsome silver lever watch, bearing suitable inscriptions, as a mark of respect from their brethren for their past services in promoting and furthering the interests of the lodge. On the health of the G.M. and Board of Directors being proposed, P.G.M. Roe, the respected C.S. of the district and one of the directors, responded in a very able speech, and spoke at some length on the merits of the Order, and the advantages and privileges derived from the Manchester Unity above other benefit societies. The various toasts of the evening were interspersed with some excellent songs, and altogether a most harmonious and pleasant evening was passed.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—On Tuesday evening, November 9th, the members of the Loyal Haggerston Lodge assembled at their lodge-house, King's Head, Orchard Place, Kingsland Road, to present P.G. William Powley with a handsome chased silver tea-pot. The arrangements for the presentation were conducted by P.G. George T. Abbott, L.S. Charles Earl, and P.S. J. W. Abbott. The cost of the testimonial was defrayed by

voluntary subscriptions of the members, and bears the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. William Powley by the members of the Loyal Haggerston Lodge I.O. of O.F.M.U., as a mark of esteem. Dated the 9th day of November, 1858."

NORWICH.—The twenty-third anniversary dinner of the Travellers' Rest Lodge of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, the oldest lodge of the Norwich district, on Tuesday evening, 2nd November, collected together a numerous party of the brethren of the lodge and of the Order. The dinner was served in the new and commodious lodge-room, at the Crown and Angel, St. Stephen's, which was gaily and very appropriately decorated. Mr. Fox, P.P.G.M., filled the chair, supported by A. A. H. Beckwith, Esq., Mr. D. Barnard, Mr. Crook, Mr. S. Daynes, C.S., the Grand Master and Deputy-Grand Master (Messrs. Piggott and Calver), and many other officers and past officers of the Order. In responding to the toast of "Prosperity to the Travellers' Rest Lodge," Mr. Daynes gave a history of its progress since he became a member of it in 1841. In September, 1842, the first balance-sheet was published. It then possessed a capital of £270 1s. 5d., and had 180 subscribing members; in September, 1858, the last balance-sheet showed that their members had increased to 415, and their capital to £3,589 18s. 4., showing a gain in the sixteen years of £3,319 6s. 11d. During that period they had paid to sick members £1,740 19s. 5d.; for the burial of members and their wives, £491; and for medical attendance on sick members, £587 1s., making a total expenditure of £2819 0s. 5d. He believed he might predict that in January, 1860, the lodge would commence the year with a capital of £4,000. Mr. Daynes was, however, far from thinking that the Travellers' Rest Lodge had reached its culminating point, or that it was to look for its decay because it had reached that period of existence which was asserted by Mr. Neison, and other actuaries, to be the average duration of Friendly Societies; but that it was entering on a course of still greater prosperity. When age crept upon them (and they had no member that had yet reached seventy), and they were compelled to come for aid to the lodge, they would not do so without receiving that relief which the lodge would be proud to afford them. He believed the condition of the funds would be such as to enable them honestly to meet such claims as might then come upon them, and when that time came and they were enabled to point out many aged men walking about the streets of Norwich in comfort, through the aid of this lodge, he believed there would be few people who would not acknowledge the merits of such an institution, and become supporters of it. They had had already to rejoice in this city at finding the heads of society, members of the corporation, magistrates, and men of benevolence, sagacity, and talent, gradually, from time to time, adopting their principles, and enrolling themselves amongst their warmest supporters, and he was confident that when twenty years more had rolled over their heads, their lodges would be found to comprise in them all that was worth obtaining in the good old city of Norwich. The other toasts of the evening, were treated with more or less ability by the various speakers—but in all were observable that unanimity of sentiment and goodness of feeling which are the characteristics of the principles of our order. Glee and songs, from professional and amateur vocalists, filled up the periods between the toasts, and added to the pleasures of the evening.

PRESTON.—On Tuesday, September 28th, the members of the Industrious Bee Lodge, held their twenty-second annual celebration at their lodge-house, Mr. Thomas Smith's, the Bee Hive Inn, Marsh Lane. A goodly number of members, their wives, and friends, sat down to a plentiful repast. On the removal of the cloth, Mr. Peter Eckersly, P. Prov. G. M. was called to the chair. The customary loyal toasts were given and warmly received,

followed by those of "The G.M. and the Order in general ;" "The Preston District and its Officers," to which the Grand Master of the District, Mr. James Bolton (who, with his colleagues in office, honoured the meeting with their presence), warmly responded ; "The Widow and Orphan's Fund," proposed by the Prov. C. S., Mr John Dobson ; and that of "The Host," by Prov. D.G.M. Thomas Davis, which was well received. Some excellent singing, by Brothers Fry, Progan, Wilkinson, and others enlivened the evening's proceedings.

PORT-GLASGOW.—The members of the Loyal Newark Lodge met on Tuesday evening, November 2, in their commodious hall, and supped with a deputation from the Greenock lodges, being the twentieth year since the lodge was first instituted. Prov. D.G.M. Grieve occupied the chair, and Prov. G.M. Kelly discharged the duties of croupier. The chairman, after the customary loyal toasts, proposed "The Grand Master and Board of Directors of the M.U." which was responded to by C.S. M'Dougall, who paid some well-merited compliments to the Executive of the Order. In replying to the toast, "Prosperity to the Newark Lodge," by N.G. Quin, the chairman congratulated the members on the flourishing condition in which the lodge was placed, and Secretary Miller read an abstract of its financial affairs, the result showing the gross income since its institution to be £2,046 15s. 6d. Gross expenditure, sick gifts, funerals, medical and incidental expenses, £1,475 1s. 10½d.; balance in hand, £570 16s. 7½d., giving an average of £14 9s. 9d. to each member. "The Press," the "Banks of Clyde," "James Watt," "Highland Mary," and "Helensburgh" lodges were respectively given, coupled with the health of C.S. M'Dougall, N.G. Quin, P.G. Dow, and P. Prov. G.M. Carswell ; "the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Port-Glasgow" was next given, followed by "P. Prov. G.M. Tierney," being now amongst the oldest members of the Greenock district, and "Brother John Heriot, the only honorary member who took an interest in Odd-fellowship in this district." The chairman, the croupier, and Brother W. Cunningham's healths were respectively drank, and the meeting separated.

STEPNEY, LONDON.—At a recent meeting of the Star of the East Lodge, the members presented P.P.G.M. Williams, their permanent secretary, with a handsome silver snuff-box and pencil-case, as a memorial of their estimation of his valuable services, as secretary, for a series of years. The presentation was made by P.P.G.M. McClelland, who stated that the testimonial was not presented solely on account of his services as secretary, but for their appreciation of his general conduct and indefatigable exertion for the prosperity of the lodge. P.P.G.M. Williams replied in suitable, nay eloquent terms. The usual business of the lodge was then proceeded with.—Mr. Williams was initiated in the Loyal Temple Lodge, Bridgenorth district; from thence he drew his clearance, and placed it in the Victory Lodge, Birmingham district, and afterwards placed it the Star of the East Lodge, Stepney district.

WOOLWICH.—Royal Standard Lodge. On Friday evening, November 19, at the usual meeting of the members, it was resolved "that a vote of thanks be recorded on the minutes of the lodge to P.G.M. Pender, of the Woolwich district, for the constant attention and great services rendered the lodge during his term of office as P.G.M."

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday evening, October 18th, 1858, about one hundred members of the Loyal St. Andrew's Lodge, sat down to an Anniversary Dinner. Mr. E. Hyatt, P.G., in the chair; and Mr. John Campbell, P.G. in the vice-chair. John Frazer, Esq., the surgeon, and T. Walker, Esq., the solicitor to the Lodge, were also present. After dinner the usual loyal and national toasts having been given and responded

to, Mr. S. Grainger, P.G. proposed the "Manchester Unity," and hoped its prosperity might long continue—it stands out as a bold fact, showing what the Anglo-Saxon race can do, and it is the strongest testimony, that the majority of male adults in the British Nation are of provident habits. Mr. H. Buck, in responding to the toast "The Board of Directors," proposed by P.P.G.M. Collins, referred to the onerous duties which the directors were called upon to perform, that of hearing appeals from the different lodges not being the least. As a proof of the good understanding which existed among the 280,000 members of the society, the directors had, during the past year, only had one hundred appeals before them. The associations for friendly help in time of need had been very unjustly maligned, but since the plan of registering them had become general they had come to be better understood and better respected. Many other toasts and sentiments, together with some excellent music by the Working Man's Band, enlivened the evening's proceedings.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The twenty-first anniversary of the Royal Pride Lodge was celebrated on the evening of Tuesday, November 2, at the Peacock Inn, Town Hall, when upwards of 100 members and friends sat down to an excellent dinner. After the usual loyal, complimentary and patriotic toasts, Mr. J. Jones, C.S. of the district, stated that the district numbered 1,047 members, and produced annually the handsome sum of £1,600, whilst the sum disbursed in funeral expenses amounted to £200 a-year. They subscribed sixteen guineas per annum to the South Staffordshire Hospital, and had contributed about £850 to that institution since the commencement of their subscriptions. They were also steadily progressing in numbers, and during the last two months, in three lodges alone, seven new members had been initiated. If they took the average of Friendly Societies, it would be found that this district stood above that average. Mr. Tidd Pratt had stated that there were 2,000,000 members of enrolled Friendly Societies, possessing a capital of £9,000,000, or about £4 per head. The Wolverhampton district possessed a capital of £6,000, or about £6 per head. The district was in an equally favourable position with respect to the health and age of the members, and arrangements were being made for the opening of two new lodges; one at Bilston and the other at the Whitmore Reans. Mr. J. Paulton, P.G., in the absence of the secretary, gave a very favourable account of the financial and numerical condition of the lodge, which contains 114 members, and possessed funds to the amount of £500. After several excellent speeches by Mr. Collins, P.P.G.M., Mr. Councillor Peplow, Mr. C. Walker, Mr. Bold, P.G.M., and others, the evening's proceedings were concluded by some capital singing by Messrs. Hemming, Lewis, Faulkner, Hampton, Bold, Jones, and Matthews; and recitations by the Chairman and Mr. Jones. Messrs. W. and E. Gomersal of the theatre (who presented a donation of £1 to the Widow and Orphan Fund) also sang several very amusing songs.

OBITUARY.

On the 27th of October, after a short illness, at his residence in Egremont Place, Brother Hezekiah Brooks, photographer, aged 27. The deceased, who was much respected, held the office of guardian previous to his being taken ill. He was initiated in the Victoria Lodge, No. 2085, in the Brighton district, on the 26th of October, 1857. The funeral took place on Saturday, the 30th of October. He was buried at Bersted, near Bognor. Had he died two days earlier, his widow and two children would not have been entitled to the benefits of the Brighton District Widow and Orphan Fund—£14, and £1 10s. for each child.



Gyn iidoeh
Gyn mirion edal
Thomas Price
P. J. P. G. M.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. I.]

APRIL 1st, 1859.

[Vol. II.]

THE REV. THOMAS PRICE, P. PROV. G.M.

To say of any man that he has been the architect of his own fortune—that he was born in humble life, and that he has raised himself by his own exertions to a place of honour in the world—that, in his own peculiar sphere of action, he has left his mark upon the time—that he has been useful in his generation, and worthily fulfilled the duties and responsibilities of the station to which he has been called, is to bestow the highest praise which words are capable of conveying. All this may be said, and said truly, of the reverend gentleman whose portrait we now present to our readers.

Thomas Price is now in his 37th year, having been born on the 11th of April, 1822, in the parish of Llanhamlach, in the county of Brecon, South Wales. At the time of his birth, his father was farm bailiff to William Williams, Esq., in whose service he remained for upwards of fifty years. The education the father was enabled to bestow on his son was of a very slight description, and all that the youthful Thomas acquired was a knowledge of his own language—Welsh. At an early age the youth entered the service of a family named Clifton, in which he remained three years. But even at that period the character of the man was shadowed forth. In about three years he had saved enough money to apprentice himself to a Mr. Watkins, a plumber, painter, and glazier in his native town, and during his apprenticeship began that useful career in which he has since been distinguished, by taking upon himself the duties of a Sunday school teacher in a church belonging to the Welsh Baptists. When he had completed the term of his apprenticeship he received a gratifying proof of his

employer's esteem in the gift of five pounds—no slight mark of satisfaction, considering the relative positions of master and apprentice. With this sum of money the youth, then barely twenty-one, determined to begin the world. The Principality was not at that time wide enough for his ambition, so he determined to seek his fortune in the metropolis, his centre of the world. After providing himself with a necessary outfit, the youth set out on foot from the romantic vallies of his fatherland, and after a tedious journey of a hundred and fifty miles, arrived in London, footsore and weary, with only a few shillings remaining of his master's gift—a position sufficiently serious to damp the ardour of older and bolder hearts than his. But the man who before he was fourteen had exhibited such rare self-denial as to save instead of to spend, and to begin his own way in the world unaided, was not the man to quail before difficulties—for had he not determined to conquer fortune and attain a name that should be known among men? He was fortunate in at once finding employment in London as a house painter. But not content to remain a "mere painter," he devoted his leisure hours to the acquisition of the arts of graining, gilding, marbling, and lettering. And now began his first real yearnings after knowledge. He joined a mechanics' institution, and studied hard in the classes for drawing, writing, elocution, grammar, and history, in all of which he distinguished himself, and thus laid the foundation of that useful sphere in which he has since become so eminent in the Principality. While in London he joined the Welsh Baptists' church, in Moorfields, and was soon known as one of their most faithful Sunday school teachers. Here, among his own countrymen in the metropolis, he began his career as a preacher of the gospel. He was highly successful, and, at the earnest solicitation of the congregation, he relinquished his trade and entered the Baptist College at Pontypool, for the purpose of studying theology, preparatory to his formal entry into the Christian ministry.

Having completed his college course, he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Aberdare, at the close of the year 1845, being then only in his twenty-sixth year.

Mr. Price was initiated a member of our Order in the Temple of Love Lodge, Merthyr District, on the 25th of July, 1846. He soon became interested in the welfare of the Order, filled all the inferior offices in his lodge, and passed the chairs with credit to himself and his lodge, frequently attending quarterly meetings, and doing all in his power for the benefit of his district and the Unity at large.

In 1855, 1856, and 1857, he attended the Durham, Norwich, and Swansea A.M.C.s, and was at each meeting appointed one of the sub-committee to examine the proceedings of the G.M. and Board of Directors, and at the last was elected as Chairman. At the Durham A.M.C. he made application to the "New Districts' Committee" to allow the Aberdare lodges to leave the Merthyr and form the Aberdare District, promising that the number of members should be doubled in five years. His request was granted,

and Mr. Price was unanimously elected the first Grand Master of the new district. There is an amount of labour to be performed on this important committee, of which few can form an adequate notion till they really joined in the work. At the Swansea A.M.C. he was appointed a director, in which onerous post he has satisfactorily acquitted himself. When the Aberdare District was formed, in 1855, it contained only ten lodges and six hundred and sixty-three members; it has since increased to thirty-four lodges and two thousand and thirty-five members, according to the January Report, thus more than fulfilling Mr. Price's assertion at Durham, that "the number of members and lodges would be doubled in five years." Mr. Price is also one of the trustees of the district.

In 1857 the Aberdare District presented him a splendid testimonial, as a mark of esteem for "eminent services rendered to the district." Mr. Price has been of the greatest service to our Order, by lecturing in the chief towns of the Principality, on the objects, principles, and constitution of Odd-fellowship, and has, by this means, secured the influence and good offices of many wealthy persons on our behalf. He still continues his services to his district and the Order in general. He is also connected with several societies of a similar character to our own. He is trustee of a society known as the "True Ivorites," one similar to our own, only that it is confined to Wales, and carries on all its transactions in the Welsh language; a member of the "Undeb Cristionogol," a society connected with his own congregation, and honorary secretary to the Aged Ministers' Society.

As a Christian minister and a public lecturer he stands in the first rank amongst his brethren in Wales, and presides over one of the largest congregations in the Principality. He has a Sunday school in connection with his church, where upwards of a thousand children are taught the true principles of Christianity. As a proof of the respect in which he is held by his people, we may mention that in the year 1848, the members of his church presented him with a handsome donation of books, and in the year 1854, the ladies of his congregation gave him a beautiful gold watch and chain, while the young men testified their faith in his teachings, by the gift of seventy-seven volumes of beautifully bound books. The position of Mr. Price as a citizen as well as an Odd-fellow, and the high respect in which he is held by his neighbours, may be gathered from the following additional facts gleaned from the public papers of the day. In 1847, the ladies of Aberdare presented him with a splendid writing desk and silver pencil case, for defending their characters against certain imputations cast upon them in some parliamentary blue books of that date. In 1849, he was elected a director of the Aberdare gas company, which office he fills to this day. In 1852 he was elected a director of the Aberdare market company.

In 1852 he was elected by an overwhelming majority, after a severe contest, to fill the post of poor-law guardian, which office he held for some years with credit to himself and the satisfaction of all parties. In 1854 he

was elected a member of the Aberdare board of health, and in 1857, was made a member of the Aberdare burial board, both of which honorary offices he still holds. Through these various scenes of active duty Mr. Price has passed with a cheerfulness and devotion, which prove that in whatever sphere his lot had been cast, he would have made himself a principal man among men.

In literature the name of our director is by no means unknown to the Welsh public.

He is the author of four works on theology, and has been joint editor of "The Gwron" newspaper, certainly one of the best conducted papers in the Welsh language. He is the sole editor of "The Gweithiwr," one of the cheap weeklys devoted to the elevation of the working classes; and is also actively connected with the "Seren Gomer," the oldest monthly magazine in Wales. In connection with the Gwron newspaper, he and his fellow editor were each presented with a valuable silver medal by the wives and daughters of Aberdare, for their services to the working classes in that paper. Mr. Price was married March 16th, 1847, to Mrs. Ann Gilbert, daughter of the late Morgan Thomas David, Esq.; by this marriage he became the owner of considerable mine and al property in the valley of Aberdare, which contains some of the best st m coal in the world. His marriage, however, was destined to last but a short time, for death, the destroyer, carried his amiable spouse to her everlasting home on September 1st, 1849. He still remains a widower, with a good and dutiful son and two fair daughters. The chief visitors to his residence are the poor aged widows and infirm old men of his congregation, who very frequently spend a day with him enjoying his company and hospitality.

Such is a brief outline of the career of one born in a humble cot, in an obscure hamlet in Breconshire, raised by his own untiring and indomitable energy to occupy one of the most important spheres in Wales amongst the members of the Baptist persuasion, and performing besides many of the responsible and laborious duties of a patriotic citizen. At our annual meetings Mr. Price takes an active part in all the discussions, and is a most energetic and skilful debater, speaking the English language quite as fluently as his native tongue. To our Order he may be said to be the representative of our Welsh brethren; and all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance wish him a long life of health and strength, to follow up successfully his Christian labours, and his philanthropic and patriotic views, for the benefit of mankind at large. Of the social and domestic character of Mr. Price enough will have been seen from the foregoing sketch. Although essentially a minister of the gospel, his mind is not imbued with that asceticism observable in some clergymen, but he unites in his own person the characteristics of the Christian and the gentleman—the kindly adviser and the cordial friend.

ANOTHER CLAP OF THUNDER.

BY C. HARDWICK, P.G.M.

Thunder-storms are rare, in the winter season, in England. Nevertheless our climate, unlike our principles (or, perhaps, more truly our prejudices), is notoriously of a rather fickle and uncertain character, and, consequently, most Englishmen would not feel materially affected if the advent of Christmas were heralded by a sonorous peal or two of Heaven's artillery; or if a shower of hailstones should glitter like orient pearls in the burning sunshine of a midsummer's day. The English *Times* newspaper much resembles, in its temper, the English weather. Some authorities assert that it immeasurably outstrips all competitors in the facility with which it accommodates itself to the various changes in the temperature of the monied class feeling in the country, and, no matter how fiercely the presiding Jupiter may have previously dealt out his "thunder" upon the now popular principle or party, when struggling in the shadow of comparative obscurity, the very same weapon is unblushingly employed in the effort to destroy a reputation once lauded, or in polishing and purifying, and rendering somewhat presentable the well-kicked carcase and thunder-smeared countenance of the newly-elected *protégé*. Some people (knowing ones, no doubt, with, however, more worldly prudence than British pluck) when they find themselves or their principles assailed by the leading journal, instead of returning its blow manfully on the forehead, prefer paying court to the modern literary Jupiter or his lacqueys, with the view to propitiate the ire of the dreaded potentate, and secure his able advocacy at the proper season; and that is generally when your position renders you independent of any such time-serving sycophantic special pleading, no matter what may be the amount of mere scribbling talent, which it unquestionably both can and does command.

Now, for my part, I do not think this to be either the most manly or the most politic way of dealing with the *Times*. With all its material power, it is, from the nature of its composition, essentially a coward. It possesses little or no sense of honour. It will publish the grossest falsehoods, and refuse the slandered party the right of justification in the columns where the slander appeared. For "*principle*," in the true sense of that term, it has long existed without a reputation; indeed, I am not sure whether, at the present day, the *Times* does not professionally repudiate such a thing, as mere Utopian chatter. Why, therefore, should any honest man shrink from measuring a blade with this literary monstrosity, if his duty to himself, or to any section of society with which he may be connected, call upon him so to do? It strikes me I had not the worst of it in our last encounter, about two years ago; at least, the poltroon, after being clearly convicted of egregious ignorance and falsehood, skulked into his den at Printing House Square, and has not, to my knowledge, even chirped on the subject of friendly societies since, until the reverberation of the unseasonable peal of thunder which startled the nation in December last.*

I originally fancied the first thunderbolt, hurled specially at the Manchester Unity, came from the hand of some subordinate in the establishment;

* I certainly have heard that some allusion to the Manchester Unity or to Friendly Societies generally was made, by the writer of the "City Article," a few months ago. I understand the notice was rather complimentary; if so, Jupiter must have been indulging in one of his occasional naps, and thus, doubtless, the favourable view of the subordinate writer slipped into type without the cognizance of his rancorous chief.

but information since received has induced me to alter that opinion. There can be very little doubt, however, that the December fulmination is the deliberate act of the presiding deity.

Mr. John Bright, in his Manchester oration, amongst other matters, intended to show, what we had thought no sane man of the present day ever disputed, that since the conclusion of the last century a large amount of progress, intellectual and moral, had been manifested amongst the operative portion of our population. Mr. Bright observed : " Your staticians say that 2,000,000 of the people are subscribers to benefit societies, and that they possess reserved funds amounting to more than £9,000,000. Is that no proof of providence ? Is that no proof of improvement and advancement ? "

Not approving of the *inference* which Mr. Bright wished to draw from this circumstance, the " Thunderer," with a reckless audacity, somewhat peculiar to itself, perpetrates the following compound of ignorance, falsehood, and impertinence :—

" Rash as it may be to answer so fierce a challenge, TRUTH and PATRIOTISM " (?) " require us to do so. *Every man* of common sense and sound feeling, whose position or inclination has brought him much into contact with the labouring poor and the classes somewhat above them, including just about the 2,000,000 in this pompous panegyric, regards the general condition of our benefit societies as one of the *greatest calamities and scandals* of this country. The majority of these 2,000,000 subscribe to societies that from the hour of their institution, and in their printed rules, *deliberately contemplated* and still intend bankruptcy, or the cruel and fraudulent process of dividing their funds at no distant day, throwing out the elderly and sick, and starting afresh with the healthy and young. The monthly payments are fixed so low, so much is spent in monthly and yearly carousing, and so great is the reluctance to binding the members by submitting to enrolment, that the consummation we have mentioned is only a question of time ; and a time will certainly come, in most cases, when the old and sickly will find themselves thrown overboard, and purposely deprived of a remedy against the managers."

" A little learning is a dangerous thing," says Pope. The truth of this apothegm was never better illustrated than in the instance under consideration. I have said this portion of the *Times'* leader is a compound of ignorance, falsehood, and impertinence. I will first canvass its merits under the first mentioned clause of my indictment. The writer talks about the "labouring poor and the classes somewhat above them, including just about the 2,000,000 in this pompous panegyric," and hence concludes that these are the identical persons who belong to friendly societies. We are most of us, and have been of late years, marvellously eloquent upon the subject of popular education ; and I am willing to confess that I possess some enthusiasm myself on this question ; yet my experience has taught me that the great bulk of the middle and upper classes stand quite as much in need of instruction as to the feelings, habits, intelligence, and moral aspirations of the working man as the operative does of the *formulæ* at Almack's, or the rules of etiquette observed at the court of Her Majesty. These men of "common sense and sound feeling," so beloved by the *patriotic* journalist, too often gain their experience from the overseers' office and the jail, and afterwards expend a prodigious amount of philanthropic eloquence on the depravity of the "*people*," concerning the best portion of whom they know just about as much as they do of the internal economy of the household of the King of Timbuctoo. The *Times'* assertion however can be refuted by actual evidence. I do not know what experience Mr. Delaine or any of his subordinates may possess, or how far they

may be qualified to speak to the fact, but I have myself, and thousands of others in my presence, have heard hundreds of gentlemen, including clergymen, magistrates, members of parliament, mayors, aldermen, councillors, etc. publicly express themselves in terms directly the reverse to those used by the leading journal! So much for the impertinent folly of the assertion, that EVERY MAN of "common sense and sound feeling" regards the best portion of the working classes as neither more nor less than rank swindlers!

I have shown that the writer in the *Times* is lamentably ignorant of the character of the class of men who belong to these institutions! I beg to tell him that they are neither paupers nor felons, and cannot relatively be called *poor* men. They pay their taxes to government as well as the rich, and seldom trouble it more. They are as truly independent, honourable citizens as the members of the literary craft, not even excepting the well-paid staff of the *Times*. A large number of these men already possess the political franchise, and, no doubt, will remember the candidates who endorse the opinion of the "great literary gladiator," respecting the motives of themselves and their brethren, as members of friendly societies. Mr. Neison shows that their lives are longer than those of the members of the aristocracy, and he honestly attributes this to their more regular lives and more prudent habits.

The *Times* speaks of the great reluctance which exists to "binding the members by submitting to enrolment," and afterwards observes "good men in vain have laboured to urge the wiser and better principles required for a public emolument, without which no club is secure for a day." What a tissue of unpardonable ignorance! Why the very 2,000,000 of members whom the *Times* has been bullying thus roundly ARE ENROLLED!! Mr. Bright merely quoted from Mr. Tidd Pratt's report. The same document shows,—“The number of individual depositors in savings banks on the 20th November, 1857, was 1,241,752, and the sum due to them £32,984,023. It appears, therefore, that the members of these societies and the depositors in savings banks possess funds amounting to nearly £42,000,000.” What do you think of this couple of facts Mr. *Times*? It strikes me they will have more weight in the argument than a whole hogshead of your best X X X "bottled thunder."*

The *Times* appears to think that a public enrolment will give security to friendly societies. This is not true. It merely places them in a position to sue and be sued, like any other joint stock company. Some privileges with regard to taxes, etc. are likewise conceded, with the view to encourage them to enrol. So far from the members as a body objecting to enrolment, the fact proclaimed by Mr. Tidd Pratt that 20,000 clubs, with more than 2,000,000 subscribers, have already taken advantage of the act, dashes to the earth at a blow the ignorant babble of the *Times*, and speaks well for the labours of (not the "good" men of the leading journal but of) the intelligent workers amongst the members themselves.

Just one other specimen of the ignorance of this writer. He tells us the weighty reason why the members have a reluctance to enrolment. Can the reader imagine it? Listen to this seer! He says, at some future time, "the old and sickly will find themselves thrown overboard, and purposely deprived of a remedy against THE MANAGERS!!" I wonder who this Solon thinks are the managers. The constitution amongst nearly all these societies is purely democratic. The members elect officers every six

* It was stated some years ago (1856), by Lord Beaumont, in the House of Peers, that the entire number of members of friendly societies, enrolled and unenrolled, had been computed at 3,052,000; that they were in receipt of an annual revenue of £4,980,000; and they possessed an accumulated capital of £11,360,000!!

months, as a rule. If a party in the Manchester Unity, for instance, be found capable and industrious, he may pass seriatim through all the four offices of his lodge in two years. There is not one in a thousand ever repeats the service, although many often attend and watch the business, which is not decided upon by the dictum of the officers, but by a vote of the lodge. If a member be aggrieved, he can appeal to a committee, composed of a deputy from each lodge forming his district. If he is still dissatisfied, he can appeal to the Board of Directors of the general Unity, who are appointed final arbitrators under the Act of Parliament. These gentlemen are elected at the annual committee of the entire Order, and reside in various parts of the country; each retires every year, though eligible for re-election; hence no local prejudices can affect their decisions. I hesitate not to say, from my experience as a member of this board, that as good and substantial justice is rendered there as in any of Her Majesty's courts of law, and infinitely more to the satisfaction of the members. Why, no one can tell who will hold office this day three years! So much for the conspiracy of the managers! Just a private word *en passant* for the information of the writer in the *Times*. I would recommend him not to try the dodge on again about the *poor old men*; it sounds very well to those unacquainted with the practical working in these clubs. I have devoted much time to the subject of financial reform, and have argued the question hundreds of times, during the last twelve years, face to face with the members. As rapidly as we have progressed, and are progressing, in the Manchester Unity, there are no thanks especially due to the older members, I am sorry to say. They are generally the conservatives of a lodge; they don't believe in innovation; the club has done well so far, has saved £700 or £800; it will last at least their time, and a long time afterwards. Such is their cry. I have often fancied that I could detect a curious reflex of legislators belonging to a higher station in some of these men. It is generally the middle-aged, the younger, and better educated, who support measures for financial reform. Even provident working men we, who labour amongst them, find made of very similar material to "their betters." It often requires a considerable amount of preliminary agitation amongst the members before any very important change, in what they regard as their "glorious constitution," can be effected, in a legal manner. Some of them are quite as much afraid as the Spooners, the Drummonds, and the Sibthorpes, that the constitution they have been accustomed to hold as a sacred thing is hourly in danger of perishing from the rude attacks of innovating *designing* knaves or fools, who, of course, by some remarkable infatuation, have become oblivious to the fact that they themselves form a portion of the doomed social body.

The real bolt launched by the *Times* demands a serious reply: I could for the moment scarcely believe my own eyes when I first read the following lines:

"The majority of these 2,000,000 subscribe to societies that from the hour of their institution, and in their printed rules, *deliberately contemplated and still intend bankruptcy.*"

I would gladly have included this amongst the specimens of the ignorance of the writer in the leading journal, and in the spirit of charity I would still wish to do so; but the brutal, ruthless animus is so evident, that to hold any compromise with so foul, so loathsome a falsehood, till I have struck with the hand of Truth a death blow into the very heart of the reptile, I should feel as a personal degradation. Before any truly honourable man; before any human being possessing the least, the most puny pretence to *patriotism*, or to faith either in God or the frail but noble humanity fashioned in His image, could have given to the world such a sentence, he would have paused, thought carefully, enquired long, not from two or three,

but from many sources, and would then, if so impressed, have penned it in deep sorrow, not with the wild satanic glee of a party zealot.

But to the proof! How this already demonstrated most contemptibly ignorant writer came to *know* anything about the *motives* of upwards of a million of his fellow-countrymen, with whom he appears to have seldom or never mixed, of course I cannot tell. He talks of certain "good men," who, like the maids who undertook to scrub the Black-a-moor white, have "laboured in vain" to enlighten these poor benighted—pshaw! what am I writing?—these *untransported scoundrels*, rather,—on the imperfections of their friendly societies. Now, I think I know something of the class of "good men" referred to. What I have seen of most of them, and especially the *Times*' chief protégé, my Lord Albemarle, has often forcibly reminded me of the truth of the old Spanish proverb, viz.:—"A man may be so good, as to be good for nothing." However, we will leave poor Lord Albemarle alone this time. He got a sufficient flogging on his last exhibition by my friend Mr. Daynes and myself. Some atonement has been made, too, since for his indiscretion, which will perhaps rather startle the writer in the *Times*. His lordship's son, Lord Bury, and another near relative, have been initiated members of the Manchester Unity of Independent Odd-fellows!! It some time ago became rather fashionable for members of the upper classes to condescend to "lecture" to the "people." Some of it was very satisfactory, especially when the speaker understood his subject, and his audience did not, or only imperfectly. But when men of this class began to talk to the working men upon subjects concerning which the amateur orator possessed but very limited information, and that of an imperfect character; and when, added to this, well-bred gentlemen left their manners at home, and descended to vulgar abuse, which abuse was levelled against men who both understood the questions, in the practical working sense, infinitely better than their slanderers; honest working men, whose self-sacrifice for their fellow-man's advantage, exceeded that of the wealthy talkers a thousand fold; of course, just indignation was naturally aroused, and soon all such attempt at *teaching* was treated with the contempt it merited. The greatest difficulties in the way of practical earnest workers for friendly society improvement, has arisen from some of these "good men's" bungling, and want of courtesy, and the squabbles amongst the actuaries themselves; who, if we believe what some of them say about one another, have themselves a tolerable amount of friendly society error to answer for. Yet this class of persons are the "crammers" of the *Times*' writer. "Pshaw!"

In reply to such, I say, that, I am not aware that any single individual, (and I know many who have laboured hard for a lengthened period, who will endorse the evidence I now tender)—I am not aware that any single individual has spoken and written more to and for the members of friendly societies on the necessity of financial reform, during the last twelve years, than myself. I never shrank from telling the most unpleasant truths developed by the science of vital statistics to any body of odd-fellows or others, either in public lecture, after dinner speech, or printed essay. But I treated the members with courtesy. I knew *the great truths on the other side of the question* and acknowledged them. I knew the blunders of the actuaries and pointed them out. In fact, I endeavoured always to teach the WHOLE TRUTH, and essayed to progress according to the nature of the people and their habits, and not in accordance with the paltry fire-side theories of *soi-disant* philanthropists. Well, what has been the result? Did they ever insult me for such labours? With a single unimportant exception, I cannot remember an instance!! But the provident working man, remember, will not be spoken to without courtesy, and will resist any attempt at dictation, with reference to his private affairs, whether it comes

from a peer or a prelate. But so far from not desiring to learn from those in whose knowledge and integrity they have faith, the very men themselves have solicited me to visit many towns in England and paid the expenses, in order that they might hear what I had got to say on the subject of financial improvement. I have had some active experience amongst these people during the last twelve years ; and, if I were placed in the witness box of a court of justice, and asked on oath, if I endorsed or otherwise the *Times*' writer's sentiment that the majority of the members of these societies, "from the hour of their institution, and in their printed rules, deliberately contemplated and still intend bankruptcy," I should unhesitatingly answer, that a more contemptible falsehood, or, to speak plain English, a more contemptible LIE, a more atrocious and unmerited calumny and libel I never remember to have seen perpetrated ; no, not even in the columns of the *Times*. I boldly appeal to all those who have had any practical experience in these matters to say which evidence is most worthy of belief. But the least knowledge of the history of these societies would have taught this scribe that many of them were founded upon what was considered the best possible principles, both by the government and the actuaries of the time. In 1825 a committee reported to parliament that the act of 1819 stipulated that "justices" (who, at that period, fulfilled the functions of the registrar) "shall not conform and allow any tables of payments or benefits, or any rules dependent upon or connected with the calculation thereof, until it shall have been made to appear to such justices that the said tables and rules are such as have been approved by two persons at least *known to be professional actuaries, or persons skilled in calculation, as fit and proper, according to the most correct calculation of which the nature of the case will admit.*" But mark ! The committee found, on inquiry, "that in many counties the bench had been satisfied with the signature of petty *schoolmasters and accountants*, whose opinion upon the probability of sickness and the duration of human life is not to be depended upon." Not much certainly. But at the time pretty nearly the same might truly be said of the best actuary living.*

Indeed, at the present time, no really satisfactory complete system has yet been propounded, at least none which has received the sanction of all the actuaries ; they contradicted each other most amusingly on examination, even recently, before the committee of the House of Commons. Nay, some of the highest in position actually ignored a law, which of necessity is the very corner-stone in the theory of chances ! And yet, these men have *certified* to the "safety" of the tables of hundred of societies ! Well may many of these, and others formed on their model, without payment of actuaries' fees, have gone to the wall. Mr. Neison, as I showed in a recent number of the Magazine, has stigmatised the last issued government tables as the most "unfortunate event in the history of Friendly and Benefit Societies, since the publication of the Highland Societies' tables, in 1824 !" And yet, Mr. Tidd Pratt, and Mr. Finlaison, the government actuary, are the acknowledged literary parents of this precious production !

So the working men, it appears, have been acting as pioneers in this great field of undiscovered science, and from their experience alone professional men, who, like lawyers, are in want of fees, have been making calculations, and are somewhat disappointed that they cannot, so speedily

* As a historical curiosity, I could like to know upon what data these *professional* actuaries made their calculations. Perhaps on old Dr. Price's theory, which proved miserably inadequate, and the adoption of which brought certain ruin to hundreds of clubs. I am aware of no other authority at the time, except the Highland Society's tables, which are not much better. The Rev. Mr. Beecher's Southwell tables were preferred by the committee in 1825, but they have likewise proved much too low, in the elder periods of life especially. The society still, I believe, is in existence, now on a good foundation, and very flourishing.

as they could wish, prevail upon the people to permit them to commence remodeling their societies. The people are right in being cautious in this matter. An actuary, as such, is often most ignorant of the practical working of these institutions; their fees are very high, and any simple arithmetician can take from the published returns the rates, according to each past experience, as well as nine-tenths of them. And yet, forsooth, the people, whose brave perseverance has supplied the very materials for these improved tables, are stigmatised as imposters and swindlers! We shall next year hear that Sir John Franklin was a coward and a fool, and perhaps a knave, because he died in his effort to discover the north-west passage!!

With respect to the impertinence of the *Times* writer, I think after what I have written, there can be no necessity for me to insist upon it further.

Of course, I do not hesitate to say here, as elsewhere, that much remains to be done in order that *all* friendly societies may be placed financially in a sound position. But neither Rome nor the British constitution was built in a day. The first venture with the Great Eastern steam ship proved a failure. The same may be said of the Atlantic telegraph cable. But does any one, therefore, doubt the *integrity of purpose*, or the capability of further exertion on the part of the shareholders and directors, or that future success will ultimately crown these eminently national undertakings. What common sense can there be in confounding the moral effort of a large body of men of otherwise most undeniable reputation, with either their great or partial ignorance of a science with which not one in a thousand, of the middle class even, are much better acquainted than they are with Sanscrit!

There is a great cry abroad just now about the impropriety and even criminality of attempting "to set class against class." In my opinion a single article of the character of the one now under consideration, is more calculated to effect so undesirable a consummation, than some scores of demagogue speeches however violent. If the operation of friendly societies had been productive of no more social good, than the bringing together of men of various classes and opinions, on a ground where all could labour for the general good, and silence for the time the discordant yell of political or polemical rancour, they deserve the countenance and support of every true patriot and genuine philanthropist.

Just a parting word with the redoubtable "thunderer." I would, in all sincerity, suggest for the moral consideration of the mighty potentate (if he still retains such a faculty), that there exists a greater—I won't say "*calamity*"—but a "greater scandal to this country, than the general condition of our benefit societies"; and that is, that the head of our boasted free periodical press, can continue to hold its position by dint of mere literary legerdemain and commercial enterprise, long after its want of sterling principle has become almost universally acknowledged. Englishmen are fond of boasting of, among other virtues, the possession of two important qualities, viz. : honourable dealing and manly courage. How little the *Times* represents the national character in these respects, is now (alas!) a matter of disgraceful notoriety.

Notwithstanding the deadly hostility of the thunderer, I shall still, as heretofore, maintain that so far from being a scandal, the *very effort* of the operative population in this direction results from one of the greatest and most honoured of our national characteristics. With all their errors these societies are teaching millions the principle and practice of self-dependence; they have taught working men practically the value of law and order, and the danger and folly of anarchy; they have made thousands of them citizens worthy to live in the freest and the most powerful of the nations of the world.

FRANKLIN'S MAXIMS.

EXAMINED BY W. AITKEN, P. PROV. G.M.

To make any strictures on maxims that have passed current and almost undisputed for a century may seem to the admirers of the Doctor absurd indeed. That Doctor Franklin was a wise, a great, and a good man, the writer of this paper does not call in question, but he certainly thinks that many of his maxims have tended to harden the heart of mankind, encase it in adamant, destroy great Christian maxims, and foster a narrowness of mind between man and man. Nay, farther, that many of them are absurd, and nine tenths of the readers of the *Odd-fellows' Magazine* will, I think, admit the fact when these far-famed maxims are analyzed. Let it be perfectly understood that there are many of his maxims very good. It is those that have long seemed to me objectionable and absurd with which I have to deal. I will commence with one which many of us learned from our mothers, and is, perhaps, one of the earliest of our recollections.

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." The great bulk of mankind are hard workers, go to bed "early," and rise "early," but the work that millions endure destroys their "health," the small earnings they receive do not find them the necessaries of life, say nothing of "wealth," and they have not time, by study and an exhausted daily frame, to make themselves "wise."

Take most of the numerous trades carried on in our boasted centres of civilization, and what do we find?—that nine-tenths of mankind are within a month's march of the workhouse. In other words, if all that the great majority have was sold, it would barely keep them a month from positive starvation.

Yet they go to bed "early," rise "early," and their household goods, or "accumulated capital," if all sold, could not and would not keep the multitude from the direst want a single month. When mankind and womankind are labouring hard from year end to year end, are under-fed, under-clothed, and badly housed, they cannot be as "healthy" as they ought to be. The "wealthy" portion of the business has, I think, been disposed of.

Now for the "wise" portion of it. Marriage is a law of God and civilized society, and whether marriages are provident or improvident is not the question. But people do get married, and have families. The small amount of money earned by the multitude of workers prevents them paying any great sum of money for the teaching of their children.

But supposing the juveniles do go to school, when they get about nine or ten years of age they are taken from school, sent to mines, mills, or some other of the manufactories of the most industrial age the world has ever seen. Their education is thus scanty, their labour then and in after life mostly absorbs alike their physical and mental powers, thus preventing the great industrial hive from being, as far as book learning is concerned, in the abstract sense of the term, "wise."

Again, even those who have the means to study and be "wise," some pore over the "midnight lamp," others under the lamp of day, both alike getting "wise" by lamplight and sunlight. If all these premises be true, and they are, the maxim of "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man

healthy, wealthy, and wise," is, to say the least of it, in most instances, an absurdity.

Again, the moraliser says, "Industry needs not wish, and he that lives upon hope may die fasting;" to which I reply industry need "wish." Wish that labour was better rewarded, capital in a better position to do it,— "wish" that some better mode was adopted between master and servant to settle disputes than strikes—the emblem of barbarism—the strong in pounds against the weak in pence,— "wish" that over speculation on the part of those who employ industry did not at times bring them to the verge of ruin, and starvation, often the workhouse,— "wish" that greater kindness and urbanity was used by the employers,— "wish" that a greater desire was shown to allow industry more of the comforts of life than it now has: in brief,— "wish" that those who have so much would be content with a little less, and allow those who have so little a few more of those things which tend to make the cottage happy, as well as the mansion, and give greater security for the happiness of both. So that after all, Mr. Franklin, industry needs "wish," and I fear will have to "wish" for many of the things above narrated, as long as capital and labour are in existence.

On the latter portion of the maxim under examination, "He that lives on hope may die fasting," much can be said. Hope is one of those beautiful principles in the human mind which, if taken away, would do much to destroy the happiness of the human family. Of course, no such thing as taking away hope from the human mind with our present organization, will ever take place. It may fairly be asserted that "hope," under all the difficulties incident to the struggles of life, has kept millions in existence who would have died had they given way to despair. Take a vessel on fire at sea,—exertions are used to extinguish the flames,—crew and passengers "hope" their exertions will be successful. So with shipwrecks; all exertions are used with a "hope" that they may be successful. So with individuals who are dangerously ill; they "hope" they may get better. A hundred instances could be cited where individuals *have lived upon hope*, instead of giving way to despair, and their "hope" has not been in vain. This word "hope" would of itself make a lengthy paper, as the book called the "Pleasures of Hope" can testify.

Again, says the Doctor, "There are no gains without pains, then help hands for I have no lands." The former portion of this maxim would read much better and more truly, in my opinion, if it read thus,— "There are many pains with few gains, and plenty gains with few pains."

In examining the first maxim brought under notice in this paper, allusion was made to the toil of the great body of society, and as tautology is never or seldom pleasing, those arguments need not be repeated. But the multitude of hard workers have the "pains," minus the "gains," while the usurer who lends his money, the speculators in consols, money dealers generally, and a shoal of others of the same kith and kin, have the "gains," minus the "pains." So this is another of the maxims of Franklin, which scarcely bears the test of examination.

Let us now look at the second portion of it, "Then help hands for I have no lands." This portion may mean one of two things, or both. It may be an appeal to the "hands" of an individual or to him who employs fifty, a hundred, or a thousand "hands." If the appeal is to one pair of hands, and those of the working classes, then it is evident that if he used those "hands" for a lifetime, his "lands" would be few indeed, because, as has been before stated, there are few who work who can save anything out of their earnings; and, in a country like ours, where "land" is so dear, one pair of "hands" will seldom have "lands." On the other hand, if Franklin meant

an employer of "hands" he was right ; if not, so far as this country is concerned at least, he is entirely in the wrong.

Again, the Doctor says, "At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." The low-paid working man of this country (and his name is legion) scarcely ever knows what a full stomach is, and there are thousands in the Manchester Unity who can bear witness to the fact. So that "hunger" not only "dares look in," but the lean, lank, contemptible vagabond is everlastingly poking his gaunt limbs about the households of thousands of working men. Another of the Doctor's fallacies ; for, be it remembered, he makes no exceptions.

It is hoped that in examining so many of these maxims the reader's patience will not be exhausted ; for it is the firm conviction of the writer that the fallacies contained in many, and the spirit of selfishness engendered in men's minds by others, have done more to endanger the principles of humanity propounded in the New Testament, than the works of any other writer of the past or present age.

Here is a nice character for the working men of any country, and one, in my opinion, that is a libel on the industrious of the old and the new world ; here it is written in all its native purity, or impurity—which you please—"Not to oversee workmen is to leave your purse open ;" in other words, not to have your eyes on the workman at his labour, he would as soon and as easily rob you as if his master's purse came in his way and was open. The workman would rob his master by idling away his time, or taking away the material, or both. This is clearly not only what Franklin says, but what he means.

That there are workmen of this description there is little doubt, but that the very large majority of them would either idle away their time, or take their master's property away, if the master did not "oversee" them, every large firm throughout this country is a proof positive of the falsity of the assertion, and the wrong done to the workman throughout the world. The wish of most men is to please their master,—take care of his property,—do as much work as they can, in order that they may be retained in their employment—elevated, if possible ; and if these be not high enough inducements, that they may not be turned away, to belong out of employment, and starve in the mean time. These are reasons sufficient to destroy the Doctor's assertion. I hope that if any employer has taken into his head the maxim that "not to overlook workmen is to leave them your purse open," he will blot it from his memory, and have more confidence in the workmen, who are at once the helpers to his fortune, and the glory and mainstay of the empire.

The maxims hitherto quoted allude to *business only*, now for the Doctor's frugality :—"A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grind-stone and die, not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will."

In order then that mankind may leave a "fat" will, let his kitchen and himself be like a "lean and hungry Cassius," or, in other words, live as niggardly as possible, deprive yourself of the comforts and conveniences of life to make a "fat will," that your descendants may squander it away if they please, and make your accumulations "lean" indeed. A maxim that all wise men will think he is a fool that carries out.

Here is another invocation of the Doctor to all men not to treat their friends with what is known amongst us as "*English hospitality*," and let the Lord Mayor of London place it on the Mansion House the next time he invites his guests : "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them." So he who invites his friends to a good dinner or supper is a "fool," and

those who come to see him and partake are "wise." A pretty maxim truly. If all men were to cease inviting their friends to a feast occasionally, we should become individualized ; that kindly feeling which is brought about by the interchange of thought at these social re-unions would be unknown, and if callousness towards each other's welfare exists at the present time, it would be infinitely worse if that selfish and false maxim was carried out, "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them." What opinion Doctor Franklin had of his *beau ideal* of a "wise man" that would "feast with fools," is not for me to say ; but sure I am no "wise man" would sit down to "feast" with a "fool." If he ever does, he is a "fool" with a circum-bendibus—A KNAVE.

Again, "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire ;" and in justification of this maxim, read the Doctor's own reasoning on it. "These are not the necessities of life, they can scarcely be called the conveniences ; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want them." Now, ladies, sell your "silks, satins, and velvets ;" gentlemen do the same ; they are not "necessaries ;" nay they are not "conveniences ;" and when you have sold them, buy no more, in order that your "kitchen fire" may burn more brightly. If this be not what Franklin's countrymen call "bosh," I should like to know what is.

What is it that proves the advance of civilization—tends to the growth of commerce—stimulates the human intellect—gives employment to millions, causes emulation, and spurs to industry hundreds of thousands of the working classes ? The very things that Franklin sets so light a value on, "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets."

Quite true ; we could do without the "silks, satins," &c., and return to the linsey woolsey of a past age ; nay, we might, like the Indians of the present day, don a blanket and mocassins ; but he who would recommend or support such a theory, should "don a lion's skin on *his* recreant limbs." What would become of the Spitalfields, Macclesfield, and Lyons' silk weavers, if Franklin's idea was carried out, that their labour is neither a "necessary" nor a "convenience ?" What would become of the pattern makers, the card makers, for that beautiful machine the Jacquard loom ? Nay, what would become of progress, the fine arts, and all that tends to please the eye and elevate the human intellect ! They would be blotted out from amongst us, and retrogression would take the place of progression.

I wish again to observe that there are many, very many, of Franklin's maxims excellent indeed. The few selected, in my humble opinion, have done much mischief, as many of them are not only untrue but positively injurious to the minds of all those who harbour them and all who come near them.

Contrast the selfish maxims of the Doctor with the touching, beautiful, and simple doctrines of the New Testament. We will glance at a few of the latter : "Love one another," "He that hath two coats let him give to him that hath none," "Love thy neighbour as thyself," "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." These and many others of a similar kind from the same source, tended and tend to soften the heart, teach us to be kind to each other, and inculcate in the bosoms of all the God-like feeling of charity.

"Charity decent, modest, easy kind,
Softens the high and rears the abject mind ;"

while, on the other hand, too many of Franklin's maxims tend to selfishness, and make us forget the feelings of others.

I hope none of the Doctor's numerous admirers will consider it high treason, because I have endeavoured to analyse and dispute that which has passed almost undisputed for a century.

Errors are errors from whatever source they come. It is possible and probable that my examination of these far-famed maxims may be considered absurd and fallacious, as I consider the great Dr. Franklin's are.

"WRITE SOON."

BY ELIZA COOK.

Long parting from the hearts we love
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part, and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere,
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
Are both less earnest than the boon
Which, fervently, the last fond sigh
Begs in the hopeful words, "Write soon!"

"Write soon!" oh, sweet request of Truth!
How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth,
When mothers watched us leaving home.

And still amid the trumpet-joys,
That weary us with pomp and show,
We turn from all the brassy noise
To hear this *minore* cadence flow.

We part, but carry on our way
Some loved-one's plaintive spirit-tune,
That, as we wander, seems to say,
"Affection lives on Faith,—Write soon!"

ROBERT BURNS AND THE CENTENARY.

On the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's own hands, on the banks of Bonnie Doon, in the district of Kyle—thenceforth to further enhance the old boast of "Kyle for a man"—and in the county of Ayr, amidst a tempest which shattered the frail tenement that the parental hands had erected for the roof-tree of his wife and little ones, and sent the newly-born babe and its mother to seek the shelter of better-housed neighbours, was born Scotland's great lyric poet, ROBERT BURNS, the centenary of whose birth has just been celebrated even in England "from Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay," with a unanimous fervour that in its ovation to the poet's memory, leaves no room for doubt of its thorough sincerity. But how far the worshippers brought a reasonable knowledge to accompany a sudden ecstatic faith, at least this side the Border, may be questionable.

The biography of the poet is a familiar story, for it has been often and well told by his fellow-countrymen—Lockhart, Allan Cunningham, Robert Chambers, Cromek especially; and the poet himself gives, in a letter to Dr. Moore, in 1787, an exceedingly graphic account of his earlier years and his family's struggles; in fact, with the exception of Dr. Johnson as photographed by the Scotch laird, James Boswell, we call to mind no single literary life which has been so completely laid open to us; and his diligent biographers had great help from the poet's own worthy brother Gilbert, a sensible, well-informed man, whose reminiscences, apart from their interesting subject, have a great charm from their freshness of feeling and vigorous perception. We will briefly recapitulate the main incidents. The father of the future bard, William Burness, as he spelt the name, was a fine type of the better-developed Scotch character, laborious, frugal, and pious; yet withal somewhat rigid and sombre, which was not to be wondered at, for the hard-striving man's life was soured by worldly unsucccess, and his nature tinctured by rigid Calvinism. The mother of Burns was in much a remarkable woman—at least sufficiently so to prove the commonly observed rule, that all celebrated men owe the seeds of future eminence to the individuality of their mothers. Frequently she cheered the hours of monotonous gloom in the poverty-pressed cot by chaunting old songs and ballads, of which she had a large store, and which, doubtless, lighted the flame smouldering in her young son's mind, to be further fed by an old dame who came to live with the simple family when the boy was ten years old, and who possessed the largest store of tales concerning fairies and ghosts, and witches and warlocks, and such eerie folk, to be found in that country side. Nobody can doubt who knows even little of the Scottish poet's biography, that he owed much to the superior education afforded to his class; and this explains, in a large measure, not only the mastery of numbers and powers of clear expression which Burns's correspondence amply demonstrates, but how prepared was such an educated public both for the production and appreciation of such a man by their superior culture and training. Much more than a common pedagogue was Murdoch to Robert Burns, and few men could have reaped greater advantages in so short a period even from the best of tutors. His instruction, as far as it went, was sound, and his reading, though necessarily discursive, was solid. In 1784 the good father died—Robert being 24 years of age—worn out with toil and sorrow, after living just long enough to learn that

his long-pending lawsuit with his landlord had terminated by plunging his poor wife and children in ruin. He left five children younger than Robert. Just before the father's death, when family affairs were at a crisis, Robert and his brother took a farm. "It was," says Gilbert, "a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was £7 per annum each, and during the whole time this concern lasted, which was four years, his expenses never exceeded his slender income." Before his 16th year he had, as he tells us himself, "first committed the sin of rhyme." His verses soon gained him considerable local fame, to which, as he made connexions in Ayr and other neighbouring towns with young men of his own age, he greatly added by the remarkable fluency and vigour of his conversational powers. These social gatherings soon introduced the eager spirit to new habits, and his attachment to female society, which had from early youth been very strong, was no longer confined within those bounds of strict virtue which had hitherto restrained him. About his 24th year he was furnished with the subject of his "Epistle to John Rankin," or to state the bald fact, Robin had to do penance in church for the unlicensed daughter whom in his "Inventory" he styles his "sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess." Another affair of the kind determined the subsequent course of his life. This was his connexion with Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns, who brought the poet-father twins. In the difficulties and distress arising from their imprudence, it was agreed between them that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage, and that he should then set out for Jamaica to push his fortune. "But before leaving my native country for ever," writes Burns to Mr. Moore, "I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears." In the autumn of 1786 an impression of 600 copies was struck off at Kilmarnock, which were well received by the public, and realised for their author the not inconsiderable sum of £20. This supply was seasonable; for the poet was thinking of indenting himself "for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, 'for hungry ruin had me in the wind.' I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels." This was to oblige him to find security for the maintenance of his children; for the parents of Jean Armour were so indignant that the father had burnt the informal "marriage lines," and would not allow the regular union to take place, nor the children to be legitimatised. He proceeds: "I had taken farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition fired me so much that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance or a single letter of introduction." The result was the cordial reception of the poet by all the aristocracy of rank, fashion, and intellect in the Scottish metropolis. Under the patronage of the Earl of Glencairn, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Mackenzie, Lord Monboddo, the Duchess of Gordon, and other eminent and fashionable folk, a second edition of the poems was issued, for which he received fully *five hundred pounds*. In the spring of

1788, after having been fêted as lowly poet was scarce ever before, he returned to Ayrshire, where his brother Gilbert, who had undertaken the support of their aged mother, was struggling with many difficulties in the farm they had conjointly taken. Robert advanced £200, and with the remainder of his money stocked another farm, that of Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire. Here he took up his abode in June of the same year, having previously legalised his union with Jean Armour. Soon afterwards he was appointed, at his own solicitation, by the interest of Mr. Graham, of Fintry, an excise officer for the district in which he lived, with a salary of £50 a year, afterwards increased to £70. But after a holding of above three years the farm had to be resigned as unprofitable, and the poet took his family to live in a small house in the town of Dumfries, where he spent the sad remnant of his short life. Habits which he had acquired during his sudden dazzling blaze of popularity on his first introduction to public notice, now gained an entire ascendancy over him as misfortune and disappointment broke, or at least embittered, his spirit, and enfeebled his powers of resistance. Some imprudent expressions for a government servant, which he had dropped on the alarming subject of the French revolution, destroyed his chance of promotion, and nearly lost him the office altogether. He produced many pieces, and especially the best and greatest number of his songs after the appearance of the first Edinburgh issue of his poems, of which, in his lifetime, no less than five editions appeared. The songs were principally contributed to a publication called "Johnson's Museum," and afterwards to a work of much greater pretension, the well-known "Collection of Original Scottish Airs," edited and published by Mr. George Thomson. The correspondence of Burns with his publisher and friend, forms a very interesting series of letters, as well as illustrating the life and harassments of their writer. On the 21st of July, 1796, at the early age of 37 years, died the erring, struggling, genial poet, in a small provincial town, almost dunned to death for a few pounds, and leaving four sons and a widow to a heritage of poverty. They gave him a public funeral, rendered truly imposing by the multitude of uninvited mourners, and 63 years afterwards the land echoes for a day from the Land's End to John o'Groat's, with the name and the fame of Robert Burns.

When, as simple English readers, we endeavour to estimate fully the genius of Burns and the influence of his poetry, we have not the faintest desire to loosen the affections of our northern cousins, the M'Tartans and Macplaidis, for their national lyrist. We can enter somewhat into the exclusive homage they demand for their *one* prominent poet; and, fully appreciating their characteristic heartiness of assertion, enter our feeble strictures with a becoming timidity. We at once plunge into the arena of critical judgment by frankly stating our opinion that the English have rather overdone Burns, and by indulging in stilted heroics about the "ploughman bard" and the "self-formed genius," have somewhat weakened their well-intentioned homage by too much incense.

Of the poetry of Burns it is almost supererogation to characterise it as distinguished by simple, true, and earnest feeling, and by sentiments of the most generous and ennobling kind. His rhythm is eminently easy and flowing. In short, his songs are exquisitely beautiful, more especially to readers who, by early education and association, are familiar with their diction, imagery, and allusions. But for the majority of English readers, the works of Burns, if not quite a sealed book, must ever be as if "seeing in a glass darkly." The poet was decidedly national, not to say local; and most of his pieces are even more difficult to comprehend in their entirety by English readers, than the archaisms of Yorkshire, the dialect of Tim Bobbin, or even the Dorsetshire "hwomely" verse as recently set forth by Mr.

Barnes. In the majority of his effusions there is scarcely a stanza that does not necessitate a tiring reference to the glossary. Says Allan Cunningham, "it is one of the delusions of his biographers that the sources of his inspiration are to be sought in English poetry; but save an image from Young, and a word or two from Shakspeare, there is no trace of them in all his compositions. Burns read the English poets, no doubt, with wonder and delight; but he felt that he was not of their school; the language of life with him was wholly different; the English language is, to a Scottish peasant, much the same as a foreign tongue." *Argal*, as Shakspeare's clowns have it, the Scottish peasant's speech is equally foreign to his more southern fellow islanders; and we have the testimony on record of Dr. Alexander Murray, the great Scotch oriental scholar, "that the English of Milton was less easy to learn than the Latin of Virgil." We readily own the music of the Scotch bard, and we feel it: but as music heard afar off, by fitful snatches of delicious melody, with too frequent intervals of blank expression.

When we estimate Burns as a man, we see but another instance of the great truth that "conduct is fate." Blest by gifts of mind beyond his peers, with grand opportunities misused, we cannot join in the repeated cry of his being the sport of ill-fortune, and the bearer of the "oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely." In sober fact, what are the wrongs that the gifted rhymers endured. To moan at fate, even if mentally above the herd, is no proof of greatness. A first edition of poems to bring their writer £20 in a small provincial town, was what few of the poetical tribe could boast, especially in these latter days, when many a new-fledged lyrist has had to disburse more for simple publication. To have received five hundred pounds for a second edition was indisputably a happy freak of fortune, and said much for his country's appreciation, when we take into consideration the period, the scanty population, and the poverty of the people. We have had enough and to spare of the repetition of Dr. Johnson's well-worn lines:

— "Mark what ills the scholar's life assail
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

and, in the case of Burns, we fail to see the application. The government of the day recognised his merits by giving Scotia's gifted son the place of gauger!—which seems to be accepted by the unthinking as an ineffaceable reproach. The place was given to the poet at his own frequent solicitation, and his most partial biographer is careful to inform us that it was equal to above £200 a year in London; and the world has not even yet ratified the decree that cabinets are to find places or pensions for all Parnassus. We find his fellow-patriot, Allan Cunningham, with curious logic, going so far as to declare that "perhaps the remembrance of having aided in crushing the great and glorious spirit of Burns came with no healing upon its wings across the mind of Pitt. *The success of Napoleon avenged the sufferings of the bard.*" The mournful unhappiness of the private life of the poet was his own making, and while men are individuals, and not mere units of a compact whole, it will ever be so. We must not dwell upon what we always considered to be his greatest error; and never has poet—strange, contradictory human nature!—better described its effects:—

"The sacred love o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum of the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But, oh! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!"

We swear not by Father Matthew nor by apostle Gough, and are fully aware of the universal drinking customs of a century since—more especially in the far North; yet if Tyrtæus will take too much hippocrene, Tyrtæus shall have aches and pains; and if bibulous Tyrtæus grows moody and worse, and comes to the bad, Tyrtæus should look for help to where Jove directed the waggoner, as narrated long ago by good Mr. Æsop, of Greece. For the last and gravest charge of all—his neglect by the great of his own land—we can scarcely see how this is supported by fact: they helped him in the most delicate of ways to a manly spirit, by subscribing £500 for his poems; one gives him a tolerably good situation, ensuring maintenance, if not further fortune, while his political opinions (due honour to him for them!) happened to run counter to those in power; and if that promotion did not come to a bold speaker who was already half-gagged as a gauger, there is small occasion for surprise, however much there may be for regret. How the poet could speak of one of them himself, these fervent words—if words are worth anything—will prove,

“ The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!”

If we wanted to strengthen the position we have here taken, we might mention that two of the sons of the poet received appointments under the East India Company, and have risen to high rank in its military service. The gentlemen are still living; and while gladly endorsing their own individual merit, we still must suppose that being their father's sons was their passport to better fortunes than the orphans left in the small house in Dumfries would otherwise have ever encountered.

Now that the jovial recognition of the great Scotch song-writer has expended itself, and the factitious fervour put on for a day, from the lands irradiated by the Aurora Borealis to the Constellation of the Southern Cross, has subsided, we may well ask what have we reaped for legacy to the next centenary commemoration. We are forced to own that the Crystal Palace prize poem is, as yet shown, the only fruition of so much exotic cultivation. The question of the wrongfulness of literary prize competition we care not now to re-open further than to enter one more protest against holding out temptation to neglect more direct employments, to encourage morbid temperaments by disappointed hopes, and evoking the feverish spirit of the gambler in a chance where only one can win, and the losers are not satisfied by the result. It is done. Gallantry helps us to put aside our inconvenient scruples, and we state sincerely our gratification that the triumphant laurel, with its golden binding, is worn by a lady, and fitly a Scotch lady. Whether the Sydenham Sappho is to take rank with the many songsters of her tuneful band, the Ramsays, the Tannahills, the Motherwells, the Robert Nicolls, the Willie Thoms, and the authoress of that most pathetic ballad, “Auld Robin Gray,” Lady Anne Lindsay, we will not venture to predicate. But to have carried off the victor's palm from the crowd of ambitious eulogists, and under the award of such competent judges as the Sydenham triumvirate, bears upon its face, if not the “divine stamp of poesie,” at least that of no common merit. Flushed and eager “wrote the six hundred” (and a score over), but foremost of the Parnassian racers came the lady; the Muses had helped their sister, and we threw up our caps gleefully at the success of the fair

unknown.* We append the poem, which we think worthy of remembrance, apart from its occasion and adventitious popularity, for its earnestness and spirit; some of its strophes rise to fervid eloquence expressed in flowing musical tones.

We hail, this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her Kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence,—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Then the sphere-lights they flout,—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;
So through the past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,—
Grew up besides the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and
sheltered.

To Nature's feast,—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertain'd him best,—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him, the poet-soul'd.
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight.
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrow and of sin—
Each human soul must close.
And fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soiled;
His crown of half its jewels spoiled;
He is a King for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he array'd himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts! [wise,
So yearn the good;—so those the world calls
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tun'd,
Save by the maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift
withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honours lavish'd on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.

* May we just whisper, after the manner of a theatrical "aside," that surely now the bitterness of national wrongs, as discovered by the Scottish Rights' Association, is sweetened by our English *vivas* to their sweet-singing countrywomen, and the eloquent grievances of even an Alison for ever assuaged by our homage to the "God-made King, &c." on that brightest red-letter day, the gloried 25th? This is, supposing that that rampant league be still existent, now that its noble president has accepted vice-regal rule over another equally-slighted nationality.

The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
 Above the bank on which his limbs he flung,
 While some sweet plaint he breath'd;
 The streams he wander'd near;
 The maidens whom he lov'd; the songs he
 sung;—
 All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
 Arch but for love's disguise—
 Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
 Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main

To drive the ploughshare through earth's
 virgin soils,
 Lighten with it their toils;
 And sister lands have learn'd to love the
 tongue
 In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song,
 To the whole world belong!
 Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
 Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
 Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
 A heritage to all?

Doubtless our readers—especially the ladies—will like to know something about the authoress thus “placed on high amid the tuneful quire;” we, therefore, give, from a London literary journal, some few particulars of her quiet life thus suddenly brought to public familiarity. Miss Isa Craig is, we believe, a native of Edinburgh, and a working woman, who until very recently maintained herself by her needle. For two years past she has resided in London. Early left an orphan, she was reared and educated under the care of a grandmother not in affluent circumstances. By occasional poetical contributions to the *Edinburgh Scotsman* she gained the notice and kindness of the principal proprietor of that journal, and for some years she was employed on its literary department. In 1856 she gave to the world a small volume of “Poems by Isa,” published by the Messrs Blackwood of Edinburgh. Many of these had previously appeared in the *Scotsman*, a circumstance to which the writer alludes in the preface. In this preface she informs us that “the following poems have been written in the intervals of leisure afforded by a life of toil. . . . Recognising in poetry an art to be cultivated with enthusiasm for its own sake, as well as for the sake of the refined enjoyment which its exercise bestows, the writer has aspired to render them, as far as possible, artistic efforts.” She goes on to say that, “However much she may value—if she obtains it—the approval of persons of taste and education, she will prize still more highly the appreciation of the class to which she belongs, and whose elevation and refinement she most earnestly desires.” The poems of which she thus speaks, although not very striking, are nevertheless rather above than below the ordinary standard of merit. A few only are in the Scotch dialect. The author has also been a contributor under the signature of “C.” to the poetry of the *National Magazine*. In August, 1857, on Miss Craig's first visit to a London friend, Mr. Hastings, the honorary secretary of the National Association of Social Science, engaged her services in the organization of the society, and to this association Miss Craig is still attached as a literary assistant. The published transactions of the association owe much to her talent and good judgment. At the Liverpool meeting in October last, Miss Craig attracted general notice and commendation by her unobtrusive conduct and tact in the management of some departments of the business. Miss Craig was absent from the Crystal Palace meeting, really ignorant of the success of her literary competition, and of the award of the judges. Since the appearance of the prize poem Miss Craig has contributed some very pleasing verses to the pages of the *Englishwoman's Magazine*, entitled the “Brides of Quair.”

THE ACCURSED RACES OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Not yet extinct as to name, but, happily, no longer separated from community with their fellow men, the Cagots, who so long were looked upon as a race accursed and held in such universal abhorrence, are still to be found in many villages of the French Pyrenees; and traces of the same persecuted family exist elsewhere both in France and Spain.

The extraordinary aversion which the Cagots inspired, arose from the belief that they were tainted alike by moral and physical leprosy; that disease both of soul and body was their doomed inheritance: and in the exercise of this belief proscription, insult, and every kind of wrong were heaped upon them. The Cagots were degraded by popular opinion, branded by a mark of shame, obliged to live apart, and repelled as pestilential wherever they appeared. They were nameless; or if they bore a name, it was ignored, the more absolutely to fix upon them the humiliating designation of *Crestiaa* or *Cagot*. The huts in which they dwelt were removed to a certain distance from the villages on which they depended for work, the callings of the carpenter and the slater being almost exclusively theirs; and even the springs to which they resorted for fresh water were limited, as a proof of which it may be mentioned that there is scarcely a village in the Pyrenees without a source called "*Fontaine des Cagots*."

Opportunity for religious worship was, it is true, allowed them, but with a reservation which kept up the full charter of proscription: they were permitted to enter the parish church, but it was at a side door used only by themselves; they were allowed to dip their fingers in holy water, but the vessel that held it was contamination to the legitimately faithful; they sat in the church, but huddled up in one particular corner; and when they died—happy no doubt to die—their very ashes were not allowed to mingle with those of other mortals: the line of demarcation was as strictly drawn in the cemetery as it had been in the township. The people, in general, were so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the Cagots were entirely distinct from other men, that a father reduced to the extremity of poverty would rather, a thousand times, have seen his daughter begging alms by the wayside, than have given her hand in marriage to one of the accursed race. This prejudice extended upwards from the people to the highest classes of society, and Church and State were both of one mind in excluding the Cagot from all employment.

With such a condition admitted, it is scarcely to be wondered at that sorcery was amongst the misdeeds ascribed to the Cagots, or that they were looked upon as indulging in the lowest vices. It fared as ill with their personal habits as with the alleged bent of their dispositions: you could at once detect a Cagot, the people said, by the foul odours which he emitted, especially during the heats of summer; his ears were lobeless like those of lepers; when the south wind blew, his lips, his throat glands, and the duck's-foot with which he was declared to be marked beneath the left arm-pit, swelled to an enormous size. All this, and much more of the same kind, which one might have supposed to be susceptible of easy proof, was never demonstrated: it was simply taken for granted, and the Cagot suffered accordingly.

With regard to their civil position, if a show of justice was accorded to the Cagots in admitting them to claim reparation for wrong at the hands of the law, it is related that they could only plead their cause by assenting, beforehand, to wear, as their distinctive sign, the brand of a duck's-foot, in coloured cloth, upon the shoulder. Be this true or false, it is at all events certain that this emblem, or what was taken for it, was at one period characteristically theirs; for, even as late as the end of the seventeenth century, the Pyrenean *Cagots*, the Gascon *Gahets*, and the Breton *Caqueux* (so they were diversely called, with many other appellations, according to the locality) were excused from wearing the especial mark called a duck's or a goose's foot by the parliaments of Navarre and Bordeaux. In spite, however, of this dawning of legislative interference, the Cagot was a prey to so many and such various miseries, that little cause for hope found place in his bosom: the notary and the priest perpetuated his caste, at his birth, at his marriage (he was suffered to marry), and on his death-bed (he was also allowed to die); and, while these forms were observed, that Cagot must have been indeed of a sanguine temperament who could believe that the common people—envious of his intelligence, of his manual skill, or of his wealth (for he sometimes became wealthy)—would ever admit him into fellowship with his kind.

But the Cagots nevertheless were patient under all their sufferings, and their resignation combined, with their love of work, to render their situation more tolerable. With legislative enactments on their side, they rose, though by very slow degrees, and it was not until the revolution of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine that the French Cagots were set free from the long enduring tyranny to which they had been subjected. Taking advantage of the troubles of that memorable time, they destroyed, wherever they could find them, all the local records that attested their condition as a class proscribed, leaving only tradition to tell that such or such a family belonged to the breed of Cagots.

Let us now turn to the actual history of this "accursed race," as on the French side of the Pyrenees. They dwelt there in great numbers, and were disseminated throughout Lower Navarre, the Basque Country, Béarn, Gascony, Guienne, Lower Poitou, Brittany, and Maine.

We begin by tracing the Cagots from the extreme point of their occupation in the department of the Upper Garonne, until stretching first westward and then northward, they disappear altogether, under the names of *Caquets* and *Cagous*, in the provinces of Brittany and Maine. The traveller who takes the highroad from Toulouse to Bagnères de Bigorre may meet with vestiges of this people in the gloomy old town of St. Gaudens, where they were called *Capins*, the street in which they lived, so designated after them, still remaining. The *Capins* fared at St. Gaudens no better than elsewhere: a separate entrance (long since walled up) admitted them to the antique Romanesque church,—they worshipped in it apart—and stretched out their hands for holy water towards a vessel which dangled for their separate use at the end of a long pole. They were carpenters by trade, and the opprobrium cast upon them by the enlightened inhabitants of St. Gaudens accused them of being directly descended from those who constructed the cross on which our Saviour was crucified. A little further on, at St. Bertrand de Comminges, which is the chief town of the *arrondissement* of St. Gaudens, something more than the relics of the past may be discovered, for there a few families of Cagots (locally *Capots*)—four or five in number—yet reside. They are not, however, "*pur sang*," being the offspring of mixed marriages; but they exhibit one peculiarity which, amongst others, was said to be characteristic of the Cagot only:—their ears are shaggy like those of bears! Here also, as at St. Gaudens, were

the separate church entrance and chapel. At Gourdan, a village near St. Bertrand, also exist half a dozen families who are reputed to derive their descent from two infamous and accursed races. The first of these are Crétins, afflicted also with goître—a malady which is even now very generally supposed to be an attribute of the Cagots, though the notion is as unfounded as that which supposed them to be lepers. The second race are termed *Capots* or *Trangots*, and whatever may be the particular meaning of these varieties of the original name, it suffices to overwhelm with confusion those who are called by either. They were confounded in obloquy with the Cagots, the prayers of the orthodox Christian inhabitants of Gourdan always ending with this sentence: "Dèü té préserve de la man de Trangot, et del diné dét Cagot!" (God preserve thee from the hand of the Trangot, and from the money of the Cagot!) Neither is it long since there was to be seen a family of Capots, living a short distance outside the small town of Montrejean, in the same arrondissement. They were looked down upon, if not avoided, by the rest of the people, and besides the ordinary epithet were saluted by that of *Short-ears*.

Crossing the Adour, and entering the department of the Upper Pyrenees, remains of Cagot settlements are more frequently encountered. Without particularising the townships, a few of the localities where their past or present existence offers anything remarkable may be noticed. At Ossun, the Cagots formed a distinct brotherhood, that of St. Joseph, and there the tabooed church door, by which alone they were admitted, still exists, though widened a little beyond its former narrow dimensions. At Ter-ranère, the communion was withheld from them, and a wall in the midst of the cemetery separated their remains from the bones of the orthodox. Of the Cagots in the Valley of Argeles it was said that they had no lobes to their ears, and that, besides the infection of their breath, a sort of seed lay hidden beneath their skins, resembling what was found in leprous swine. It used to be a common thing, in that district, when an old woman travelled with a reputed Cagot, for her to put out her tongue or show the back of her ear, the seeds being supposed to be most visible in those parts. Round about Lourdes the Cagots mustered in great force. To the north-west of that town was an isolated hamlet called by their name, of which the inhabitants, exclusively Cagots, were short-legged and bandy, with blue or greyish eyes buried in small orbits, a quick look, and very small lobeless ears,—the last a sign by which they were universally recognised. Only twenty years have elapsed since the separate church door at Juncalas, a village in the same neighbourhood, might be passed through by the enterprising traveller as well as by the resident Cagot. At Saint Pé, the two or three families of existing Cagots exercise a different trade from the generality: instead of doing carpenter's work they follow the calling of shoemakers or weavers. A saying has hence arisen there, which says, in the *patois* of the country: "A la maisoü deü Cagot la gountère," which corresponds with the French proverb: "The shoemaker is always the worst shod." Saint Pé was once the scene of a most unhappy quarrel between the Cagots of its suburb and some of the people of Lourdes, in which the former, stimulated without doubt by some act of tyranny, massacred their persecutors, and converted their heads into bowls to play at nine-pins with in the square of the town. A lasting punishment was, however, inflicted upon those Cagots and their descendants, it being decreed by the parliament of Toulouse that, thenceforward, none of that race should enter Lourdes save by the small street called *Cap de pourtel*, should walk only in the gutters, sit down nowhere in the town, never enter it before sunrise, and quit it always before nightfall, under the penalty of losing two ounces of flesh, cut along the length of the spinal bone.

In the department of the Lower Pyrenees, the [Cagots become infinitely more numerous, and more positive materials for their history are attainable. With respect to their religious isolation, the churches afford the usual evidence in the separate door-way, the distinct *bénitier*, and the solitary graveyard. But the custom of the province of Béarn showed some favour to the women of the accursed race, the stain of *cagoterie* being removed by marriage—as the Bérnais maxim runs, “Que lou marit qu’és des cagout libe sa henne.” For instance, a Cagote of Seméac, having married a certain Majoureau of Moncaup, died at the latter place, in 1835, at the age of ninety-two, and was interred in the midst of the great cemetery of the canton, those of her lineage having always been buried in a remote corner; the latter, too, when they were allowed to take the Communion, always received the consecrated wafer at the end of a long wooden fork. At Momas, in the canton of Lescar, the head of one cagot family being protected by the lord of the place, and by his authority raised to corporate rank, took his place at church on the municipal bench, but was speedily warned from it by one of the inhabitants who carved on the seat the words “Darré Cagot !” (Cagot to the rear !). About the same period,—the middle of the last century,—a tax called *rancale* was levied on all the Cagots of the Mornas, and the collector, accompanied by his dog, had the right to demand for the latter a morsel of bread or broken meat. In the commune of Biltères, however, according to tradition, a feminine exception to the general rule of exclusion was on one occasion made, but then he who made it was certainly an exception to the class he represented, and had especial reasons, moreover, for his conduct. The story says that Henri Quatre was courting a young girl of Biltères, when the maiden, bursting into tears, declared that she was not worthy of the sentiments which, he said, he felt towards her. “And why not ?” asked the enamoured prince. “Alas !” she replied, “because I am a Cagote.” “Cheer up” was the gallant reply,—“I, also, am a Cagot !” In all parts of the *arrondissement* of Pau Cagot families are still to be found. At Ousse, a small *commune* not far from the city, the manner of ringing the *Angelus*, to call them to prayer, differed from the usual mode and took place after it. At Jurançon, so famous for its wine, the Cagots were obliged to indicate their dwellings by the figure of a man sculptured beside the entrance; in what manner the figure was represented cannot now be ascertained, as it was destroyed in 1789, with the other monuments recording the shame of the oppressed race. A strange malady or delirium, called *Cagoutille*, is said to have affected the Cagots of Gelos at certain seasons of the year, during the full moon. When the frenzy seized them, the working carpenters, masons, and other labouring classes used suddenly to leave their work, throw their tools about in all directions, and vagabondize through the country till the access of delirium was past. It is quaintly related of one of these moonstricken Cagots that his wife was always warned of these cunning fits by his nearly beating her to death !—The Cagots, in this part of Béarn, had certain customs peculiar to themselves, such as the manner of preparing their food, the arrangement of the table, and the way in which they loaded their animals. One of these peculiarities was curious enough, as it appears in the shape of a privilege. If the loaf on the table of a villager of free race (*race franche*) was turned upside down at the moment when a Cagot entered the room, the stranger had the right to carry it away. In reference to this custom, an old woman of the canton of Gelos, related to a physician there, in the year eighteen hundred and forty, that, about sixty years before, she had been present at the wedding feast of two Cagots of Sainte-Marie-d’Oloron, and having observed that, at certain parts of the general table, the small round loaves were laid on the convex instead of on the flat surface, while the remainder were

placed in the ordinary manner, she inquired the reason, of one of the guests, who told her to be silent on the subject, whispering, however, that the first mentioned loaves indicated the seats of the Cagots.

In the Basque country (*arrondissement* of Bayonne) the Cagots are termed *Agotac*, and if the people, in the midst of whom they dwell, are to be credited, they bear a very bad character. In personal appearance almost all may be distinguished by their grey eyes, short noses, thick lips, very short auricular lobes, and sad looks. It has been said that the *Agotac* are short lived, but instances are cited of centenarians amongst them. They follow chiefly the occupations of carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, turners, and above all of millers; indeed, in certain localities, to be a miller is considered the equivalent of an *Agotac*. Many of them are also tambourine players, which is rarely the case with the Basques. Now that Biarritz has become an imperial watering-place, strangers may be attracted thither more frequently than formerly. The curious amongst them will discover as many as thirty Cagot families in that quarter of the town, which is called *Gardagne*. At Carne, also, in the canton of Bidache, about twenty miles from Biarritz, there were (in 1847) nine families of pure Cagots, and eleven of intermixed race. Respecting these mixed marriages, a curious fact has been affirmed by one of the inhabitants of Carne, that all the women of Basque origin, who married Cagots, fell sick shortly after their union, and that a certain number of them died, but the remainder became afterwards stronger and healthier than before. Though, in the course of time, their condition became ameliorated, the *Agotacs* underwent the same penalties on account of their race, as were inflicted on the Cagots generally. The fact of their being such was always entered in the baptismal and marriage registers of the parishes where they lived, and amongst other popular references the children used to bleat at them as they passed, in allusion to the sheep of the country, whose ears it is the custom to clip. This round-eared peculiarity was a distinctive sign everywhere, as well throughout Gascony as in the Pays Basque, and in all parts of France, and in Spanish Navarre also, the treatment of the Cagots was the same. Not to multiply instances, in one of the towns in the department of the Landes (where they were called Gahets, Gésitz, and Gésitens, from their supposed descent from the Prophet's servant, Gehazi, the leper) a rich Cagot was observed, at three different times, to have dipped his hand in the holy water of the *bénitier* used by the general inhabitants. An old soldier, having heard of this, took his sabre and hid himself, one Sunday, in the entrance of the church. He watched his opportunity, and when he saw the Cagot's hand approaching the *bénitier* he swept it off with a stroke of his weapon, and the offending limb was forthwith nailed to the church door. It is right, however, to add that this outrage was committed two hundred years ago.

It would occupy too much space to indicate all the localities of these proscribed people, who were to be found under so many various names from Bordeaux to Lower Brittany, where especially they were believed to be of leprous nature, a belief which the most celebrated physicians vainly combated. This popular notion was, in a great degree, attributable to those external appearances in the Cagot, which were also supposed infallibly to point out the leper. It was laid down by Guy de Chauliac, a physician of the fourteenth century, and by others before him, that amongst the unmistakeable signs of leprosy were round ears and eyes and fetid breath,—the last a perfectly gratuitous assumption in so far as it applied to the Cagots, who were, for the most part, of unusually sound constitution. The habits of the Cagots were also, in many instances assimilated to those of lepers; and the latter being freely accused of sorcery it was easy to associate with that crime those who were equally proscribed. Leprosy, in short, was

looked upon, not as a disease only, but as a curse, and there is little reason for doubting that, in consequence of the imputed malady, the Cagots were cast out, as a race accursed, from equal communion with their fellow-men. How unjust that imputation was might be shown from the works of numerous *sarans*.

But before the Cagots are dismissed, to enjoy the reputation which they really deserved, of being nothing but a simple, hard-working, patient, and industrious race, something must be said respecting their presumed origin.

The phenomenon of a people living thus apart has been accounted for by numerous suppositions. The name they bore led many, naturally, to the conclusion, that the Cagots were of Gothic descent; but opinions widely differed as to the period when they made their first appearance in France. The theory which has had the greatest number of adherents, sustained the opinion that the Cagots were the bastardised and degenerate descendants of those Goths whom Clovis defeated on the plains of Vouillé, near Poitiers, and derived the word "Cagot" from the compound epithet "Can-Got" ("Chiens de Goths," or "Dogs of Goths"), used to express an inimical feeling. This derivation may not be strained,—indeed, it is as probable as any,—but those who depend upon its application, in the time of Clovis, fail to show in what manner the defeated Goths managed to establish themselves in the country which had witnessed their overthrow, for the provinces which they occupied fell into the hands of their conqueror.

Others, at the head of whom is the learned Pierre de Marca, ascribe to the Cagots an Arabian origin, supposing that when Charles Martel defeated the Moors near Tours, a remnant of the army of Abd'el raman remained in Gascony, and spread themselves southward, between the Garonne and the Western Pyrenees. But, in the first place, there are no physical traces of Arab blood in the Cagot; and in the next de Marca's theory is founded on false premises, for he thinks that the suspicion of leprosy which attached to the Cagots arose from the fact that the Arabs, in whom he saw their ancestors, were natives of Syria, where the disease was endemic, and that they sprang from the children of Gehazi, who was smitten by the anathema of Elisha after the cure of Naaman had been effected. This is an ingenious explanation, but nothing more, for no proof exists that the people of Aquitaine themselves believed their invaders to have come from Syria,—nor were they exclusively of Arabian descent, as the army of Abd'el rahman numbered in its ranks not only Arabs but Berbers and men of Germanic and Slave origin. But Pierre de Marca adduces other reasons in proof. He says that the Saracens, like the Cagots, exhaled a most unpleasant odour, which could not be removed from them until they had been baptised. But then the Jews and the Lombards were equally accused of smelling unpleasantly, and, moreover, the Cagots of later days were at least as good Christians as their neighbours. Pierre de Marca continues his theme as follows: "Having ascertained the origin of the imputation of leprosy, and of the stench of the Gezitans, or Cagots, to be in their Saracen descent, from the same source," he says, "must be derived the mark of the duck's or goose's foot, which formerly they were compelled to wear." But before the goose's foot is admitted as evidence against the Cagots, it must be shown that they actually wore that emblem; and this evidence is entirely wanting.

A third theory respecting the origin of the Cagots—which also has had many supporters—supposes them to have been the descendants of the Albigenes, who escaped the massacre of the ferocious Simon de Montfort; but here dates are incontestably against the supposition, for the persecution of the Albigenes ended in 1215; and mention is made of the Cagots,

under the name of *Gaffos*, in the ancient *For de Navarre*, which was compiled in the time of King Sancho Ramires, about the year 1074; the Cartulary of Saint Luc also calls "Chrestiens," as early as A.D. 1000.

The last opinion which has been broached respecting the accursed race is that which has been arrived at by M. Francisque Michel, the learned professor of foreign literature at the Imperial College of Bordeaux; and the theory which he sustains appears to be the most satisfactory of any. His belief is, that the Cagots are the descendants of those Spanish refugees who, in the ninth century, fled from the Mussulman yoke and took refuge in France, where they were protected by Charlemagne and his two immediate successors; but during the troubles which afterwards befel the empire the privileges granted to the refugees appear no longer to have been recognised, and thenceforward they fell by degrees until they became the miserable and outcast race whose degradation has no parallel in European history.

A SPRING SONG.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Long has been the winter,
 Long—long in vain
 We've sought the buds upon the bough,
 The primrose in the lane.
 Long have skies been dull and grey,
 Nipping's been the blast—
 But sing—Summer's coming,
 The bee's out at last!
 Sing—Winter's flying,
 Summer's coming fast;
 Humming joy and Spring-time—
 The bee's out at last!

Loud shouts the cuckoo;
 The nested elm around
 Wheels the rook cawing;
 There are shadows on the ground.
 Warm comes the breeze, and soft,
 Freezing days are past—
 Sing—Summer's coming,
 The bee's out at last!
 Sing—Winter's flying,
 Summer's coming fast;
 Humming hope and Spring-time—
 The bee's out at last!

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

WHEN were "the good old times?"—those times about which so much has been said, and so much has been written for so many, many years? I am a lover of truth, a worshipper, although, perchance, but in the outer court of her world-wide temple, and I ask for information, not in a spirit of doubt or disbelief. Of this question, over which I have often pondered, and to which I have never yet obtained a satisfactory reply, perhaps, if forwarded to one of those obliging editors, those living encyclopædias who answer correspondents upon pertinent and impertinent subjects in the most unwearying and decided manner, the requisite solution might be obtained.

In one age or another of the world's history, these venerable days must have passed, as their memory lingers amongst us yet: what everybody says must be true, and almost everybody speaks of the "good old times."

The fact of their existence being undisputed, and "facts are stubborn things," the question remains *when* were the good old times?

Once in a venerable country church, the present anxious inquirer on this momentous topic was startled by a reverend and somewhat prosy divine restricting his discourse, addressed to candidates for confirmation, to what his subject was *not* rather than to what it was. In like manner I have cogitated and decided upon when the "good old times" were not, according to my own limited understanding of the term, but am brought no nearer to that portion of the world's history in which they were: for although our respected grandsires frequently tell us that "things were very different when we were boys," one is certainly disposed to imagine the "good old times" of tradition of an earlier date than their babyhood.

The days of extravagance and frivolity, the nights of drinking, gambling, and debauchery, which were not only fashionable but general, under the rule of the "finest gentleman in Europe," would scarcely be looked upon now as any but very bad times indeed for all classes of the community.

The phrase itself implies a dissatisfaction with things as they are; a preference for those which have been; a belief that we of another age and time are better adapted for living in a past age and time than in the present.

That "the good old times" were, in every way, superior to these degenerate modern days. If not, why such regretful dwelling upon the past? In what respect were the old days so good, in contradistinction to the evil of the present? Was there an age when wickedness was less rife upon the earth; when sorrow, poverty, degradation, and all the evils sin has entailed upon the human race were not scattered broadcast over its surface?

I fear not, for I do not suppose that the days of Eden-blessedness are the times alluded to; other than these I know of no *good* times in the world's past history, albeit I cling trustfully to the poet's creed of "a good time coming;" coming surely, even though slowly; a better time than this; a better than any which has been; if not in the world which now is, none the less certainly in a world which shall be.

But it is with the past we are just now concerned. How far back shall we go in our search—to sacred story? Nay, the good old times are not chronicled in those pages which speak of murder, and bloodshed, and wars, and enmities, and violence, and the "golden age" of pagan story is but a poet's dream still unfulfilled. Better times came when the creed of love

manifested in the world, had its worshippers and champions, but the "good" times were not then; when the cross and the faggot, the prison and the scourge, were the arms with which that creed was combated, and its supporters destroyed.

But the term has probably had no reference to any period of religious liberty, so we will not make the inquiry a theological one; suffice it that a belief in "good old times" of one kind or another exists, and has had its maintainers for ages, and will continue to have till—we know not when. Perhaps it is only our own nation after all which boasts of having had any good old times to be proud of ("les bons vieux temps" sounds so very literally translated, that I question the genuineness of the Gallicism), so, leaving speculations upon general history, we will try and find out when the term may be best applied to our ancestors' "experiences" of by-gone days.

Not surely to the times of our acorn-eating progenitors? With all my love for the venerable and the antique, I do not think that the days of mud huts, and woad, and paint fashions, were altogether to be preferred to the present, although I am not an admirer of French *entre-mets*, and by no means a supporter of crinoline. The Bond-street exquisite may, perhaps, have but a paucity of ideas beneath his well oiled locks, but still, with all his faults, I think he may be an *improvement* upon those respectable ancestors whose dwellings were in the woods, and very much "in the rough."—Nor do I think that the venerable frequenters of Pall Mall clubs, the feasters upon turtle, and the imbibers of cold punch and "crusted port," would place their "good old times" so far back as the days of the Druids. And the ladies of the present day, despite of all the rights and wrongs for and against which they are struggling and contending, would hardly desire an exchange of their imaginary slavery for that which was then too often a stern reality.

So the good old times not being then, were they but a little later, in the days of the Conquest? We can now look back, and trace what blessings dawned upon our land when Norman William, and his eager followers, set foot upon the shore he was so soon to possess, but very different, methinks, was the feeling with which the new suzeraine was greeted by those who had opposed him, till opposition was useless. The days of the curfew were bad enough to those who had had no gas-pipes laid down; what would they be to us who are supporters of Child and Palmer's manufactures and the projectors of gas companies innumerable? Or, again, will anyone place "the good old times" in the age of the doughty deeds of chivalry, when armed cohorts sailed "Eastward ho"! carrying thither, at the point of the sword, the creed of the Prince of Peace?

Were those days of anarchy at home, of peril dared abroad, the days we would choose to live in, we who know the blessings of peace within our walls and plenteousness within our palaces, even whilst other lands are desolated and laid waste for the iniquities of their rulers. Is it nothing that we are at peace within ourselves, whilst our bravest and noblest go forth to contend against oppression, injustice, and barbarian cruelty, in quite another spirit than that which animated the adventurers in the so-called Holy Wars? Surely the days that now are are better for us to live in than the days of the Crusaders, zealous but misguided though their fanaticism was. Let it not be supposed that the advantages subsequently derived from the intercourse of nations thus originated, are either unremembered or unvalued, but, nevertheless, we should hesitate to designate even the golden age of chivalry as the good old times which free-born Britons would, as a nation, desire to see revived.

The glories of the Elizabethan age have been hymned alike in prose and

poetry, and our maritime pre-eminence amongst the nations of the earth still testifies to the wise and vigorous rule of the Protectorate and the days of good Queen Anne; those days of brilliant victories on foreign shores, when art and science flourished at home, have passed into a proverb; but should we not far more rejoice in the days of good Queen Victoria, when the blessings enjoyed by our forefathers have descended sevenfold upon us and our children

Who were the special gainers in those good old times of unknown date, the sovereign of unlimited power, and too often of contested throne and insecure authority!—the nobles, most generally hated and feared as much by the sovereign as by their subordinates; the middle classes, so long scarcely acknowledged or existing as an order by themselves, or the lower ranks, whose condition was but a little way removed from that of the beasts which perish? We do not know for whom the good old times were so propitious, neither can we tell where to place them; can they then be altogether a myth, or were they ante-diluvian?—in an age when the printing-press was unknown, the steam-engine an undreamt-of marvel, when the electric spark was an unthought-of messenger, ere the bond of brotherhood, knitting together in one all the families of the earth, had been recognised? But our speculations on the point might be carried on ad infinitum, so we must even conclude with the query which headed our meditations: when *were* the good old times? subjoining a request that any one answering that momentous question will, at the same time, show cause for the immense superiority of the “light of other days,” and for the veneration with which they are regarded.

Y. S. N.

BRASS IZ A THING AT'S SOOIN SNATTALD AWAY.

From the *T' Bairnsle Foaks' Annual an Pogmoor Olmenack.*

THIS glitterin brass, when furst it wor coin'd,
An t'king hed hiz thaazand a day,
He fun it aght sooin, at it wor a thing
At varry sooin snattald away.

A man at wurks hard for hiz suvrin a week,
An careful hez been az he may,
Al find, be hiz pockit, at brass iz a thing
At's varry sooth snattald away.

A man at's a thaazand left to him be friends,
An thinks it al keep him ta play,
Al find when he wants it, at brass iz a thing
At's varry sooin snattald away.

Then, wot a this brass, foaks thinks sa much on?
Wha, nowt, at we safely can say;
For plain tiz ta all, ta be nowt but a thing
At's daily bein snattald away.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP: ITS PRINCIPLES & PRACTICE.

ALL the members of our great association, though they are proud to call themselves Odd-fellows, have no precise notion as to the principles we profess and the practices we adopt. Many are content to visit their lodges now and then, hear a speech made or a song sung, partake of the benefits when they require them, and so rest in what we cannot but consider as blameable ignorance of the vital principles on which our Order is based. This should not be; and in order that no reader of the Magazine, at least, should excuse himself from partaking of the work of practical Odd-fellowship, and thoroughly understanding its objects, we propose to deal with the question in a manner comprehensible to all.

And first, as to the origin of the name by which we are known. In that useful periodical called *Notes and Queries* (vol. 9, p. 327) a writer, who signs himself C. F. A. W., asks—"What is the origin of Odd-fellowship? What gave rise to the title of Odd-fellow? Are there any books published on the subject, and where are they to be had? Is there any published record of the origin and progress of the Manchester Unity?"

To which the following is the answer:—"Our correspondent should consult the Odd-fellows' Magazine, N.S., published quarterly by order of the Grand Master and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows. Perhaps some of our readers may wish to know what is an Odd-fellow. Take the following description of one, as given in vol. 4, page 287:—"He is like a fox for cunning, a dove for tameness, a lamb for innocence, a lion for boldness, a bee for industry, and a sheep for usefulness." This is an Odd-fellow, according to Odd-fellowship."

In vol. 9 also, page 578, appears this further answer:—"C. F. A. W. will find some of the Odd-fellows' secrets discovered in a small volume entitled, 'A Ritual and Illustrations of Free Masonry, &c.,' by a traveller in the United States (third thousand), published by James Gilbert, 49, Paternoster Row, 1844. The Odd-fellows date from Adam, who was the odd and solitary representative of the human race before the creation of Eve.—Kennedy M'Nab."

Again, in vol. 10, page 75, "In answer to C. F. A. W., I once saw in a bookseller's catalogue (whose, I forget) a work entitled, 'An Historical Sketch of Odd-fellowship.' If I should meet with it again, I will acquaint him of it through the medium of your paper."

In vol. 2, N.S., page 249, we find, "an Odd-fellow" who seems to have a sly hit at Masonry. He says, "Having met with the following paragraph in an interesting volume recently published called *Flemish Interiors*, I should be glad if any of your readers could say whether the practice to which it refers is confined to the masons at Antwerp."

"A curious and I believe peculiar custom still exists at Antwerp among the guild of masons. Henri Conscience, the great Belgian writer, who was perambulating the town with me, informed me, as we passed their hall, that when a new master mason was to be elected it was necessary that, previous to being initiated into his somewhat important position, he should prove himself worthy of the dignity about to be conferred on him by pulling down and rebuilding with his own hands the façade of one portion of the building, which has consequently been re-erected innumerable times, though

the remainder of the edifice is sufficiently venerable. If the candidate shrunk from this trial, there was no alternative but to yield his claim."

It would be well to have the means of properly answering the questions contained in the first extract, and communications with reference to them are invited from old members of the Order. In a lecture given not long since, touching upon the history of the Manchester Unity, the speaker remarked that no doubt much valuable information lies concealed in the minds of some of the old and experienced members of the Society, who, with some few exceptions, have been anything but diligent in collecting and diffusing their knowledge. He also stated that even the origin of the term "Friendly Societies" was not proved, and hazarded a conjecture upon that of Odd-fellowship. In the first Act of Parliament, passed in 1793, the expression "Friendly Societies" is used as one well understood; and the same Act provides that any number of persons may form themselves into and establish one or more society or societies of *Good-fellowship*, for raising by subscriptions and voluntary contributions a stock or fund for the mutual relief and maintenance of all and every the members thereof in old age, sickness, and infirmity, or for the relief of widows and children of deceased members. The words *Good-fellowship* are peculiar in having a great resemblance to others now in frequent use, "Odd-fellowship," and it might reasonably be supposed they had at that time been heard, but were not approved by reason of their quaintness. In 1796 and 1799 two acts were passed against unlawful assemblies and oaths. The last was in reference to "Societies of late years instituted calling themselves Societies of United Englishmen, United Scotchmen, United Britons, United Irishmen, and the London Corresponding Society," the members having "taken unlawful oaths and engagements of fidelity and secrecy, and used secret signs and appointed committees, secretaries, and other officers in a secret manner." These were by the act suppressed, an exception being made in favour of the Freemasons, who were exempted from the operation of the act, because, as it says, their lodge meetings "have been in great measure devoted to charitable purposes." The conjecture alluded to is this:—that the rebellious spirit in Ireland and elsewhere had advocates, who, meeting at public houses and getting tired of continually discussing an hopeless cause, turned their attention to more useful subjects, and formed Friendly Societies, with the best intentions, but a quiet understanding among the promoters that the combination should be used for political purposes if opportunity offered. This ascribes an ignoble parentage to the orders of the present day, but is countenanced by some circumstances. In the northern counties of England, making all allowance for density of population, the great majority of Friendly Society members are even now to be found. It is a popular saying, that Lancashire can claim to be the birth place of all the largest associations. To recollect what happened in the early years of the present century, requires a man of advanced age; but the memory of many odd-fellows serves them to assure us that the Unity was then first formed, and that at the same time rival institutions, calling themselves Foresters, Old Friends, Ancient Druids, and other attractive names, also arose from the "free and easies," or as to some of them were remodelled to gain public support. The speaker asked if it was unreasonable to suppose that some intelligent men, and possibly belonging to the Freemasons, founded the orders from the then members of inchoate Friendly Societies, the ancient trade guilds, the free and easies, and the political clubs combined? and that the name "Odd-fellows" was adopted as fitly expressive of the mixed class, as being also less ambitious than "Good-fellows;" and in deference to the wishes and opinions of Lancashire linguists, who considered it in every sense the best. "Odd" they certainly could

not mean should be interpreted "strange" or "ridiculous," as it too frequently is now ; but to designate "uncommon" fellows, or else companions joined in partnership in a state of "inequality," for none could tell who amongst them would first require the intended benefits.

Our readers will recollect the commonly received account of the Manchester Unity is this :—In the year 1812 twenty-seven men formed the Unity from one of the extinct guilds—the Sheffield Unity ; they were working men, belonging to, and residing at, Manchester, and they determined to revive the spirit of the ancient institution ; they chose the name of "Odd-fellows," meaning thereby that they did not consist, like most of the old guilds, of men of any particular trade, but were "odd," or unconnected. In the list of lodges the names of the officers, from 1814 to the present time, are set forth. The Editor of this Magazine gave a brief and somewhat similar account of the origin of Odd-fellowship, in the pages of the "London Journal," some short time since, with a slight sketch of the principles and practice of our Order. Thus much for our name. We now proceed to present our readers with

A PLAIN GUIDE TO ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

1.—*Initiation, Study of Laws, and Practice.*

To begin at the beginning :—You wish to become an Odd-fellow. You ask me to see you "made," and let you know all about it. First answer me some questions. When were you born ? When was your wife born ? Write down those dates on this form, and give me, if you please, something as "earnest money." To-morrow evening my lodge meets, and I shall hand in this paper and cash, when your name and address will be read allowed from the "proposition book," so that any one knowing you may be prepared to object to your admission, if necessary, or, if they do not know you, may make enquiries about you if they choose. You must now go to the doctor, who will examine you, to ascertain if you are in a sound state of health, and he will get you to sign a declaration that you are so, as well as your wife. The certificate he gives you must be taken care of, as it will be wanted when I meet you at the lodge house next meeting night. When we meet, you must pay the rest of the initiation fee, and I, taking the doctor's certificate, shall leave you for a little time, to prepare the members for your reception. I shall tell them I propose you as a member—have known you for many years—believe you to be respectable, and a fit person to become an Odd-fellow. Nothing being said against you, the lodge will no doubt resolve that you shall be admitted. I shall then bring you in, when you will go through the ceremony of initiation. I need not describe it to you, as you will, I hope, take an interest in it at the time, and will afterwards see other members initiated. And I *must not* divulge more, because it is a secret I am bound to keep. This much, however, I may say, that you will go through it without any attempt being made to shock or terrify you, by means of skeletons, axes, or red-hot pokers ; but being introduced to the members, and having taken upon yourself the usual promises, you will listen to a reasonable—but impressive—homily, upon your duties to your Creator, your neighbour, and yourself, and at its close may shake hands with me as a brother. You will then be shortly instructed how to gain admission into any lodge, and for that purpose will receive a pass-word, which is changed quarterly. You will take home with you five books, which the secretary gives you ; and I have no doubt you will, like others, innocently ask me, in the next week, what they are all about. Let us look at them. The general laws

governing every district and lodge in the Unity ; the district laws, which apply only to the lodges in the district, of which yours is one ; the laws of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund attached to your district ; and the rules adopted by your own lodge, and to be observed by its members. The fifth is your contribution book, or card, in which you obtain receipts for all money paid by you. I must anticipate that you will ask, "Why there should be so many books of laws"—why one book should not contain them all ? and I at once answer, it might be so ; but it is a question if you would consider it any more convenient ; and it is most likely that when you have studied them all, and know more of the working of the society, you will come to the conclusion that it is quite right to have separate books. At the same time let me warn you against being so indolent or careless as not to watch your thoughts. Many notions which may flash across your mind, called "first impressions," may occur to you *only* for the first time, and you may be the instrument for working some important change in matters which seem to you objectionable ; adopt this rule then, note down on paper all these first impressions, and frequently refer to them. It may happen, as you progress in reading the laws, that you will strike out many of your notes as worthless—you will satisfy yourself that an impression was too hastily accepted by you as a truth or fact which was neither one nor the other, but you will have profited by it—you will have a fixed idea of that subject—and whilst you will not fall into the same error upon it, you will be able to instruct or correct another member. Working upon this plan, you will gain such useful knowledge of the laws as will greatly assist you in future, and you will rightly consider yourself a better man from their study and practice ; not only so, but I am bound to tell you that it is *your duty* to learn the laws ; after the day of your initiation, you cannot in your own or any other lodge plead ignorance of them ; you will see the reason for this, when you remember that even a prisoner, charged with a crime against the laws of his country, is *never* permitted to plead such ignorance, but must suffer "the censure, as well as the inconvenience, of not knowing the laws by which he is governed ;" so it is in Odd-fellowship. Let us suppose now the time has come when you tell me you have read the laws ; and you accompany me to the lodge to learn their practice. We are in at half-past eight, when the lodge is opened by the chairman with a stereotyped but business-like speech—the minutes of the last lodge meeting are read and confirmed—several members who have been visiting others that are sick make reports thereon—further allowance is voted to the sick men—new visitors are appointed until the next lodge meeting. The secretary reads to the lodge certificates proving the deaths of two persons—one a member about your age, and the funeral money is ordered to be paid to his widowed mother—the other, the wife of one of our members, and the money is directed to be paid to him. The chairman now tells us a candidate is waiting to be initiated, and we, who have been indulging in a quiet whiff, must cease smoking. You hear now the proposition made and resolution come to, which I before told you of in your case, and witness the ceremony of initiation. A stranger, who looks dirty and careworn, comes in and advances to the chairman, to whom he gives a paper, which is immediately read to the lodge ; it is a recommendation from the district officers, that the brother, who is a traveller, and has had the Unity relief, should receive a gift. He states what he is, and whether he is going, and is requested to retire. The lodge considers his statement, and it is resolved that he receive five shillings to procure a night's lodging and food, and assist him on his way to-morrow. You observe how, during intervals of business, the chairman has elicited songs and toasts—he now looks this way, and calls upon you to sing. When you have done, he proposes a toast,

"The district officers," which is responded to by one of them who happens to be present. The secretary now reads aloud the names of certain members, who he says will be out of limits if not paid for to-night. This, you will recollect, is required by general law, so that any member present may pay to keep another "good upon the books." The neglect of the secretary to do this, or to send notice to a member owing so much, does not screen any member from the consequence of non-payment. If one suffers his arrears to exceed fourteen weeks—if only by a penny—he is out of limits, and must wait another fourteen weeks after paying up before he can receive sick allowance, or his relatives funeral money. Fining the secretary for his neglect would afford no relief to the member, but possibly gratify some others more fond of sticking to the letter of the law than anxious to learn the spirit. Should the lodge attempt to pay the sick allowance or funeral claim in such a case, any member could appeal to the district committee to rescind any resolution for such a purpose; and should that committee, from mistaken motives of benevolence, still confirm it, he would again appeal to the G.M. and Board of Directors, who would undoubtedly revoke it as being illegal. The chairman of the lodge, or district, permitting such a resolution to be put to the vote, would also be fined. Remember that lodge funds are the joint property of the district, and district funds the joint property of the Unity, and can only be dealt with strictly according to law. Here you see the necessity for knowing the laws, and for *every member always to act up to them*. Whilst giving this explanation, the chairman has had the names of proposed candidates read, and we are now to be upstanding whilst he declares the lodge closed. One of our members enters hurriedly, and we learn he is off into another part of England, and asks for his clearance. The chairman is obliged to tell him the matter cannot be entertained, because no business can be legally done after half-past ten, but it will be considered next lodge-night, and the clearance forwarded to him, provided he has paid in enough cash to clear up to the day it will bear date; however, we drink health and prosperity to him in his new undertaking, and bid him a hearty farewell. Attending your lodge regularly, you will on other nights learn the various business to be done. Next week a member may come from the country, bringing his clearance, and asks your lodge to accept him. He is told to get your surgeon's certificate, and he will then be entered as your member. The lodge he has left is liable to his sick allowance and funeral money, should he be ill or die within the succeeding twelve months; after that he takes the benefits of, and from, your lodge and district. At stated periods delegates are elected to district committees, and Widows' and Orphans' Fund meetings. Quarterly, the auditors are chosen, and officers changed, for conducting the business of your lodge, and the lodge lectures and degrees are given. Quarterly also a report is received from the G.M. and Board, containing an account of their proceedings, and of what is passing in the Unity, which must be read in the lodge, and the new pass-word, and the Odd-fellows' Magazine. You will find lodges are in correspondence with each other, with regard to paying benefits to members. One of your lodge may be in some distant town, one of another lodge may be living close to yours, and if either falls sick, he applies to the nearest lodge, which, under certain rules that must always be observed, pays the proper allowance, and a settlement is periodically come to between the lodges. On another night some member may propose an alteration in the laws, and if they are the bye-laws of your own lodge, a summoned meeting of your members is called to consider the proposition made. It would be unfair if members not generally present should find, on their next attendance, that some important change in the laws had been made without

previous notice to them. Now, however positive you may be about the necessity of some change in the laws, be careful not to move for a special summoned meeting ; wait till the ordinary summoned meeting of the lodge, which, under good and proper management, ought not to be oftener than once a year. Lodges generally have brought upon the Unity much well deserved censure, for the foolish extravagance of quarterly summoned meetings, which swell up, most unnecessarily, the expenses of management—a favourite theme for our enemies, and upon which they never fail to enlarge, sometimes most unfairly. A better practice is now obtaining in the majority of lodges; they summon only for the first lodge night in the year, and if necessary, resolve to adjourn from quarter to quarter, “to transact any business required to be done by a summoned meeting, except the alteration of lodge laws;” this, you see, saves printing summonses, and members the expense of postage, which they may apply, if they please, to secure extended benefits; and no harm results from this sensible way of doing business. The officers chosen do the necessary business of the lodge at every meeting—all swims along smoothly—and the officers are no longer dummies set up to be looked at on each ordinary night, or puppets to be put in motion, or perhaps insulted, at each quarterly grumbling committee, held according to antiquated, and almost obsolete, custom. The lodge is greatly benefited by the vigilance and care of its members, who attend more frequently than under the old system; and a greater check is put upon possible frauds by officers, which have unfortunately been too often committed by secretaries, who, possessing a peculiar suavity of manner, advise a jog-trot way of proceeding, so that knowing they will not be disturbed for a certain period prepare to deceive auditors, and prepare themselves to decamp when discovery cannot be avoided. One other important matter I should tell you, which is, that in lodges originate alterations of district or general laws. Your lodge, in adopting an alteration, simply approves a principle, and it rests with the district committee, or the A.M.C., to pass or reject the alteration; it is not necessary to propose any such alteration at a summoned committee of your lodge, any ordinary regular meeting will do.

You ask me now to explain the meaning of the different colours of sashes, caps, and aprons, which are worn by those in the lodges. Let me remind you that the general laws are plain on the subject; but we will talk as we go home. You are, or may in time be, entitled to wear

Blue	as Bro., (Brother) or Warden.
Plaid	as Sec., (Secretary) of your lodge.
“	as Past Sec., ditto.
Pink	as V.G., or Vice-Grand, (Vice-Chairman).
“	as Past Vice-Grand.
Scarlet	as N.G., or Noble Grand, (Chairman).
“	as P.G., or Past Grand, (Past Chairman).
Purple	as Prov. C.S., or Provincial Corresponding Secretary.
“	as Prov. D.G.M., or Deputy Grand Master.
“	as Prov. G.M., or Grand Master.
“	as P.P. G.M., or Past Prov. Grand Master.
“	as C.S., or Corresponding Secretary of the Order.
“	as a Director.
“	as D.G.M., or Deputy Grand Master of the Order.
“	as G.M., or Grand Master ditto.
“	as P.G.M., or Past Grand Master ditto.

You ask if you shall ever attain those offices. That depends upon yourself,

The way is open to you, and to all others ; but to reach the highest honour (G.M.) you will have to prove yourself worthy of it by a long course of labour. You shall be put in training for it, in this way :—next lodge night, the 29th March, 1859, I will propose you as secretary ; and if the lodge elects you, you will serve that office for three months ending June, and will then be eligible for V.G. Should you take warden or other inferior office, you must serve six months, or twenty-six nights, instead ; but the secretary's office counts for double service. We will next suppose you elected V.G.—you serve another three months to September, and seek to be N.G. Now, here our “secrets” interfere ; you will be asked if you have taken your four degrees, in which you must be perfect or you cannot be elected. You have only taken one—the white—and we must get the lodge to give you certificates to obtain the others—blue, scarlet, and gold, from other lodges. If your lodge refuses, you can appeal to the district ; the spirit of the law is that at least one month shall elapse between the taking of each degree, and though our lodge only holds lectures quarterly it has no right to prevent your obtaining them elsewhere. You take them, and become N.G., the most important office in your lodge, and work for three months, until December. You then, as a matter of course, become G.M., till March, 1860 ; and, having served that office meritoriously, your name is inscribed on the respect-board. You will now go to the quarterly district lectures (April) to receive the signs and pass-words appertaining to the various offices you have filled up to N.G., and, three months after, the Purple Degree. In the meantime we will suppose you have been selected as delegate to the committee of your district, held in June, when you may be proposed as Prov. D.G.M., if your services and abilities have brought you into favourable notice. At the next committee, in December, you are *not* elected, votes being against you ; but as delegates are wanted to the 1861 A.M.C., or Annual Moveable Committee, the Odd-fellows' grand parliament, you are chosen as one. Some kind friend may also propose that you be nominated by the district for D.G.M., if so, your name is circulated throughout the Unity in the next April Quarterly Report. Presuming you may be fortunate enough to be chosen, on Whit-Monday, 1861, to that important office, it is possible that next year you might be G.M., and after Whit-Monday, 1863, would be called P.G.M.

As you become better acquainted with the practice of the Order, you will find the supposition I have made is too good to be true—in fact, such rapid advancement is hardly likely—but, you see that at least there is a good previous assurance you are fitted for high office before you are elected, because you must have served well for a year in your lodge, and be afterwards zealous in the business of Odd-fellowship. With other members it may be different ; your lodge meets weekly, and in those which do so fortnightly or monthly one would be two or four years before being in your position. Fifty-two nights' active service is wanted before you are P.G. ; it might happen then that your district would elect you Prov. D.G.M., or that, at the first A.M.C., you would be chosen one of the Board of Directors.

Enough for the present. We must converse again before I can finish my guide.

A DAY WITH THE ELDER HERBALISTS.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

"But Hampstead pleads himself in simples to have skill,
And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill,
As one that on his work and knowledge doth rely
In learned physics' use and skilful surgery."

Polyalbion.

WHEN the Lazars sat in the sun, and clapped their almsbowls before the gate of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, in order to give notice of their presence, and enable the charitable passers-by, to fling them an oblation without approaching them; when Gray's-Inn-Lane was shady with green trees, and St. Pancras' Church shone out amongst fair meadows, and the road thence to the village of Cattle-ows, or Kentish Town, lay between blossoming hedge rows, with the water of the Old Fleet river fresh from the Hampstead fields, flowing between black alders, and tall bundles of purple loose-strife, and beds of water flags; now idling along in sandy shallows, now rippling in brisk eddies over stone-impeded falls; the walk from Holborn through Hampstead Wood, the way to which lay through a gate opening out of the said village of Kentish Town into it, and thence over its wooded slopes and valley to the heath; must have made a fitting prelude to a day's simpling there, especially to men like our elder herbalists, in whom the organs of veneration and wonder were strong, and who never, it seems to me, omitted the idea of the Creator from conjunction with His works; but, faint as were their knowledge of floral beauty, and of the wonders involved in the physiology of plants, (since the microscope had still to be invented), recognised His hand and worshipped it, while gathering those "herbs of grace,"—to them so many signatures of hidden healing.

The hygeists, who visited the heath in Michael Drayton's times, did so by paths almost as rustical as those the Elizabethan botanists had trodden. And by the quaint lines with which I have headed this chapter, it is evident that the heath had then lost nothing of its fame, as the local *habitat* of many of the plants figured in the Great Herbal, by the "father of English Botany," John Gerard.

It still helped to make Bucklersbury sweet in "simpling time," and was resorted to at the advent of Rogation week, at least, till the days of the Puritans, for milkwort (the *Flos Ambervalia* of Dodanaus), to make nosegays and chaplets for the children, who, headed by the clergymen, were wont to walk the bounds of their respective parishes, chaunting hymns and repeating prayers, unconscious representatives of the youths and maidens in the processions of the old Roman Ambervalia—the Christian priests replacing the *Fratres arceles*, and, alas! giving place to the parish beadle in later times, when the circuit of the fields, to offer prayers and thanksgiving for the prospective hope of the earth's increase, seemed too simple a service to be continued! But *Nature's* services have not changed—her pageants, season by season, produce the same fair floral groups, and the dews of the year of grace, crowned with cometary glory which has just passed by, have fallen on the scions of the same families, phytologically speaking, which had their place on Hampstead Heath when Elizabeth was Queen.

If we collate the catalogue of them with those that bloom there now, we

shall find that, with the exception of the lily of the valley, and the orchids, and ophrys, long since uprooted or trodden down, scarcely one is missing. Now, as then, the pretty vari-coloured milkwort (*polygala vulgaris*) enamels the sun-shorn turf with its lowly blossoms, pink, white, or blue; and the upright mouse ear, hawk weed (*hieracium pilosella*) creeps softly through the low growing pasture, and lifts its simple stemmed, bright lemon-coloured flowers, almost as thickly as when Parkinson wrote, that one could scarcely set a foot but on the head of it. When, therefore, John Gerard made his summer simpling journeys to the heath, along the paths we have described, and quitting the shade of oak and beech within the wood, came out upon the little valley dividing Highgate and Hampstead hills, at the bottom of which lay the linked ponds, like a chain of quicksilver, reflecting, as they do to-day, the aerial cloudscape, and the grouped trees above their banks, he found the blue spikes of the common bugle (*ajuga reptans*) piercing the green-sward in the moister places, and because it was good for the cure of *aphialtes* or the *mare*, and for the dispersion of those fearful and troublesome fancies, strange sights, and voices *in the night* to which great drinkers in those times, as in our own, were subject, carefully made a memorandum of its whereabouts. The sun shines upon groups of slender broom branches, fluttering their fairly gilt large yellow flowers in his path, and he treads, as you or I might do, any day through the solstitial season, on little purple mounds of aromatically scented thyme (*thymus serpyllum*), which contrasts prettily with the bright round corollas of the trailing tormentil (*T. officinalis*), glittering in the grass beside the tiny flowers of *veronica serpyllifolium*, or Paul's Betony. Ever, ever, as the herbalist walked on, the list of the heath's floral treasures lengthened: he notes them all, describes their forms and colours with a minuteness of description quaintly picturesque, but curiously laboured, for the language in which science writes was unknown to him, and for want of it he crowds sentences to express characteristics which are technically told in a few phrases.

Yet we must remember that so little was known of Botany as a science in those days, and for long after, that the "Great Herbal" of our pilgrim, who was even then in search of materials for its compilation, remained the standard book of English botanists, till the middle of the seventeenth century. Rising the hill, on the summit of which the mile-wide heath extends, John Gerard would as naturally and reverently pause there as ourselves, and inspire, with a corresponding delight to our own, the beauty of the surrounding prospect. The distant view of the metropolis,—far more distant than at present,—and with salient points wholly unlike those that meet us now: the hills of Kent, Essex, and Surrey, as they still appear, with the hanging woods on the declivities of Highgate, and masses of forest ground intercepting the view of far off hamlets, fields, and meadows. Beneath him stretched the heath, with its picturesque groups of alders and other trees; its breadths of gravelly barrenness; its boggy places; the ponds below, into which the winter watercourses drained themselves; the broken ground covered with purple ling, and overspread at the twice yearly seasons of its flowering, with golden fleeces of the yellow furze. Here, lured by its odour, he turns aside to seek the mysterious dodder (*cuscuta epithymum*), which he remembers Parkinson had found, winding and lacing its red strings about furze and sundry other plants upon the heath, "so as to take away all comfort, as one would think, of the sun from them, and ready to choke and strangle them." And under just such circumstances we find it now, a tangle of red thread inextricably involving the plant it grows upon, and pearly all over with little knots of wax-like, flesh-co-

loured diminutive flowers, so pregnant with twofold sweetness that we have never seen it unsurrounded by a crowd of insects.

The heath (*Erica*) of which Gerard says every kind but the white could be found here, still paints the high ground with its rose-coloured, and light or dark purple flowers; for, after all, with the exception of the common ling (*Calluna vulgaris*), there are but two members of this family that may be regarded as other than local specimens, and these two, *E. Tetralix* and *E. Cinerea*, may be found on peaty moors and heaths everywhere.

Growing between the uplands and the brook sides and bogs, about the centre, our herbalist found a flowery strata, as it were, of solary plants, great beds of healthful chamomile, which the old Egyptians consecrated to the sun, and esteemed good for all sorts of agues; the eyebright (*euphrasia officinalis*), with its shrubby stems, dark, deeply serrated leaves, pencilled flowers, and for us Miltonic memories.

Besides these, the sheep's bit (*jasione montana*), reared its foot-high, solitary heads of soft grey flowers; and the bright yellow ones of the lesser fleabane (*pulcuria vulgaris*), flaunted in contrast with the delicately poised campanula of the azure hair-bell (*C. rotundifolia*), quivering as the sweet air, fragrant from contact with the scented calamint (*C. nepeta*),—mountain calamint, John Gerard calls it,—breathed softly by it; while everywhere the little wandering tormentil wove, in the sun, its pretty running pattern of strawberry-shaped leaves and glittering flowers, twin leaves, one flower threaded together on the prostrate stem at little distances, the same perennial pattern that she traces still on almost every foot's breadth of the heath.

All these, and many other plants loving high places, are referred to by our Elizabethan botanist as denizens of Hampstead Heath; he even particularizes the precise spots on the heath, which some of them affected, as for instance, the bird's-foot trefoil, (*lotus corniculatus*), whose soft foliage, and umbels of pretty bi-coloured yellow, and deep orange flowers, are described as spreading themselves "against the beacon on the right hand as you go from London." Now, its prostrate stems overrun every part, while the beacon—probably a tall pole with an iron cresset or fire-pot on the top, like that solitary remaining specimen of the government telegraph in Tudor times, which still exists on the tower of Hadley Church—has no place save in the traditions of antiquaries.

Farther on, amongst the shady cover of gorze and fern, our searcher of simples found the wood sorrel (*oxalis acetosilla*) with drooping, ternate three-folded leaves, and delicately veined white or lilac flowers, one of the most elegant of our rustic plants, and much esteemed in those days for the grateful acid which its leaves contain, and which is used at present in the manufacture of salts of lemon. Here too, the tall purple spikes of wholesome betony (*betonica officinalis*) pierced through the shade; and the handsome leaves of the wind-flower (*anemone nemerosa*) lingered on the spots its tinted blossoms had rejoiced in spring.

Now and then the sharp spines and rigid leaves of the butcher's broom (*ruscus aculeatus*) caught the garments of our herbalist, and so compelled him to note its presence on the heath; at others, the dog-violet (*viola canina*) fixed him with her large, light blue uplifted eyes—and the marsh pennywort (*hydrocotyle vulgaris*) scattered her pale green, glossy, orbicular leaves on long pink foot stalks in his path,—a charming contrast with the bright crimson petals of the gay red-rattle (*pedicularis palustris*) everywhere cropping out of the felted fibres of the spongy turf, and giving unmistakable evidence of the vicinity of bog. Tufts of the heath-rush, and soft-rush (*juncus effusus*) lifted their spreading panicles of brownish flowers; the latter especially leading our herbalist to describe its use in the making of mats, and for lighting purposes, uses which it still performs, not simply

amongst the cottages in that "sea of rocks," Connemara, but in the homestead of many a Yorkshire yeoman.

The silken locks of the lesser cotton grass shone in the sun beside the swampy places, where wide beds of the water trefoil buck-bean (*menyanthes trifoliata*) spread themselves, and nursed amidst their ternate leaves its lovely flowers—flowers so exquisitely fringed and feathered, so singular in their excess of ornament, as to afford a surprise of pleasure to those who find them for the first time. Gerard regards the plant from a pharmaceutical point of view, the intense bitterness of its root rendering it one of the most powerful of known tonics; but to the eye of the outside observer, its clustered corollas concentrate admiration; and yet of thousands who visit Hampstead Heath, during the latter part of June, and the beginning of July, who see the dwarf, broad Windsor-bean-like leaves, how few suspect the presence of this fair efflorescence, or hazard the discovery amongst shoals of treacherous *sphagnum* or the shallow waters of the standing pool? By not doing so "they have losses," not simply in their ignorance of this peerless little flower, but because this same pale yellow moss is the chosen habitat of the only English relatives of the irritable genus (*dionæa*), the low growing sundews (*droseraceæ*), with their dark red foliage, slender stems, and racemes of small white flowers.

The most common on the heath in Gerard's time, as in our own, (*D. rotundifolio*), has round leaves covered with beautiful glandular hairs of an intense red, which, especially when the sun shines strongly, exudes a viscid fluid. Whether any property of sweetness attaches to it, or whether upon the same principle that moths fly suicidally into the flame, small insects haunt these leaves, and, becoming entangled in the irritable hairs, are held fast by the fluid and destroyed.

A specimen before me, gathered some years back from possibly the same part of the heath where it covered the pale green *sphagnum* with crimson stars of its orbicular foliage three centuries ago, has certain microscopic bodies still adhering to it. The plant has given its Latin name of *rosa solis* to a liqueur, in the composition of which it is a principal ingredient, and which was formerly "used to good purpose in qualms and passions of the heart." Beyond, where the black alders flourished by the quiet brook-sides in Gerard's days, and the place of which may still be traced in the foeted watercourse traversing the heath from the upper-ground to the pond at its extreme end; the tall stemmed spear-wort (*ranunculis lingua*) shook its "goldy locks," and forget-me-not (*myosatis palustris*) clustered its turquoise-coloured flowers, while the pretty brook-lime (*veronica becabunga*) lifted its purple clusters above green beds of leafy water cresses, and the water pimpernel (*lysimachia nummularia*) festooned the margins with its trailing wreaths of shining, opposite leaves, and yellow flowers. There, too, the silvery petals of (*cardamine pratensis*) cuckoo flower, or lady's smock, shone in the early days of summer; and tall groups of the aquatic corn flag (*pseud-acoris*) lifted its sword-shaped leaves, and flaunted in the breeze its yellow banners, while "water mint," as the old herbalists call it, *mentha sylvestris*, "fit for the baths of dainty women, and to make sweet washing waters," spread great spaces with its fragrant hoar leaves and slender spikes of lilac flowers. Here and there the maragold (*caltha palestris*)

Was burning in the marsh like a thing dipped in sunset.

And the water buttercup (*ranunculis aquatilis*) floated green islands on the quiet ponds, and sprinkled them with flowers silver white.

Rising the ground upon the other side of the brook, where the gnarled and tangled roots and dwarfed stems of the white-thorn, still attest to the

whereabouts of those thickets that Gerard, and long after him, Nicholas Culpepper, speaks of, under whose shade the lily of the valley (*convallaria majalis*) grew plentifully, lifting from amongst its mantling leaves a stalk half a foot high, with many white flowers like little bells with turned edges, and from which was made the *aquæ auria*, of Mathiolus, so fragrant and precious as to be only kept in gold or silver vessels, though here, with every vagrant wind that breathed across the heath, its pendent censurs swung their sweetness forth, and made the air more odorous.

It was in these shady places, amidst the shining evergreen leaves of the trailing periwinkle (*vinca major*), that the first primroses made flowery constellations, or clustered in the shelter of their wrinkled leaves in pale, cold groups. Here it was also, that the wild hyacinths and early purple orchises appeared, and by-and-bye, when the cuckoo sang her two-note song in the near woods, and the wild rose garlanded its drooping branches with blushing petals, the greater stichwort, *stellaria holstea*, thrust through the tangles of the arching bramble stems her delicate green leaves, and satin-surfaced flowers "whiter than Leda's love."

We have gathered hawthorn from foot-high branches where, when Gerard wrote, it made fair groves, or picturesque groups, and was annually resorted to, by the youths and maidens, who went thither "to bring in May," and deck their quaint old houses, and the city conduits, with green boughs and nosegays of its flowers, on the first morning of this floral month; but the present worn-down, stunted trunks and dwarfed branches, are not unknown to children of a smaller growth, who come trooping out to the heath, on the first summer days, from the close back lanes and fœtid alleys, and may be seen at evening wearily straggling towards home, their unwashed faces glistening with exercise and sunset, and their hands and even arms so full of the pillaged may, king cups, and ragged robin, that their devious ways may be tracked by the fallen flowers from too copious handfuls, scattered in them; and our suburban paths are furrowed as ancient bride-beds were with butter-cups. Here, too, comes out the modern representative of the physician of Elizabeth's time, the simpler, or herb-doctor, stepping—unknowingly it may be—in the foot-tracks of his ancient prototype, and, to this day, authority, John Gerard. Here,

"In some open place that to the sun doth lie
He fumitory gets, and eyebright for the eye."

We have ourselves met with, and conversed with him, and have found him reverently faithful to the traditions of the "great herbalist," and given to rather severe philippicks touching the unnaturallness of many modern drugs,—holding with Parkinson that, in the beginning, God himself inspired Adam with a desire for a knowledge of natural things; and that he knew what herbs were fit for either meat or medicine—for use or delight—further that the herbs of one's own country are the properest for our individual food and physic. But he also loves flowers for their own sweet sake, and can appreciate the pure pleasures of the botanist, and desire with ourselves the diffusion of his pleasant knowledge,—a knowledge that in these days, when so much is talked about educating the working classes through the medium of the eye, by means of art galleries, picture exhibitions, &c. should not surely be lost sight of, simply because God has scattered the materials broad-cast, and made them free as the common air for the delectation and use of all. The daily paths of many of our labouring men and women, lie amongst surroundings to which art makes toilsome pilgrimages; must the original pass into imitation, before the natural man can be brought to admire and feel the beauty of its presence? are painted flowers and trees, tangled woodpaths, and flocks, and herds,

villages and church spires, purple moors and mists, so much more to be revered on canvas than upon the grand foreground, and amidst the changeful lights and shades of nature's tinting?

Depend upon it, that in the wilding flowers at his feet—in the insect forms around them—in all the wonders of the natural world, of which he is an unit, lie the elements which form the truest bases for his instruction—the dumb teachers familiar, yet unknown—which, if invoked for him in all simple earnestness by the initiated, will fascinate him with revelations of beauty and wonder, and make his labour amongst them sweeter and nobler, recognizing in them ministering agents in the economy of nature, and illustrations of the Divine power and beneficence. Let us unfold to him the microscopic glories of their structure, the utilities hidden in them, the part they play as types of all he sees in art and mechanism, and raise the intellect and heart of the man, with the consciousness that the galleries of God's works are open to him at all times and seasons, that he may walk in them on a perfect equality with the wearers of purple and fine linen, and that none can buy them up, or close him out from them, when once enlightened to their loveliness, and intellectually capable of their appreciation.

If, then, our talk of these Gerardian flowers should impart another joy to that one weekly holyday from loom, and factory, and forge-fire, which so many of our readers spend a portion of on Hampstead Heath, and bend the eyes of some of them, from the glorious panorama spread around, to the countless forms of vegetable beauty at their feet, not cursorily, but with investigating eyes, our paper will have achieved its purpose; and will have brought to other bosoms than our own, the delight with which the study of them has often filled us,—re-awakening, it may be, in some forgetful heart, the lesson of love and faith in the Creator of them, once divinely taught by him who chose the fields for His Sabbath walk, and culled a lily to illustrate His sweet sermon.

BEND THE KNEE.

Bend, bend, the knee when silent night
Is veil'd in sleep,
When holy stillness wings its flight
Far o'er the keep.

Bend, bend the knee, when sacred love
Undying strews thy path.
Bend, bend the knee and sweetly prove
The bliss thou hath.

When from this earth my spirit wings
Its home to see,
Above my slumbering ashes bend
Thy friendly knee.

W. S.

Victoria Lodge, Birmingham District.

MR. LIVINGSTON'S GHOST.

BY ISABELLA MUNRO.

Nothing is more awkward than taking a house of which another tenant holds possession. So Mr. Spalding learned to his cost a little while ago. And yet, in his case, it was not easy to be on his guard, for the former tenant of the house he took was considered to have departed to that world where men dwell not within walls built of brick or stone, and are generally supposed to feel no farther interest in goods and chattels.

It was therefore with an easy conscience, and no intention of grieving anyone's spirit, that Mr. Spalding took up his abode in the neat villa residence, surrounded by a cockney park of a couple of acres, which he had rented for the summer months, precisely in the same state in which it had been, as he supposed, taken leave of by his predecessor.

So down came Mr. Spalding, and his son and daughter, and a visitor, whom that daughter most ungratefully wished anywhere but where she was. For Mr. Price Smith, who had amassed more than double her years and experience, to say nothing of the hundred thousand pounds which he considered enough to outweigh everything else, had proffered his hard, grasping, grinding hand, as a valuable gift, to her acceptance. And her father viewed him through a golden medium, and would hear of no refusal, though the young lady herself strove again and again to decline the prize she had so unwillingly won.

But Mr. Price Smith cared more for Myra's fortune than for her bright eyes, so he heeded not her averted glance, but looking forward to a happiness too securely lodged in the funds to be troubled either by the coldness or the fading cheek of his fair bride.

But we were talking of Mr. Spalding's removal to his summer quarters. Very delightful they appeared, and even the kitchen junta—that tribunal so difficult to please—seemed at a loss for something to grumble at. Not long, however, for they had been but two days domiciled, when reports began to circulate through the lower regions, that there were more in the house than had any business there.

Strange sounds had been heard by more than one of the servants, and though the butler, who affected to be quite a superior man, talked of the sparrows and the swallows, and such like noisy things, as being the cause; the housekeeper headed a female party inclined to lay all the blame on the late occupant, Mr. Livingston, who according to the milkman, had been seen walking about his former dwelling after he should have been quietly at rest in the family vault.

At length the report travelled up stairs. Mr. Price Smith sneered, and Mr. Spalding desired he might hear no more of it. "They only wished they might not either, they were sure," said Mrs. Ford, and so said the maids that night at supper.

But though Myra Spalding was obliged to laugh in drawing-room fashion she felt little more disposed to do so than those of her own sex in the kitchen. For her bed-room and dressing room, and the little boudoir she had taken such delight in, as a refuge from her suitor's interesting revelations concerning the price of stocks, occupied a wing of the building, separated from the rest of the house by a wide passage; and however she might despise such things at a distance, a tête à tête with a ghost was not to be lightly thought of. So she made no parade of her fears, but secretly

desired a bed to be placed in her own room for Sophy the upper housemaid, who dressed her.

That night—so the maids averred—the creaking of boots was to be heard all through the house, and a sound as of some one groaning in spirit. The butler said it was the ivy, which was twisted in all sorts of grotesque patterns over the walls and roof. But the footman who had been his ready seconder yesterday, looked so like a ghost himself, that it was no wonder he forebore to deny them power to

“Walk the mountains
And valleys of the world.”

But ere the day was done he confided to Sophy that he *had* seen one walking through the passage about one o'clock that morning, when having been the latest up, he was on his way to bed—we won't say to sleep, for the ghost walked off with all inclination for that. And Sophy's half laughing horror soon made poor Robert's secret known to all the house.

Myra's fair cheek grew paler as she heard the tale. But Mr. Spalding significantly hoped the plate was well looked after, and Mr. Price Smith was curious about the strength of the ale with which Robert had brightened his optics; while Willie Spalding talked of sending a pistol bullet through anybody who dared to perambulate the house without a right.

“That might do for any *body*,” remarked the footman to Sophy; “but it ain't likely to hurt anybody's ghost.”

At all events, the threat did not appal Mr. Livingston's, for the very next night it had the effrontery to walk *sans façon* into Price Smith's room, and, drawing aside the bed-curtains, looked at him as though waiting for him to begin a conversation. But having no desire for ghostly counsel at that untimely hour, Mr. Smith lay silent and still as a mouse a cat is watching; and as he never could exactly tell how the interview ended, it is presumed that his spirit quailed at last before the bold one gazing on him—that, in short, he fainted from down-right fear.

But Price Smith never told the story that way. Indeed, he found some difficulty in stammering it out at all next morning at breakfast. Mr. Spalding pronounced it a dream, and Willie asked why he did not “grapple with the rascal.” Poor Price Smith! he could as soon have tried to catch a cannon ball hot from the gun.

Yet the sense of the house certainly was in favour of his having beheld a ghost,—Mr. Livingston's ghost, of course, since his living aspect was said to match with the spirit's description, thus suitably given both by Mr. Smith and Robert—a tall spectral figure, with a pale grave countenance.

As for the maids, they, of course, saw nothing as their heads were safely hidden under the bedclothes; but they all testified to hearing indefatigable moans and groans, and boots creaking as though the work of a Southsea Island bootmaker, and containing a “dollar's worth of squeak,” conscientiously imparted to them. Mr. Smith on the contrary heard nothing, though his eyes, chancing to open the night after, met those of his ghostly visitor staring a renewal of their acquaintance.

“Help, murder, help!” shrieked Price Smith, as if a legion of fiends were beleaguering his couch.

A mocking, diabolical sort of grin, which Price translated—“I'll remember you for this!” convulsed the spectral countenance as it vanished from the moonbeam, which was streaming full into the room; and when Mr. Spalding, Willie, and the butler rushed in, a disbelieving trio, the minute after, Price was alone, with his teeth chattering as if everyone was endeavouring to give his own account of the matter.

There were a hundred thousand golden reasons for Mr. Spalding to

affect credence of the story, and to rebuke Myra, who, though her cheek grew pale and her brow anxious when the subject was discussed, yet gathered spirit to ridicule her rich lover's visionary terrors. And her ready—though unmarked by him—nervous laugh, went far that day to check his unwelcome civilities. For Price Smith's only idea of love was *courtship*, which he carried on with all the boldness of a man who counts gold and parental influence everything. However, after dinner, and rendered courageous and eloquent by two or three extra glasses of wine, he went to seek her as boldly as if he anticipated a cordial welcome as his reward.

Myra was standing by the window of a little room looking out upon the lawn, whose scattered trees wore a spectral air in the starlight. The room was in darkness, but Price assured the young lady that love was sufficient to light him to her side. Myra took no notice of this gallant speech, which was followed by one more florid.

"How can you talk such nonsense?" said Myra, impatiently.

"And how can you be so cruel as to treat me in this way?" rejoined the pertinacious suitor. "Come, Miss Myra, you might as well say the word at once."

"Well then—No. Now I hope you are content."

"Ah, but I'm not to be put off so! What's the use of all this, when you know the thing's really settled. I am not a man to be easily frightened."

"Except by Mr. Livingston's ghost!" interrupted Myra, maliciously.

"Deuce take Mr. Livingston's ghost!" cried Price Smith, as he attempted to take her hand.

The young lady shrank back. At the same instant Price saw Mr. Livingston's ghost glide between them. He saw no more, for something cold and heavy struck his forehead, and the bold suitor was stretched lifeless upon the floor.

Myra's screams soon brought assistance, and Price was restored to consciousness, to explain his downfall to whomsoever would credit it. For Myra had seen no ghost, and the thing began to wear an uglier aspect, even in the eyes of Price Smith. Why should the ghost haunt *him*? He had never injured Mr. Livingston either in person or spirit, indeed the spiritual part of anybody had always seemed quite immaterial to him. But the heavy blow he had received had a sensible effect on his brain, and he began to think that spirits must be very tangible things, or that it was a sort of vampire in Mr. Livingston's that persecuted him.

In fact he was in a terrible fright, and Myra could not help asking her father if he would not prove a brave protector for her. She was scolded for her impertinence to a man of so much worldly worth, and forthwith ordered to her room, to repent if she could. As to Price he had as little hope of rest as any troubled spirit, and gladly accepted Willie's offer to sit up with him, and give a warm reception to the ghost; with which aim young Spalding armed himself with the pistols, which he had kept loaded ever since this disagreeable spirit manifested itself.

Probably Mr. Livingston had been a wise man, for his ghost never came near the room. And when at length it was time for all haunted mansions to give up their ghosts, Willie took his leave with an impression that Sophy had said the truth when she doubted saucily—"That Mr. Smith or Robert had seen anything worse than themselves."

To reach his own room Willie had to go along the passage dividing Myra's apartments from the rest. Greatly to his astonishment he beheld a tall figure gliding towards him. Though he had always ignored all supernatural influences, Willie felt a strange awe creep over him, as the figure came steadily onward in the grey uncertain light of early dawn, and he

shrank from the thought of touching with his arms of flesh that shadowy form ; but as it was passing him he fired one of his pistols.

Better aim and nearer man seldom had, yet the figure started or wavered not, but glided on undisturbed, vanished in the deep shadow at the end of the passage, leaving Willie with the discharged pistol in his hand to answer the inquiries of half the household whom its report had summoned round him.

As for poor Price Smith he fairly took flight on the wings of fear which bore him back to London without flagging, and Myra said the ghost himself would not have been a greater riddance. But her father told her *she* was not rid of him, and counted his perfections and his pounds energetically, and dismissed her for the night with a harsh injunction to wake up a more sensible girl in the morning.

How much was to occur ere then ! Next morning Myra Spalding was not to be seen or heard of, except through the account of Sophy, who saying, that in the grey of the morning she had seen a figure like the description of Mr. Livingston's ghost walk off with her young mistress through the window, looked as terrified as if he had also walked off with her wits.

Mr. Spalding was astonished, Willie furious, and the whole neighbourhood justly scandalised that so respectable a man as Mr. Livingston had always appeared, should leave behind him so disreputable a ghost. But there was gloom and silence in the haunted house, where the women crept about in pairs, and the men turned pale at the flitting of their own shadows across the walls.

Meanwhile Mr. Spalding was heart-stricken at the loss of his daughter, who he now discovered had been his light and joy, and Willie strode gloomily about, muttering threats he had no power to execute. It was the fourth evening of this, for neither cared now whether ghosts or fiends possessed the house, when a knocking at the hall door called Robert to open it. In a moment he rushed, white and speechless, into the dining-room.

"Mr. Livingston's ghost !" exclaimed Willie, as the self-same figure he had fired at followed the servant into the room.

But on that figure's arm a girl was leaning. Father and son sprang forward, and the girl sank at the former's feet.

"Father," she said, "I could not rest until I had come back to implore your forgiveness for having become a bride without your sanction."

Mr. Spalding was already clasping her to his heart, and it was too late to deny the forgiveness he was only glad to be able to breathe over his supposed lost one in this world.

"And pray who am I to receive as a brother-in-law ?" inquired Willie, eyeing the stranger doubtfully. "And what did you do with the pistol bullet I shot into you ?"

"As to who I am—you, sir," said the bridegroom to Mr. Spalding, "may remember the name of a Captain Dysart, who had won your daughter's heart in Lincolnshire and wrote to you, but whose small fortune, as I found, induced you to reject me without consulting her.—As to your bullet, my good sir," he added, turning to Wille with a smile, "you may discover that in the possession of our faithful friend Sophy, who carefully abstracted all the bullets from your pistols.—My present appearance here, of course, explains all my former ones, though I learn that despite all good intentions I am considered to have disgraced a worthy man's memory. This I must deny ; and though I now drop the character, you will always find me ready to take the part of Mr. Livingston's ghost."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

NON-ATTENDANCE.

Frequent and just complaints are often made of the small attendance of members at lodges, and of deputies at district meetings and A.M.C.s. Nor is this apathy of recent date, or peculiar to the M.C. It was felt in the old benefit clubs, and is apparent in other societies at the present time. In many cases non-attendance appears to be the rule, and attendance the exception. To obviate this evil, different societies have had recourse to various expedients.

With us the lectures, and signs and passwords belonging to the several offices, &c., are calculated to awaken curiosity, and give members a greater interest in our meetings. And the business having often a benevolent tendency, and being always of a social and practical nature, wins the warm-hearted sympathy, and insures the helping hand of genial spirits, and is the most endurable bond of brotherhood. But there is still great cause for complaint. Many members take little or no interest in the Order, beyond paying (sending) their pence, often by deputy. They know but little about the business; having never taken office, they neither see nor feel the necessity of a regular attendance. There are others who occasionally take a part in the business, but from being over parsimonious, or of an unhappy disposition, rather hinder than assist the business. The benevolent principles of the Order never warm their bosoms—charity with them begins and ends at home. It would be well for the Unity if both these classes were more active for good. It would be an advantage to themselves, too, if they could be induced to take a greater interest in the real work of Odd-fellowship. They might then occasionally feel the “pleasure of giving pleasure.”

Of the importance of lodge and district meetings, and the advantage of a good attendance, no argument is required. And the same may be said of the A.M.C., for the business transacted at its meetings is indispensable. The A.M.C. is, in reality, the legislative assembly of the Order, which gives laws, harmony, and stability to all its branches. At its meetings the officers of the Order and Board of Directors are elected, and they form the highest tribunals in all cases of difficulty and appeal, and are the guardians of the funds, as well as of the rights of the Unity. It is, therefore, plainly the duty and the interest of districts to emulate each other in sending deputies competent to take a part in selecting the ablest men in the Unity, for these important offices. The Order has indeed been fortunate in this matter, for there have been, and are, men on the Board worthy of all honour, and to keep them there, or get better ones, if that be possible, is the duty of every district. The high and permanent position the society has attained is mainly to be attributed to the zeal, ability, and character of its officers. Every lodge is benefited by their impartial decisions, and ought to feel an interest in their appointment. Mutual benefits impose mutual obligations, and those who refuse their share of work fall below the rank of true Odd-fellows.

To insure a better attendance at the A.M.C., various propositions have been made, but abandoned, because they were more or less of a compulsory character. Their having been made, however, proves that dissatisfaction does exist upon the subject. It is plainly a difficult matter to legislate upon, but if districts will not voluntarily take their share of the business, steps ought to be taken to compel them to do so. The culpable indifference of some districts is to be lamented. The average number of deputies who

have attended the A.M.C. of late years has only been about 120. There are in England alone upwards of 350 districts, which, according to the 3rd General Law, could send 450 delegates. Some districts, however, fancy themselves scarcely justified in sending a deputy to every meeting, because the expense would be too heavy. Districts having under 1,000 members might send one at intervals of from two to five years. But the obstacle is not always a pecuniary one,—it is more indifference or individual caprice. Those upon whom the duty of representing the district is not likely to fall vote against the appointment, and lodges may spend as much in trying to prevent a deputy being sent to the A.M.C. as would pay their share of the expense. Such cases have been known; and, acting on this spirit, some districts are not represented for a long series of years. It does not require any great amount of experience to convince any one that if the privilege of representation were to be taken from those districts which have not sent a deputy to the A.M.C. for the last *ten* or *fifteen* years, they would instantly complain of the injustice. Men are prone to be dissatisfied when very questionable privileges are denied them, while they are wilfully apathetic respecting those which they possess.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when provident, intelligent men will act more consistently. There are men among us who labour earnestly, continuously, and disinterestedly, to promote the prosperity of the Order; but their efforts fail of half their result from want of sympathy and co-operation on the part of those with whom they labour. Nevertheless, much has already been done. The Order has become a "great fact;" but the good accomplished has resulted from comparatively few individuals. Let all the members "act as brothers,"—let there henceforward be a hearty co-operation, an union of effort,—let the thinkers be earnest and true, and let all unite to act the thoughts of our wisest and best men, and then there will be no need to complain of non-attendance.

Wisbech.

J. B.

IMMEDIATE EQUIVALENT FOR THE ANNUAL CONTRIBUTION AND INITIATION FEE.

MANCHESTER, MARCH 15TH, 1859.

To the Editor of the Odd-fellows' Magazine.

SIR,—I am very anxious to avoid appearing as a correspondent in your Magazine; but having cursorily examined the table appearing at page 50 in your last number, and finding it full of errors, again, finding the same to "be calculated upon the Tables XII. and LXXXIV. in C.S. Radcliffe's (Ratcliffe's) Book of Observations," I consider it my bounden duty to state that the table is very incorrect, and may very much mislead the members of the Unity.

I certainly cannot comprehend what use Table XII. is in a calculation of this kind, inasmuch as Table LXXXIV. is quite sufficient for all practical purposes.

If reference then be made to Table LXXXIV., rural, town, and city districts, age 20, I find the value of an annuity of £1 per annum to be £21·6287=£21 12s. 7d.; then the value of an annuity of 17s. 4d. per annum must be a proportionate part, amounting to £18 14s. 10d., and to this add the initiation money, 5s., and the result is £18 19s. 10d., and the table gives £19 11s. 8d. Referring to the initiation fee of 12s., I find the value of

the contribution and the initiation fee to be £21 5s. 2d., showing an increase of £1 13s. 6d., when the present value can only be increased by the increase of the initiation fee, which is 10s.; in one case 5s. being charged as initiation, in the other case 10s., no other element whatever being affected in one case more than the other. Referring again to age 20, and an initiation fee of £1 1s., the difference of this value from the last should be an addition of 6s., being the difference of the initiation fee; and one value is given at £21 5s. 2d., and the other £22 5s. 3d., showing the difference of £1 0s. 1d., or an error on the second, assuming the first to be correct at 12s. 1d.

Referring then to the last age given (40), Table LXXXIV., I find the value of an annuity of £1 per annum to be £16.6688 = £16 13s. 5d.; and as the contribution and additional contribution for a member of this age is £1 4s. 10d., as stated in Table V., the present value of this contribution, or immediate equivalent thereat, is £20 14s.; and the present payment of an initiation, according to 145th General Law, being £7 4s. 2d., gives an immediate equivalent or present value of £27 18s. 2d., and a difference between this value and the value given in the table of £8 10s. 6d.

On reference to Table VI., age 40, I find the value of £10 at the death of a member, the value of £5 at the death of a member's wife, and the value of 10s. per week during sickness, to be £36 17s. 8d.; this I have not examined, but I have no doubt it is correct. Then, on reference to Table V., I find the value of the member's contribution of 17s. 4d. per annum, and his initiation fee of £7 4s. 2d., to be £36 8s. 8d., being a sum only 9s. deficient to the value of the benefits; an error which would not have escaped the attention of a person conversant with these matters, but which would not be seen by others, and consequently would mislead them.

I remain, sir, yours truly,

HENRY RATCLIFFE.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We congratulate our readers on the fact of our respected C.S. becoming a contributor to the Magazine. With regard to the error to which he refers, we are happy in being able to give the following explanation:—Feeling that the Reports and other works issued by the Board of Directors were insufficiently published, and indeed scarcely known to the majority of our members, we requested a competent friend to furnish the article alluded to. A mistake has evidently been made in the compilation of the table of Immediate Equivalents, and we are obliged to our C.S. for correcting it. Indeed, the writer, three months since, frankly admitted his error, but his explanation came too late for publication in the January Number. The error in principle lies in his adding together the *present* value of contribution, and the *improved* value of the initiation fee, according to the expectation of life at each age. This is the whole gist of the matter; and if our readers will simply run their pens through the *three* columns headed Immediate Equivalent (Table 5, p. 50), and delete the note at the bottom of the page, no harm can arise. The rest of the table stands correct, as a statement of fact, and is at all times useful for reference. Upon the portion erased it was intended to found some arguments, which will not now be attempted.]

We should explain that the first illustration given by C.S. Ratcliffe is at the age of 20 throughout, the Immediate Equivalent being, as he says, £18 19s. 10d. But on referring to the January Report, 1859, we find the increased value of the contribution, payable oftener than annually—monthly we believe—is stated to be £19 4s. 3d., and if to this we add the fee of 5s., the total is £19 9s. 3d.; Table 5 has it £19 11s. 8d., or 2s. 5d. more than it ought to be, and so throughout the entire table. Though the difference is not really so great as stated by our C.S., it is still, we admit, a serious miscalculation. To save further discussion on this point, we have fairly stated the nature and the source of our friend's mistake. As to the misspelling of Mr. Ratcliffe's name, *that* error belongs to the printer, who, to save time at the end of the quarter, undertook to see to the correctness of the tabular portion of the article, and did not furnish us with a proof.]

THE MARQUESS OF BRISTOL'S ANSWER TO THE MANCHESTER UNITY ADDRESS.

The following answer to the address recently voted by the Brighton members of the Manchester Unity has been received :—

"EATON PLACE, MARCH 3RD, 1859.

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of the address from the members of the Brighton Lodges of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, which you were so good as to forward to me.

"That address is very acceptable, not only on account of the concern and sympathy which pervades it in regard to the heavy affliction with which our family has been visited, in the loss of an exemplary and venerated father, but also from the very grateful and feeling language in which the beneficent acts of our beloved parent are therein recorded.

"I shall esteem it a favour if you will avail yourself of the earliest opportunity that may occur of conveying my earnest acknowledgments to those who have thus expressed their sympathy with me and my family.

"I remain, faithfully yours,

"To Mr. James Curtis."

"BRISTOL.

ANNIVERSARIES AND BALANCE SHEETS.

To the Editor of the Odd-fellows' Magazine.

SIR,—On reading the many reports of lodge anniversaries and presentations in your January number, I was rather surprised to find, that there are districts and lodges who still continue to be *satisfied*, with having read at their annual gatherings a financial statement or balance sheet, generally ending with the statement, that *their funds are in such a prosperous condition, that they possess a capital of ——— which gives an average of £4. or 10s. per head,* (as the case may be.) Is it not high time, sir, that such a system was exploded, and that the managers of our districts and lodges ought to be able to lay before such meetings a statement, that their financial position was such, that they were able to *meet all their liabilities*; in truth, that they were able to pay twenty shillings in the pound? Presuming that there is a want of information amongst the members of our institution upon this—to us—most valuable portion of statistics, namely, the manner of taking a valuation of the assets and liabilities of a lodge, I would suggest—that as the *Magazine* has a very extensive circulation, and in all probability will increase that circulation—the appendix to vital statistics by our worthy C.S. of the Order be printed in it, with the slight alteration, that the tables include the valuation of contributions from 3d., 3½d., &c., up to sixty years of age.

Yours truly,

PHIS.

BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT MEETING.

The annual general meeting of the members and friends of this district was held in their hall on Monday, February 28th. More than 300 persons partook of tea, and at 7 p.m. the real business of the meeting commenced. Mr. Robert Owen, G.M., took the chair, and having addressed the meeting, called on Mr. Buck, the secretary, to read the report and financial statement of accounts for the past year.

The report stated that the total number of members in the district on the 1st of January, 1858, was 3,666. There had joined, by entrance, 221; by clearance, 10; by card, 1: total, 232. Thirty-nine members had died, entitled to funeral donations, and 2 suspended; 188 had left by non-payment, 5 by card, and 12 by clearance; leaving the total number of members, 3,652. Of the members joining, 57 were under 21 years of age, 107 under 25, 52 under 30, and 16 under 34. The sickness returns showed the number of days' sickness to be 1,966 days at 2s. per day; 25,016 days at 1s. 8d. per day; half pay, 315 days at 1s.; 8,046 at 10d., and 1,116 days at sums from 6d. to 8d. per day, these persons being allowed to follow a light occupation. The total number of days were—full pay, 26,982; reduced pay, 9,162 days, Sundays not included, 6,077; making the total sickness experience, 42,359 days, spread over 795 members out of the 3,652 members, an average of 11 days 15 hours on the whole number, being considerably heavier than the experience of any tables published for the average age of the members. The number of deaths had been—males, 41; females, 34. The receipts for sick fund had been—contributions and entrances, £3 890 2s. 7d.; interest on capital, £942 7s. 11d.; and the payments for sickness had been £2,662 17s. 4d.; funerals, £567; leaving a surplus to be carried to capital account of £1,383 12s. 6d.; and making the total reserve capital in sick and funeral fund of lodges, £28,508 12s. 11d.; management fund, £469 3s. 11d. The report then alluded to the amount of sickness and mortality experienced by the older lodges, whose experience was considerably increased by having members entirely incapacitated from labour, and showed that the reduced sick pay fund of the district, from which all half-pay members were paid, had been of great service in equalising these liabilities. The highest sickness experienced of a lodge had been 33 days 2 hours per member; while, in another with the same number of members, it had been 2 days 3 hours, showing the difference where the liabilities were only spread over a small number, while the lowest experience in the oldest lodge during the last seven years had been 19 days; the highest 23 days. The report, after calling attention to the careful investment of funds, and various other matters of interest, concluded by an expression of thanks to the secretary for his attention to the business of the district. The following is the statement of the reserve capital:—

	£	s.	d.
To balance in hand of Sick and Funeral Fund of 58 Lodges, 3,652 Members	28,508	12	11
To balance in hand of Incidental Fund of Lodges and District...	615	0	9
Do. do. Funeral and Reduced Sick Fund of District.	860	16	8
To Hall, Property, Money Invested	2,971	9	6
Library and Funds	52	7	8
Widow and Orphans' Fund, 500 Members.....	2,069	10	9
	<u>£35,077</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>3</u>

INAUGURATION OF A MONUMENT TO THE LATE RICHARD KIRKBRIDE, C.S. OF THE CARLISLE DISTRICT

On Saturday, January 1st, 1859, the inauguration of a monument to the memory of the late Richard Kirkbride, P.P.G.M. and C.S, took place at Carlisle. A large number of members and friends met at the City of Carlisle Lodge Room, and after forming a procession, proceeded to the Cemetery,

headed by the district officers, where an appropriate address was delivered by Prov. G.M. David Latimer, who expatiated at considerable length on the usefulness of the deceased brother, both as a lodge, district, and Unity member. The late Richard Kirkbride was initiated as member of the City of Carlisle Lodge on the 8th day of March, 1841, and on the election night following, was appointed to the office of secretary, and afterwards passed through the offices of V.G., N.G., and G.M. of the lodge. At the election of district officers in December, 1843, he was elected to the office of G.M., and the following year was chosen as C.S., which office he held up to the time of his decease. As a proof of the satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duties as a district officer, and the esteem in which he was held by the various lodges in the district, he was presented (on Easter Monday, 1849) with a gold lever watch and appendages, value £22. He represented the Carlisle district at the A.M.C.s., held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Bristol, Southampton, Blackburn, Halifax, Dublin, Preston, South London, Durham, and Norwich. At the Halifax, Dublin, and South London A.M.C.s., he was appointed one of the Board of Directors. The monument is of the Gothic order, and consists of a square base, with chastely-cut panels and inscription; a square centre piece, with a tablet representing a hand and heart, encircled with a neatly-chiselled wreath, as emblematic of the principles of the Order; and a square tapering pillar. The entire erection is 12 feet high, and is of the hardest class of white Prudham stone. It was both designed and executed by Mr. Raper, and is a highly-creditable specimen of artistic talent and exquisite workmanship. It bears the following inscription:—"Erected to the memory of Richard Kirkbride, of Carlisle, by the members of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows Manchester Unity, and friends, as a mark of respect for his valuable services rendered in the cause of Odd-fellowship. Born January 12th, 1805. Died November 19th, 1857."

WOOLWICH.—WOOLWICH DISTRICT MEETING.—A general meeting of the members of the Woolwich District was held on Monday, February 28th, at the Town Hall, to consider the practicability of erecting an Odd-fellows' Hall. The meeting was presided over by Prov. G.M. Wilson, supported by the P.D.G.M. and the P.C.S. Palmer, the members of the hall committee, and officers and brothers of the Order. The president briefly explained to the meeting what steps had been taken in the district during the last two years to advance the object in view, and read the clause of the Friendly Societies' Act, which gives the society power to invest their funds in a building for the meetings of the society. It is intended to erect a hall capable of holding 1,000 persons, with two or three rooms, for the use of lodges and committees, and any other purposes for which they may be required during the day—such as a school for the children of Odd-fellows and others, and the occasional use of other friendly societies. A series of resolutions were passed in favour of the scheme, and several excellent speeches were delivered by officers, past officers, and members of the Order, strongly urging the desirability of the carrying out the proposed project. A committee was appointed, consisting of the district officers and other members, to carry out the resolutions, and take other necessary steps to bring the matter to a successful issue; and, after a vote of thanks to the presiding officer, the meeting closed.

PARTICULARS REQUIRED FROM PROPOSED MEMBERS.

The following form is in use in several London lodges, and is proposed for the adoption of the Order generally:—

When were you born?.....
 At what place?
 What trade or occupation?.....
 Are you married?
 When were you married?
 When was your wife born?.....
 Have you had the Small Pox, Cow Pox, or been Vaccinated?
 Have you ever been afflicted with Rheumatism, Rupture, Fits or Con-
 vulsions, Habitual Cough, Asthma, Insanity, Spitting of Blood, or any
 Chronic Disease?
 Have you resided abroad?
 Are you of temperate habits?
 Are you now afflicted with any disease or disorder tending to hinder you
 from business or to shorten life?
 Is there anything touching your past or present state of health or habits,
 or your wife's, which you ought now to disclose?

I hereby declare that the foregoing Statements and Answers are true in substance and fact, and that nothing is concealed or omitted affecting mine or my wife's health or constitution. And I agree that this declaration shall be the basis of the contract between me and the above Society, under its General Laws, and that if any fraudulent or untrue averment is contained therein, or in the Answers, all monies to be paid the above Lodge or any other on account of benefits, shall be forfeited.

Signature,..... Residence,.....

From the above Answers, and my personal examination of the said
, I hereby certify that I consider
 him a fit person to become a Member of this Order.

Surgeon,.....
 Date,..... Residence,.....

METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS.—CRYSTAL PALACE EXCURSION. The committee of the Metropolitan Districts have made arrangements to celebrate the Crystal Palace Demonstrations on Monday and Tuesday, the 1st and 2nd of August next. The success which attended the excursion to this delightful place of recreation last year induces the promoters to hope for a full attendance of members and friends on the forthcoming occasion. It may be interesting to our readers to state that the net profit arising from the excursions on the 2nd and 3rd of August last was £258 10s. 7d.; which was thus apportioned: The Metropolitan District Fund of the North London District, £115 9s. 2d.; ditto, South London, £119 12s. 11d.; ditto, Pimlico, £32 10s. 7d. It will thus be seen that, while the visitors to the People's Palace at Sydenham partook fully of all the amusements and delights of that charming place, they were doing real good in augmenting the funds of the Metropolitan Districts, and assisting to relieve the widows and orphans of their deceased brethren. This year increased attractions will be provided; the great fountains will play, and several military bands will be in attendance. Arrangements are being made whereby country members may reach the Crystal Palace without inconvenience, and it is hoped that the friends of the Order resident in the provinces will render their cordial aid to their metropolitan brethren. Any information, relative to these excursions, will be readily given by the secretary, Mr. V. R. Burgess (South London District), Mr. J. Harris (North London District), or any of the committee. Our editorial friends of the London and provincial press will do good service to the Order by a brief notice of the Crystal Palace Excursions in their several journals.

PRESENTATIONS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c.

AUSTRALIA.—We have received the *Newcastle Chronicle* of October 30th, containing a full and interesting account of the laying of the foundation stone of an Odd-fellows' Hall, in Newcastle, Australia. From the address of James Hannell, Esq., Justice of the Peace, we learn that Odd-fellowship in Australia is everywhere flourishing, and that the principles of our Order are fully carried out and appreciated by our brethren across the seas. We regret that we cannot find space for the admirable speech of this gentleman, one of the oldest Odd-fellows in the colony.

BARNARD CASTLE UNITED BROTHERS' LODGE.—The members of the above lodge held a public tea party at the house of Mr. Robert Borrowdale, Bridgegate, on Friday, the 31st of December, 1858. The soirée was for the benefit of the Children's Funeral Fund connected with the society; and the occasion had also been selected by the members to present their secretary, Mr. John Gibbon, with a pair of silver spectacles. The tea and its concomitants were all that could be desired, and reflected the highest credit upon the ladies who had provided the repast. After tea J. C. Cust, Esq., was unanimously called to the chair, and various speeches were made by members and others on the advantages derived from Odd-fellowship. Want of space compels us to omit the very full and interesting report with which we have been furnished.

BOSTON.—HEARTS OF OAK LODGE.—In 1837, a few respectable mechanics, anxious to provide against those temporary causes which too often paralyse all subsequent efforts, conceived the idea of following in the wake of many large towns, by the establishment of an Odd-fellows' Lodge; the principle had been fairly tested in the manufacturing districts, and it was justly argued that an institution in Boston, under proper management, must be productive of equally good results. The movement was countenanced by several intelligent tradesmen, the preliminaries were duly arranged, and in the month of April, 1838, the "Hearts of Oak" Lodge opened under excellent auspices, officered by men of business habits, and conducted with economy, gradually extended in numbers, obtained from several residents in the borough substantial support in the form of honorary members, became an institution of some magnitude for an agricultural district, and extended its branches in various directions. The lodge now numbers 124 members. The following is the state of its funds:—Sick and Funeral Fund, £1,076 6s. 8d.; Incidental Fund, £4 19s. 4½d.; Widows' and Orphans' Fund, £4 19s. 0d.; total, £1,086 5s. 0¾d. This very flourishing state of things has been brought about by continued good management, by carefully protecting the funds from superfluous expenditure, and by invariably keeping faith with the public, largely augmenting the number of members. Notwithstanding the past year has been much more expensive than the average, we find that there has been an increase over 1857 of £40 19s. 5½d. Not fewer than 32 members received sick pay during the past twelve months.

BRISTOL.—The Loyal Benevolent Lodge held their sixteenth anniversary in the lodge room, Limekiln Lane, on Tuesday, February 22nd, when about 50 of the members partook of an excellent dinner. The chairs were taken by the N.G. and V.G. of the lodge—Mr. John Silley, N.G., and Mr. Francis Wood, V.G. W. D. Bigwood presided at the piano. After the usual loyal and lodge toasts, a very handsome silver snuff-box was presented to one of the past officers, bearing the following inscription: "Presented by the members of the Benevolent Lodge to P.G. Richard Derham, as a token of respect for his long and faithful services. 1858."

CAMBRIDGE.—On Tuesday evening, January 25th, a large number of the members of the Earl Fitzwilliam Lodge met for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to P.P.G.M. Cursley, as a recognition of his services as cashier, and for his energetic exertions in promoting the prosperity of Odd-fellowship. The testimonial consisted of a handsome and valuable silver watch, and was presented to Mr. Cursley by Mr. Ginn, who in an appropriate speech alluded to the zeal and energy evinced by Mr. Cursley for the welfare of the lodge, and also to his benevolent disposition, and to the general respect the members had for him. Mr. Cursley, in acknowledging the compliment, referred to his connection with that and other lodges during a period of eighteen years, and said that he should never part with such a handsome mark of esteem. A few remarks from the Chairman of the Committee followed. In the lodge room was placed an emblem containing the following inscription: "In commemoration of the presentation of a testimonial to P.P.G.M. George William Cursley, by the members of the Earl Fitzwilliam Lodge, in approbation of his zeal and diligence in the performance of his duties as cashier of the lodge, and in appreciation of his general perseverance in the cause of Odd-fellowship. The following members comprised the committee to carry out the intentions of the subscribers, and the testimonial was a handsome silver watch of the value of £5. P.G. Barrell, P.G. J. Hempstead, P.G. Peters, P.G. Tuxford, N.G. Fulcher, P.G. Willmott, Bro. Denis, Bro. D. Gatwood. January 25, 1859."

DEWSBURY.—A grand soir   took place at the Public Hall, Dewsbury, on the 28th of December last, at which about four hundred persons were present. The hall was decorated with drapery and flags bearing appropriate mottoes, such as, "The Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U.," "Welcome Alexander, G.M. of the Order," "Knowledge is Power," "Union is Strength," &c. Among the guests present were the Rev. James Dixon, of Hanging Heaton; Rev. Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds; Rev. J. Taylor, Dewsbury; Rev. J. Ogden; Rev. J. McCallum; Mr. Wm. Alexander, G.M. of the Order; Mr. J. Schofield, of Bradford, P.G.M.; W. Aitken, Esq., of Ashton-under-Lyne; and other gentlemen of influence. The Ossett Apollo Glee Club was in attendance, and contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening, by the excellent manner in which they rendered a number of songs, glees, &c.—Lapse of time prevents our inserting a more extended notice of this interesting meeting; we cannot, however, resist making a short extract from the speech of our friend and Grand Master, Mr. Alexander, in reference to the recent attack of the *Times*:—"While we are using every exertion in our power to make our members better men and better citizens, we do not deserve the castigation of the *Times*, in calling us swindlers, &c. Odd-fellowship has brought many from the brink of ruin, and thousands have lived to bless the day they joined our Order."

HEREFORD.—The musical soir  , for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, took place at the Corn Exchange, in this city, on Monday evening, January 3rd, 1859. His worship the Mayor (E. Abley, Esq.) was kind enough to preside; and a highly respectable company, numbering nearly 400, assembled at the appointed time. Tea, with its usual concomitants, was served in excellent style, after which the Mayor, in a brief address, congratulated the audience upon the suitable and spacious room in which they were assembled, and the large numbers and great respectability of the company present. The object which brought them together was most laudable, and he not only expressed his coincidence with the principles of the institution, but announced his intention to join it as a member. He felt it a pleasure and an honour to preside over such a

meeting assembled for such a purpose (cheers). Mr. G. Price, the treasurer, then read the following report :—"In presenting their annual report to the members and friends of this branch of our institution, the committee beg to congratulate them on the prosperity that has attended the society during the past year. At the present time the claims on the society are one widow and two orphans. By the returns of the different lodges in the district for the year 1858, we find that three members have died who were not subscribers of this society. To this fact the committee beg to call the attention of those members not connected with it, to show the importance of their at once becoming members, and making some provision for their wives and children, should it please Providence to remove them from this earthly lodge. We would urge them not to delay becoming subscribers, as no time is like the present. The committee trust the fund during the present year will receive a large accession of new members who have hearts to feel, as there cannot be any employment which is calculated to give more pleasure to the mind than that of relieving the distresses and administering to the wants of our fellow creatures, particularly of the widows and orphans, of those dear ones who are left to mourn in sorrow for the loss of him who in life was their solace and friend. Let us all therefore unite to gladden the heart of the fatherless and widow in the hour of affliction. In the statement of the accounts it will be seen that the fund has increased during the past year £54 10s. 6½d., and during the same period, twelve new members joined. Donations have also been received from ladies and gentlemen, and these the committee gratefully acknowledge. They also beg, in behalf of the society, to tender their thanks to those friends who have come forward and so liberally supported them on every endeavour to add to the stability and prosperity of the fund. They also hope that the present meeting may prove as pleasant and agreeable as the last two soirées, and that as the principles of Odd-fellowship become better known and understood, the appeal made annually on behalf of the Widows and Orphans' Fund may meet with a hearty response. Value of fund, December 29th, 1857, £580 1s. 5d.; ditto, December 28th, 1858, £634 11s. 11½d.; increase, £54 10s. 6½d. Number of members, 1857, 108; ditto, 1858, 120. Invested with Town Council, £500; in Savings Bank, £117 16s. 1d.; balance in hand (general fund), £11 14s. 2d.; ditto, (management fund), £5 1s. 8½d.; total, £634 11s. 11½d."

Mr. Wood, Mr. Jas. Hull, P.G., and others addressed the meeting in eloquent terms, and a vote of thanks to the chairman was proposed and carried with acclamations.—The Mayor made a brief and suitable acknowledgement of the compliment.

Then commenced a concert, of which the following is a programme :—

PART I.

Overture	"Tancredi"	Rossini.
Madrigal	"Come, let us all a Maying go"	Atterbury.
Duet... ..	"Stars of the Summer night"	Hatton.
Glee	"See our oars"	Stevenson.
Song	"England, freedom's home"	Hopkinson.
Quadrille	"The Topsy"	D'Albert.
Song	"I'd rather be an Englishman"	Farmer.
Part Song... ..	"Patter Patter"	Hatton.

PART II.

Overture	"Guy Mannering"	Bishop
Glee... ..	"The last rose of Summer"	Neithart.
Song	"Hurrah for the gipsy's joyial life"	Winterbottom.
Part Song	"O, who will o'er the Downs"	Pearsall.
Song	"Our fathers' days were happy days"	Williams.

Mr. T. Carpenter ably presided at the pianoforte, and the musical *corps* comprised some of the lay clerks, and some amateurs, who acquitted themselves exceedingly well, and earned the warm applause of the audience. The *finale* of "God save the Queen" terminated the entertainments of a very pleasant evening.

NUNEATON, WARWICKSHIRE.—On Monday, January 17th, the Loyal Tradesman's Hope Lodge, No. 3720, celebrated their anniversary at the Newdegate Arms Hotel, (Host and Brother Thomas Bills,) when about eighty brethren and visiting friends sat down to a sumptuous repast. R. B. Nason, Esq., surgeon, presided, supported on the right by T. S. Bourne, Esq., surgeon, and T. Stanton, and on the left by W. Wagstaff, treasurer to the Howard Lodge, Attleborough, and Joseph Adams, the trustee of the Tradesman's Hope; the vice-chair being efficiently occupied by the secretary, Mr. D. Drake, supported by Mr. W. Taverner, of the Howard Lodge, and G. M. of the Atherstone district, with brother officers on the left. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman addressed the brethren on the beneficial results of Odd-fellowship generally, especially the M.U., and proposed "success to the Tradesman's Hope Lodge." The secretary, in responding to the toast, said that in January, 1858, their lodge consisted of 68 members, and their funds £310 4s. 3d.; and in January, 1859, their numbers were still sixty-eight, while their funds had steadily increased to £385 3s. 4d., leaving a clear gain to the lodge, after paying the sick and all other incidental demands, of £74 19s. 1d., which, of itself, spoke more than he could tell them for the cause of Odd-fellowship. After various toasts had been proposed and responded to, the evening was devoted to harmony, in which the Nuneaton Glee Club and several brothers and visitors cordially assisted.

NORFOLK.—The fifteenth anniversary meeting of the members and friends of the Loyal Nelson Lodge was held at the Grapes Inn on the 24th of Feb., when a large party dined together in the lodge room, which has recently been very considerably enlarged. P.S. James Springhall presided; supported by John Norgate, Esq., the treasurer; J. B. Pitt, Esq., the surgeon of the lodge; C.S. Samuel Daynes, P.G.M. Calver, P.D.G.M. Samuel Clarke, and several respectable citizens. N.G. Smith occupied the vice-chair. After an excellent dinner, the customary loyal and patriotic toasts were given, followed by the health of the chief magistrate, G. Middleton, Esq., and prosperity to the city of Norwich. The chairman then proceeded to what was regarded as the principal feature of the evening's proceedings—the presentation of a handsome gold watch-chain and medallion to P.G. Samuel Bond, the medallion bearing the following inscription, engraved by Mr. Dallinger:—"Testimonial of esteem presented to P.G. Samuel Bond, by the members and friends of the Loyal Nelson Lodge, M.U.I.O.F., for fourteen years' active services in promoting its prosperity. Feb. 24th, 1859."—In making the presentation, the chairman expressed great delight in having to discharge so agreeable a duty, observing that Brother Bond, during his fourteen years' connection with the lodge, had borne an unimpeachable character, and performed many important services. For nearly the whole of that time he had filled the office of sick steward, ever evincing the greatest kindness to the brethren in affliction. As secretary, too, his duties had been very onerous, but his accounts had nevertheless been kept with what might be termed almost marvellous accuracy. In every respect he had proved himself worthy of all the esteem and regard they could possibly manifest towards him, and it was but right therefore that they should endeavour to pay to him some little tribute of respect.—P.G. Samuel Bond expressed his sincere gratitude for the kindness of his

friends, and his deep sense of the honour which they had conferred upon him in presenting him with so valuable a gift. He recounted the various offices which he had filled in connection with Odd-fellowship, and concluded by giving, "the health of the Grand Master and Board of Directors," coupling with the toast the name of C.S. Samuel Daynes—Mr. Daynes said that that meeting was interesting to him for two reasons—because it celebrated the accumulation of a certain amount of capital by that lodge, which was the first to set the excellent example of adjusting the rate of payments according to the amount of benefits expected from their contributions, and because a personal friend of his had that evening received at their hands a well-deserved tribute of esteem and respect. Although in the beginning of 1858 the country had scarcely emerged from a great commercial crisis, yet during that year the number of members in connection with the Order, was increased to the extent of 11 000, and on the 1st of January, the Unity could boast of no fewer than 287,000 paying members. In the Norwich District alone they paid, during the year 1858, £2,645 7s. 11½d. to 1,241 sick members. The great utility of these societies was now acknowledged by every class in the community, but considerable doubts had existed as to their financial stability. If there had ever been a ground, however, for such doubts, it had been removed entirely by the adoption of the increased contributions, the example of Norwich having been followed in this respect by nineteen-twentieths of the Manchester Unity. The additional payment of a penny per week, or 4s. 4d. per annum, from each of the 5,802 members of this district, had realised the large sum of £1,277 2s., more than one-third of their accumulation for the past year. This was sufficient to show the importance of the work accomplished by such men as Mr. Bond, and others, who had taken upon themselves the disagreeable duty of asking for increased taxation. The fact was that the Order was financially placed on a sound and lasting basis. They had had a compliment recently paid to the efforts of the industrial classes by a great man, a man whose power of intellect was not disputed, however much people might differ from him in other matters. Mr. Bright had told the people of Bradford, that the registered benefit societies of this country possessed a capital of £9 000,000 sterling, and he gave this as a proof of the advancing intelligence of the working classes, and as a reason why he thought them fit to be intrusted with additional political power. He (Mr. Daynes) did not use this as a political argument, but merely cited Mr. Bright's words as showing that gentleman's impression of the utility and value of benefit societies. The hon. gentleman's information was taken from a pamphlet prepared by Mr. Tidd Pratt, under the order of the Government, and this document showed that the registered benefit societies not only possessed a capital of £9,000,000 sterling, in the middle of last year, but, during that year had expended not less than £2,000,000 in the relief of their sick members. The registered societies, however, were but a small portion of the benefit societies of this country, and if they took into their calculation the other clubs of a similar character, they would find, from the best information that could be obtained, that the whole body of benefit societies in this kingdom possessed a capital of £40,000,000, and if they added to this the accumulation in the savings' banks, it would be found that the total accumulated wealth of the lower orders, amounted to the large sum of no less than £70,000,000. Mr. Daynes then adverted to the value of the social element in the Manchester Unity, which he contended was an important bond of union, and the absence of which in many other societies, was the cause of the want of sympathy and the weakness that prevailed. He concluded by proposing the toast, "Success to the Nelson Lodge."—P.G. James Gaze responded to the toast, and gave some valuable statistics as to the past and present condition of the

Nelson Lodge."—Several other toasts were afterwards given, including the officers of the Norwich District, the trustees of the lodge, the treasurer, the chairman, the surgeon, the vice-chairman, the visiting members, &c., &c., and the company separated, after having spent a very agreeable evening.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The 14th Anniversary of the Marc Antony Lodge was celebrated on Thursday 16th March, at the "Earl Cathcart," Munster Square, Regent's Park; P.G. Essery, one of the oldest members, taking the chair. There were present, also, P.G.M. Roe, (one of the directors), Prov. G.M. Filsell, and D.G.M. Carter, who made some interesting speeches. "The Press" was responded to by G. F. Pardon, (V.G. and editor of the Magazine), who occupied the vice chair. With reference to some remarks as to Friendly Societies not being noticed more frequently, he pointed out that the members themselves were much to blame in not giving to the newspapers proper information of their progress and doings. "Success and prosperity to the Marc Antony Lodge" being proposed, the secretary, (P.G. Harris), stated that, in January last, the Order was composed of 429 Districts, having 3,202 Lodges, and 287,573 members. The Marc Antony was of course only one of those lodges, and during the past ten years had paid upwards of £483 to members in sickness, and £200 for sums at death: the benefits being 12s. weekly, in sickness; £12 at the death of a member; and £6 on the death of a wife. At the close of 1858, the lodge had 182 members, and £826 surplus funds. Much interest was created by the presence of P.Prov G.M. Zox, of Melbourne, who gave a glowing account of the state of Odd-fellowship in the Australian Colony. The large number present emphatically expressed their disapproval of the Act surreptitiously passed at the close of last Session, which places it in the power of a quarter of the members of any Friendly Society to break it up.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—On Friday, January 28th, the large room of the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, was filled with members of the various lodges, under the presidency of Prov.G.M. Filsell, and D.G.M. Carter, to witness the presentation to P.P.G.M. Adam Ewart, of a very handsome silver tea-service, in admiration of his sterling integrity and recognition of his faithful services as a district and lodge officer. The present, with an appropriate testimonial accompanying it, was delivered to him by P.G.M. Roe, C.S. of the district, who, in an eloquent speech set forth the worth of the recipient to this Society: and Mr. Ewart suitably acknowledged the gift, which had been purchased with the voluntary subscriptions of the members.

SALFORD, MANCHESTER.—The members of the Waterloo Lodge celebrated their anniversary by an excellent dinner, when about 130 were present; P.P.G.M. Edward Howarth, District C.S., in the chair, supported by the G.M. and D.G.M., Messrs. E. Varley and W. H. Beesley. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman stated that he had a very pleasing duty to perform, which was the presentation of a testimonial of respect, engrossed on vellum, suitably framed, to P.G. John Johnson. On behalf of the members he presented the gift, and dwelt at some length upon the services performed by P.G. Johnson, who had filled the important position for a many years of Permanent Secretary. P.G. Johnson, in a feeling manner, acknowledged the token, and gave a cheering account of the prosperity of the lodge, which had been in existence 44 years. The remainder of the evening was very agreeably occupied by songs, recita-

tions, &c. Messrs. Cowan, Connell, Wood, Jollard, and Riley, &c., contributing greatly to the evening's entertainment.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The members of the Fidelity Lodge, No. 3,396, celebrated their sixteenth anniversary on Monday evening, January 10th, at the All Saints' National Schoolroom. This lodge is the first in Southampton which has set the laudable example of removing their place of meeting to a locality free from the temptations of the public-house, and on the present occasion they made another step in advance, by resolving to celebrate their annual festival by a public tea, wherein their wives and sweethearts could unite, instead of dining together by themselves according to the ordinary practice. The schoolroom was prettily decorated with flags and evergreens, and a goodly number of persons sat down to enjoy the pleasures of the tea table. After the social meal was over, the chair was taken by the Rev. H. Carey, rector of All Saints', supported by the Rev. A. B. Burton, incumbent of Trinity, the Rev. W. Roberts, of Albion Chapel, the Rev. J. G. Wright, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Mr. Alderman Clark, Dr. Pardey, Messrs. T. Falvey, J. R. Weston, H. Pond, and the Officers of the lodge. The chairman opened the business of the meeting, and called upon Mr. Harle, the secretary, to read the annual report. This document congratulated the members on the steady progress which the lodge was making, 26 new members having been admitted, and nearly £99 added to its funds, during the past year. It has lost eight members in the same period by death, removal, and other causes; and the present number of benefit members is 191, and 2 honorary. The total receipts for the year ending on the 31st December, for the sick, funeral, and Widows and Orphans' Funds, with interest on capital, and for management and medical expenses, amounted to £433 6s. 11d.; and the total expenditure, in payment of sick members, funeral fees, widows and orphans, medical attendance, and management expenses, was £334 7s. 3d., showing a balance in favour of the lodge of £98 19s. 8d. The worth of the lodge funds at the end of the year was £1,754 0s. 10d., (of which sum £1,560 is lent on mortgage,) being an average saving of £109 12s. 6d. a year since the opening of the lodge. Several of the gentlemen above-named subsequently addressed the meeting, congratulating the society on the prosperous condition of its funds, and the proceedings throughout were of a very gratifying character, many excellent hints and suggestions being thrown out by different speakers, which were warmly applauded by the audience.—Reduced from the *Hampshire Independent*, of January 15th.

WIRKSWORTH DISTRICT.—The members of the Loyal Arcanum Lodge met on the evening of Jan. 8th, at the Cock Inn, Cromford, for the purpose of presenting to P.P.G.M. John Mather a handsome silver watch, as a testimonial of the esteem and respect of his brethren, and as an acknowledgement of the many and various services rendered to the lodge and district during a period of twenty-five years. Wm. Webb, Esq., M. D., and M. R. C. S., addressed the meeting in an appropriate speech, and presented the testimonial. P.P.G.M. John Mather, in returning thanks, complimented the members on the progressive and prosperous state of the district, and spoke of the great benefits that Friendly Societies, and more especially the M.U., conferred upon society generally. He also alluded to the advantages which that lodge, and other Benefit Societies in the neighbourhood, enjoyed, in having the services of such a gentleman as Dr. Webb, whose punctuality and assiduity, in attending to their wants, was equalled only by his medical skill. After the health of P.G.M. and C.S. Benjamin Street, and other toasts, had been given, the party separated.





Yours truly
Fred^d Richmond
P. P. M. G. M.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. XX.

JULY 1st, 1859.

Vol. II.

FREDERICK RICHMOND, P.Prov. G.M.

WHEN we hear of great exploits, either military or scientific, with what pleasure do we turn to those sources of information whence we hope to glean something relative to the origin or career of the hero or philosopher! In like manner, though there may not be many striking incidents to record in the brief memoirs which appear in our Magazine, still there is much to be admired in the earnest, and sometimes successful, efforts of those who have laboured to carry out the objects of an institution whose chief aim is to lessen in some degree a vast amount of human misery.

The subject of this notice is a native of Manchester, and was born on the 17th of December, 1799. He is the elder brother of the late Mr. George Richmond, a P.G.M. of the Order. His Odd-fellow's life, which must principally interest our readers, has not been deficient of those incidents which have the effect of developing the capabilities of men to fill important positions in society, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have preferred performing a subordinate part. Mr. Richmond, being a careful observer of the habits of the society in which he mixed, was early led to see the necessity for the working classes making some provision whilst in health for a time of sickness and death; and when at the large engineering establishment of Messrs. Fawcett & Co., of Liverpool, he was appointed to manage the sick society established amongst the workmen. The facilities thus afforded him for testing the advantages of these clubs, together with the experience gained by his connection with several others of a similar character, materially strengthened his convictions of the utility of Friendly Societies; but it was some years before his prejudice against *secret societies*—as Odd-fellows' lodges were then regarded—were overcome, or that he could be induced to join our Order.

In the year 1839, Mr. Richmond entered the Loyal Peace Lodge, Liverpool District, a name somewhat characteristic of his disposition; but shortly afterwards removing to Goole, in Yorkshire, he threw his clearance into the Good Samaritan Lodge in that town. It was whilst a member of this lodge that the impulses of his candid and open mind were called forth; and whilst resisting the attempt of an officer in the district to stifle the free expression of opinion, on the ground that, "though a brother, he was not an officer," he determined to take an active part in the management

of its affairs. At the next election of officers he was appointed secretary ; but his business engagements having terminated, he removed to Manchester, and, at the pressing request of his brother and other members of the Countess of Wilton Lodge, withdrew his clearance from Goole, and placed it in that lodge.

More plainly to others than to himself, the struggle which at one time threatened the existence of the Unity was daily becoming apparent, and some difficulty was therefore experienced in obtaining members competent to fill offices which might entail considerable trouble and obloquy upon their holders. An old friend, having been proposed as N.G., declined to accept the office, unless Mr. Richmond would assist him as V.G. Mr. Richmond consented ; and during the period in which he held this and the higher offices of his lodge, its business had rarely been more ably conducted, or its interests more faithfully conserved.

It will be remembered by many of our readers that during the agitation of 1845-6, several officers, both of the Order and of the Manchester District, were suspended by the Board of Directors, and that the false representations made by some of those persons had secured them numerous friends. The position of the Countess of Wilton Lodge during that period was peculiarly trying ; for not only were some of the suspended persons members of that lodge, but they possessed considerable influence, and their control had seldom been disputed. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that attempts should be made to involve the lodge in the general dispute. Opportunity was soon afforded, and a crowd of "suspended members" forced their way into the lodge-room ; but their object was defeated by the decision of Mr. Richmond, who at once closed the lodge, and, together with the friends of order, withdrew. His firmness and promptitude were displayed on several other occasions, and his example and advice tended greatly to allay the irritation which existed among the members ; and when we state that the Countess of Wilton Lodge was the only one "in compliance" in the Manchester District at that time, it reflects honour on both officers and members to find them pass so well through the struggle.

The division that subsequently took place in the Manchester District, besides severing old friendships, left the funds of lodges, district, and widows and orphans, in a very unsatisfactory state,—nearly £2,000 being locked up in the hands of bankers, by protests against withdrawal from both sides. It was during the term of Mr. Richmond's office, as G.M. of the district, and mainly through his instrumentality, that these conflicting claims were satisfactorily adjusted ; and so sensible were the "committee of arrangement" of the important services he had rendered, that the district awarded him a handsome compensation.

In 1851, Mr. Richmond was first appointed a deputy to the Dublin A.M.C., and lent his support to the proposition for the registration of the Unity under the Friendly Societies' Act. At this A.M.C. he was elected a member of the Board of Directors, and again in the years 1852-3 ; and although the custom of his district has generally been to send their district officers to these annual meetings, yet such is the esteem in which Mr. Richmond is held that he has been appointed their deputy five or six times. They have also for several years nominated him as D.G.M. of the Order ; and it is to be regretted that he suffered a defeat at Durham, where he was slightly behind Mr. Cox, as subsequent events have shown that the character of the Order would have been much better sustained by Mr. Richmond, as its principal officer. In all questions which have arisen affecting the interests and prosperity of the Order Mr. Richmond has taken a deep interest ; and all efforts made in his own district to

advance its social influence, or improve its financial position, have received his hearty approval and earnest support.

Mr. Richmond is a trustee of his lodge (one of the richest in the Unity, in comparison with its numbers) and treasurer of his district, and at the Swansea A.M.C. was appointed a trustee of the Order. Socially, morally, and intellectually he is a good Odd-fellow; and his example may be well followed by all those among our working members who are desirous of advancing the interests and extending the benefits of our great and noble institution.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP: ITS PRINCIPLES & PRACTICE.

II.—EXEMPLIFICATION OF PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE.

You have learnt something from our last conversation, and now ask the reason for the society's formation. It is apparent in the fact that from the earliest times man has ever been found leaning towards combinations tending to mitigate the ills and accidents of our troubled existence. From this anxiety and wise prudence the old guilds were produced; and with them Friendly Society associations. As in the guilds, so in the societies, men of some particular trade joined together. "The Journeyman Goldsmith's Society," of Edinburgh, is one of the oldest of which we have any certain knowledge, and is mentioned in the report of the Highland Society, published in 1824, containing the experience of numerous societies between 1750 and 1821. Its members were goldsmiths, the qualifications being, that they should be of good character, in good health, and under 30 years of age. The payments were, on entrance, £3 3s., and fees £1 11s. 6d. for second or third marriage, (widows paying 1s. yearly for their own funeral money,) 3s., per quarter for three years, and 1s. 6d. afterwards. A member became "free" after two years, and received pay after three days' sickness, 6s. weekly for six months, and 4s. for six months, if the funds amounted to £300, 6d. more for every £50 above £300, to £500; and then 1s. for every £50 more; and 2s. weekly during remainder of sickness. The funeral money was, £7 7s.; for members not free, £3 3s.; and for wives or widows of members, £4 4s. Do not suppose any society would in the present day flourish on such an unsatisfactory basis. Statistical science was then little attended to, no sufficient materials existed which could be used; and instead of wondering how such societies were projected we should rather honour the memories of those who were pioneers in a good and useful work. From the experience of that and many other associations, the Highland Society deduced results of average sickness, &c., then considered valuable, but now condemned as not fit to be acted upon, the figures in fact being too low, principally because many of the members did not claim the benefits, and the societies' records therefore contained no account of their periods of sickness. Now, seeing that in this early period such societies were at work, we can imagine how many workmen, travelling from town to town, would talk of those to which they belonged, and a general feeling in favour of them sprung up. The higher classes were aware of them, and proposed what would seem now a peculiar interference with their working, for in 1773 a bill passed the Commons, having for its title, "The better support of poor persons in certain circumstances, by enabling parishes to grant them annuities for life, upon purchase, and under certain restrictions," which annuities were to be charged upon the

poor-rates, as a collateral security; this was rejected by the Lords, and again in 1789, after it passed the Commons a second time. But in 1793 passed the first Act to be found in the statute book, which Mr. George Rose originated, with the concurrence of Mr. Pitt, and which is mentioned in page 97 of the Magazine. Bearing in mind the last date, and the years in which were passed the two Acts (also there mentioned), as to unlawful assemblies and oaths, it wants small penetration to arrive at the reason why affiliated societies were formed.

The originators of the Manchester Unity may have said, "the Freemasons are excepted from very stringent enactments because their lodge meetings have been in great measure devoted to charitable purposes. So have Friendly Society meetings. The suppressed political corresponding societies must have some useful men amongst them. Why not employ them? Our societies have been hitherto isolated. They must be combined. Better still, as many men have not yet joined any of them, because they no longer benefit the members if they remove from the locality, why should we not have some second Order, which may at least deserve the same consideration as this Masonic fraternity? It shall at least be more useful to the working classes—it shall have attractions—it shall bestow honours—it shall be managed by themselves." Such the budding of this great association. Such the expression of strong desire for some combination, upon, fortunately, a most worthy object. For while performing a pleasing duty in practising the precept, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," an opening was found to satisfy the legitimate ambition of every one who sought to become a man of mark amongst his fellows. At that time the little difficulties which beset you in understanding the Unity could not be experienced; simplicity must have been supreme; and now, from long experience—sometimes troubles—have been evolved a mass of useful laws, which at present cause a seeming complication; but which, I trust you will soon learn, can always be accounted for.

You say the peculiar customs—so different from outside life—seem very strange. Of course they do—if it were not so you would have been disappointed. You knew, when you asked me to introduce you, it was a secret society; when initiated, you obtained the first secret, and, you admit, you did so amidst some charming novelty you will not soon forget. Why there should be so much fuss about initiation? you ask. It was only in your imagination. You were in a new place, expecting SOMETHING. The Society knew that, and "first impressions," you know, are proverbial. You were reluctant when being "walked up and down the room," as you called it; but do you not see that if you were to introduce a friend to any new company you would do the same, and let his name be known, or how could he become personally acquainted with ALL present, that they might remember him in future? Could anything be more delicate or neat than your initiation? But, "going out to work your way in," was nonsense, you think. Was it? You told me lately you heard a fellow workman repeat the pass word he had heard at a lodge door, and boasting he could get in. You said you wouldn't bother with him, because you knew he couldn't. Think now, in saying that, if you did not admit the use of learning to work the way in. Would it not have been indulging you in laziness to have invited you to sit down, and watch others, so that you might learn? How much better was it to come in boldly and properly, having mastered your little duty, and make some first impressions upon the minds of your brothers, who, you know, consider that if you do little things well, you may, after probation, be entrusted with more important matters.

With the charge, you say you are satisfied—indeed, you were surprised and pleased. I am glad to hear you say so. It would be well if every member always recollected its import, and acted upon it.

Reading the Magazine and other books, you say you are now for the first time gaining the knowledge that with increased age may be expected increased sickness, as compared with any lower age ; and that the average length of life is less every year a man grows older ; but you can't comprehend why our lodge should have been so very particular, with the form, to know your birthday and your wife's. Let me ask you to suppose an Assurance Office granting a policy upon some friend's life, he telling them he is 27 years of age—he dies immediately, and the directors ask for proof of his age—the parish register is referred to, and he turns out to have been baptized 29 years since—"he made a mistake," the poor widow says—"he intentionally committed a fraud upon this office," say the directors, "and we shall not pay anything." Would it not have been better had he been careful to be correct when he was living, and taken a little more trouble over a matter of business. The premium he paid was thrown away ; and the provision he made for HER, nothing ! In our little business of Odd-fellowship we must be as precise as an Assurance Company, and the general law properly requires proof of age on initiation. No honest man should write down a lie, and declare it to be truth, for the paltry motive of saving a few shillings yearly in contribution. It becomes him to think, be careful, and truthful, for if he is not, he will forfeit his claim to sick pay, and be expelled—never to enter the society again—or if not discovered till his death, his widow's claim for funeral money will then be rejected. It is for his convenience to do right in the time of health and vigour. Would you like to be asked when first taken sick to prove your age—the lodge having doubts, and they must be cleared up—before you receive anything, or when you die would you like your widow to be then asked ? To her, perhaps, the money would be necessary at once, and through your neglect on initiation she would suffer delay and expense in obtaining the proof, at such a time of trouble ! But this is not all. You have learnt that the secretary of your lodge has to send to the District C.S. every year a return of the number and ages of members initiated, and of the number and ages of members and wives dying ; these returns are collected, and sent to the C.S. of the Order, for him to analyse for publication, and you, with other members, are interested in learning the result. Every five years a much larger return is required—the exact age of every member and wife, and, placed opposite, the exact sickness experienced by the members during that period, with all the deaths distinctly stated. From similar returns have all previous results of the average sickness amongst members been collected ; not merely the sickness on the given number of members in the Order, but the average sickness amongst all of *each* age, of *each* trade, and in particular localities ; then also the number of deaths, not only the whole number of members and wives, but, as before, at each age, in each trade, and each locality. General law empowers the Directors to require *any other information* they may think necessary. Now consider, how is it possible for your lodge secretary to do his humble share in this great work if you allow your fellow-members to over-ride the laws, and make some muddy ones of their own, refusing to take ten minutes trouble to assist with full particulars for entry in your lodge register ? Such conduct is not becoming, but one sometimes hears it is practised by "old" members. How can a secretary have an intuitive knowledge of such particulars, merely because a stranger is brought into the lodge-room and called brother ? This would be a tremendous "secret" to possess ! If you are asked what good there is in all this figuring, give a simple answer. Tables of payments and benefits are calculated upon certain expected sickness and duration of life. If the Unity experience for five years, ending December, 1860, shows different results, that less

than the expected sickness has been experienced, and that the number of deaths at each age has been less than what was calculated upon, every member's payment might be reduced; but if, on the other hand, the sickness and mortality should have exceeded previous averages, common prudence would require the contributions to be increased for future members. Either way it might be but a shilling or so difference, yearly, to each; but, with the vast number in the Unity, see what a great difference in its income and stability would be made, to say nothing of the public credit gained by being RIGHT.

You remarked once, when sick money was being voted, that it was a pity members should have their misfortunes made known so publicly. You had forgotten the benefits are a right, the honestly earned reward of a member's prudence and forethought. Then, why need he be ashamed to demand them, or you for him? Notice in future the order kept when claims are being considered, how the member's declaration and surgeon's certificate must be plain and of even date, how some present volunteer to visit the sick brother, how next week OTHERS are appointed, and you often hear some not appointed say they have also seen him. Do you know what little services they may have rendered, beside taking the sick allowance? Can you tell how many weary hours, to the sick man, have been beguiled by those who have been reading to him, chatting about "old times," or talking of the hopeful future. You will never know till you go and do likewise, and learn the warm and grateful attachments formed on such visits. Shall we suppose now you do things in your way: you would be content with the secretary saying a claim is made—to have money voted—he take it, or the N.G.—next lodge night the same, and so on continually, until a sudden revelation is made that the member is not sick at all, but able to work, and works at home. Can such things be? Yes, they have been, but happily not often. The sum assured at death has been paid on false documents whilst the member was living. It is your duty—the duty of every member—to prevent such things by removing any possible temptation. I do not say your officers intend to defraud. I say you should not neglect lodge business, and leave a chance for their yielding to unfortunate circumstances if they arise.

So much attention being required for the sick and funeral fund only, you fear you cannot properly attend to the others; the Widow and Orphan fund, for instance. But it follows that whilst guarding others you are doing the work for this, for seldom any claim comes upon it but has been already sifted for the funeral fund. In some districts fixed annuities are given to widows for life, or widowhood, and during good behaviour, and to orphans until attaining a certain age. In others, gifts are made in the discretion of the district or managing committee. Your duty is to see that all claims arising in your lodge are proper ones; and that the fund is well based for securing the benefits given. And if you can help a widow and her offspring in any way, pray do so. Your own may require the same kind assistance.

In our next we shall have something to say of the Incidental Expense Fund, and other matters interesting to every true Odd-fellow.

A VISIT TO DONALDSON'S HOSPITAL.

AMONG the many splendid memorials of individual munificence adorning the British islands, few if any can compare with the magnificent structure known by the name of Donaldson's Hospital, situated on the Glasgow road, a short distance from the city of Edinburgh.

Conspicuous from the Castle Hill, in fact from almost any elevated position in the town, it cannot fail to attract the stranger's attention, as much from the beauty of its situation as from the imposing nature of its architectural structure. Truly palatial in its appearance, it eclipses ancient Holyrood altogether as a residence for royalty.

Its founder, James Donaldson, was a printer and newspaper proprietor, who died in 1830. The building, which cost £25,000, was nine years in the course of erection, from designs by Mr. Playfair, the well-known Edinburgh architect. It has now been opened rather more than eight years for the education and maintenance of boys and girls from all parts of the kingdom, about 60 of them being deaf and dumb. For these a special system of instruction is provided. It is built to accommodate 300 children, but as £8,000 per annum of the funds is vested in annuities of from £300 to £400, settled upon relatives of the founder, the number of inmates is not yet complete, although gradually increasing as the annuities fall in. If I remember rightly, there are now 100 boys and 70 girls, besides the deaf and dumb.

Furnished with an order from a competent authority (who must either be a trustee of the charity, or a relative of the founder), I accompanied some friends to the building, which is indeed well worthy of a visit, as our guide-book informed us. A respectable official, a lodge-keeper at the entrance gate, having duly examined our passport, permitted us to proceed up the broad gravel walk and on to the terrace in front of the building; another liveried servant met us in the doorway and conducted us into the hall, in the centre of which, on a table, is a handsome model of the original plan of the building, which proved too expensive to be carried out, although not altogether lost sight of in the present quadrangular structure, with its turreted towers, in the Elizabethan style of architecture.

Under the escort of this most efficient and communicative guide we made the tour of the building, after first visiting the committee or founder's room, in which all business connected with the charity is transacted. The walls are adorned with portraits of the worthy founder, his parents, the architect, and the late medical attendant of the hospital. The expression of the mouth in the portrait of Mrs. Donaldson is so peculiar that it attracts the attention of all visitors; the corners are drawn down in a curve on either side—a peculiarity less conspicuous, but also noticeable, in the more mirthful physiognomy of her son.

From the founder's room we went to the large and airy dining-rooms, which the girls and boys had but recently vacated, and thence to the kitchens, where a blazing fire and huge coppers, still containing a small remainder of soup, gave us a little idea of the amount of cooking which had been going on: we also inspected a monster copper, originally intended for the wholesale manufacture of tea; but milk is now substituted for that beverage, perhaps out of consideration for the nerves of the junior branches of the establishment, some of whom are admitted at the age of six—they all leave at fifteen. Having examined all the culinary arrangements, and heard the proportions of soup, meat, and rice-pudding allowed for the nourishment of the various inmates of the hospital, we entered the extensive clothes-washing department, just then in full activity.

Here the newest inventions (of American origin, I believe), for washing the greatest number of things in the smallest possible time, were being most successfully employed. Towels at the rate of 300 in ten minutes, and other articles with proportionate expedition, underwent a thorough cleansing before being finished off in the drying-room, which we next entered. Not less interesting and efficient were the contrivances there in operation. In one part of the room was a row of hot-presses, which, upon being pulled

out from the wall, and pushed backwards and forwards at pleasure upon miniature tram-roads in front of them, exhibited an interior of heated rollers, on which the linen dried almost instantaneously; the pipes for this branch of the business were also connected with a stove at the further end of the room, on which irons innumerable stood hot and ready for immediate use.

The greatest neatness and cleanliness were everywhere observable, and as there are but nineteen servants in the whole establishment, much of the scrubbing and dusting is accomplished by the children themselves. Whoever were the cleaners, the apartments and extensive corridors on every basement were in a condition highly creditable to their exertions, for there was not a speck of dirt "visible to the naked eye;" all the more surprising, when it is remembered that our visit was not upon a "show-day," or under circumstances which necessitate an "extra polish" for the benefit of strangers,—the building being open at any time for the inspection of visitors with the requisite order.

The chapel is a very beautiful part of the edifice, furnished with a goodly array of open benches, wood painted and varnished, to look like oak, in keeping with the roof. Not being devoted to Episcopalian service, it is unconsecrated, and is used occasionally for the distribution of prizes and other purposes. The stained glass window at the further end is divided into fifteen compartments; those in the centre containing personifications of the Christian graces, Temperance, Faith, &c.; Moses, David, and other Scripture characters being represented on either side. Stained glass windows along the walls of the chapel shed a pleasant, subdued light over the interior. Over the entrance is a memorial tablet to John Irving, erected by the trustees of the charity, with which he was also officially connected.

The girls' lavatory was the room we first entered on the upper floor; it was fitted up with the same completeness which had characterised the other departments. Hot and cold water is laid on; the tap for the former being carefully concealed, however (as our conductor informed us), as the little ones are apt to play tricks, and might do some mischief, if they knew where to find the boiling water. The basins, all fixtures, are arranged in a half oval, and provided with perforations near the edge, so that the water should not overflow, in event of the tap being let to run, as it very often is unintentionally by the deaf mutes. In the boys' room both shower and swimming baths were provided. In fact, everything that can contribute to cleanliness and comfort seems to have been procured.

The dormitories, all precisely alike, contain twelve little beds, with the night attire and comb-bag of each occupant neatly arranged at the head. Four small looking-glasses are allowed in every room. The entire building is lighted with gas, and so effectually warmed by it that the numerous fire-places along the corridors have never yet been required.

Besides the numerous dormitories on the second story, there is another floor above, appropriated to invalids; but apparently little used, as, notwithstanding the number of young children collected together under one roof, there have been but three deaths within the last five years, at least such was the statement at the time of our visit, a few months back.

There is a kitchen to the invalid department, a consulting room for surgeons, provided with a medicine chest of anything but homœopathic proportions, and a nurse's room, out of which, on either side, is a door opening into two sick wards, each containing four beds; the flooring of the entire suite as white as any we had yet seen.

Once more downstairs, we were shown the teachers' private room, and the girls' play-room, a nice sized, octagon apartment, provided with an ample supply of pegs for the bonnets and satchels, which hung all round the wainscoting.

We asked our pleasant showman whether the recipients of the charity were limited to any district or particular part of the country ?

"Not in any way," he replied ; "it is open to the children of the poor in all parts of the kingdom."

"And what are the qualifications entitling to admission ; for whom is it provided ?"

"For the poor and the worthy !" was the emphatic rejoinder.

"Is any interest needed ?" To this query a negative answer was at first returned ; but upon the remark that a little interest might not be altogether without use,—

"Well, ye're all that the surer !" was the quaint reply. "All are not orphans ; but the greater number are the children of indigent widows."

We saw a few of them about in the course of our tour of inspection, but not being furnished with a special order to any higher authority, our liveried attendant could not admit us to the school-rooms, in which classes were going on ; of course it would be too great an interruption to the daily business if visitors could at any time obtain admission during lessons. On a former occasion I had witnessed the system pursued with the deaf-mutes, and, although most interesting, it had left a painful impression upon me, so that I was not altogether sorry we were obliged to pass their school-room without entering.

Attempts are made to teach these poor children to articulate, in order that they may understand what others are saying by watching the movements of their lips and throat ; and the distressing tones in which some gave utterance to the words "how do you do" haunt me to this day, although years have elapsed since that first visit to Donaldson's Hospital.

Whilst speaking, the teacher places his pupil's fingers upon his throat, that he may feel the working of the muscles before endeavouring to produce the same effect upon his own. When the teacher is satisfied, patting his pupil's head is the usual sign of approbation, not unvalued, judging from the light kindled in the eyes of some of the afflicted ones, as the friendly hand rested upon them.

The children are occasionally taken into the town for a treat ; and we read a few letters descriptive of what had been seen and done on those holidays, addressed to the "hearing-boys and girls," as their more fortunate companions are styled, which proved, notwithstanding their sad privation, they are not altogether without powers of enjoyment, or capabilities of usefulness. But it is time to draw this second visit to the Hospital to a close, although it was with no small reluctance that we at length bade adieu to the civil functionary, who is neither permitted to receive any gratuity nor apparently expectant of one. He spoke as if he were himself interested in the information he imparted, and pleased to find interested listeners. There had been numerous visitors recently he told us, Edinburgh being just then full of strangers, but the Edinburgh people themselves rarely look into it, although, doubtless, proud enough of calling the beautiful building and its liberal founder their own. Once more in the bright warm sunlight, we wended our way slowly through the outer gates and back to "Auld Reekie," reflecting upon the benefits that one man had had it in his power to confer upon thousands of his fellow-creatures.

"How many will have cause to remember that man with gratitude !" exclaimed one of our party.

"Yes, indeed," we replied unanimously.

"And how *few* will *do* it !" was the unsatisfactory addition. Alas, it is but too true that ingratitude is frequently the reward of philanthropy ; but it is not for us to abstain from doing good lest evil should come of it.

What if some of the many, who are clothed, and fed, and cared for, in

that noble institution, should leave it with but little acknowledgment of the benefits derived from it, nay, should even abuse those benefits in late-life by a misapplication of the faculties there called forth and nurtured,—shall we therefore say that such charitable endowments are useless, or worse than useless? Shall there not be a few who, like the Samaritan of old, acknowledging the good gifts conferred upon them, shall rise up and bless the giver, and go forth amongst their fellow-men living proofs that the work of the philanthropist is not all in vain. And even were it otherwise, granted that unthankfulness is more general than a due appreciation of the efforts made to benefit others, are the children of Him who causeth His sun to shine alike on the just and unjust, the grateful and the thankless, striving to follow that One Supreme example,—are they to withhold their hand from well-doing, because men show no more gratitude to them than to their Maker? Nay, rather as we turn away from the contemplation of the good designed, or accomplished by those who have gone before us, let us each bear in mind that to each and all of us, according to the measure given us, the Christ-like command has gone forth, “Go and do thou likewise.”

Y. S. N.

RECENT LEGISLATION AFFECTING ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

It has been again and again asserted, by competent authority, that the due and equitable administration of any law is of more consequence to the public weal than the precise aim or purpose of the statute itself. This dictum, paradoxical though it may appear, nevertheless enshrines a germ of the most profound truth. The chief objection to the Income Tax Act is, not a depreciation of its principle with reference to the replenishment of the National Exchequer, but a well grounded suspicion that its practical administration is of an imperfect and partial character. So also of recent legislation affecting Odd-fellowship. There can be no reasonable doubt that the object of the legislature, in the recent Acts relating to Friendly Societies, was to encourage their growth, to grant them the fullest legal protection, and to leave the practical working in the hands of the members themselves; at least I have never found any insurmountable difficulty in my endeavours to convince the mass of the people that such in all probability is the fact. The Act of Parliament, 18 and 19 Vic., presents no bugbear in itself; the cry is, “we do not want and we will not have any registrar’s law.” The Directors of the Manchester Unity and other societies are being continually appealed to by the members of branches for advice on, and protection against, what they consider undue interference on the part of Mr. Tidd Pratt or his clerks. This interference has at length become so intolerable that a movement, originating in the metropolitan districts, and warmly responded to in various parts of the provinces, has been inaugurated, with the especial object of procuring the repeal of a neat little Act, conferring a nice little slice of authority and patronage upon the Registrar of Friendly Societies; which Act, by some means or other, contrived to slide so noiselessly through both Houses of Parliament that not a single footstep in its stealthy march reached the ears of the great bulk of those most interested until it was too late for combined action. This silent offspring of official legislation has been baptized, “An

Act to amend the Act of the eighteenth and nineteenth years of the reign of Her present Majesty, chapter sixty-three, relating to Friendly Societies." The parentage of the little bantling may be guessed at, with tolerable certainty, after the perusal of the following clause :—

"VIII. Instead of its being necessary to state in the Agreement for the Dissolution of a Friendly Society pursuant to the said recited Act the intended Appropriation or Division of the Funds or Property thereof, such Appropriation or Division may by such Agreement be referred to the Award of the Registrar of Friendly Societies, or to the Actuary to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, or to an Actuary of some Life Assurance Company established in *London, Edinburgh, or Dublin*, who shall have exercised the Profession of Actuary for at least Five Years, to be named in the said Agreement; and also, that on the Application in Writing of not less than *One Fourth Part* of the Members of any Friendly Society made to the Registrar or Actuary aforesaid, stating that the Funds of the said Society are insufficient to meet the Claims thereon, with the Grounds thereof, it shall be lawful for the Registrar or Actuary aforesaid to investigate the same, and to determine whether the said Society should continue or be dissolved, and the Funds and Property divided; and if in his Opinion the said Society should be dissolved, then to make an Award to that Effect, and to award, without the Requirement of Section Thirteen of the said Act being complied with, in what way the Funds and Property should be appropriated and divided; and that the Award of the said Registrar or Actuary in either of the said Cases shall be final and conclusive on all the Members and other Persons interested in or having any Claim on the Funds of the said Society, without Appeal, and shall be enforced in the same Manner as by Section Forty-one of the said Act is provided for enforcing the Decision of Arbitrators; and that the Expenses incurred by the said Registrar, or the Charges of the said Actuary, shall be paid out of the Funds and Property of the said Society before any Appropriation or Division thereof shall be made."

Section 13th of the 18th and 19th Victoria provided that no society should be "dissolved or determined without obtaining the votes of FIVE-SIXTHS in value of the then existing members thereof, including the honorary members, if any, to be ascertained in manner hereinafter mentioned, nor without the consent of all persons, if any, then receiving or then entitled to receive any relief, annuity, or other benefit from the funds thereof." Here we have a most notable specimen of the indecent haste with which a certain class of would-be Friendly Society reformers occasionally perpetuate legislative summersaults. Yesterday they were horrified lest a bare majority of the members of a Friendly Society should from any cause resolve upon its dissolution; the peace of the realm would be jeopardised if such a step should be taken without the consent of *five-sixths*. To-day they are delighted to have an opportunity of "winding up" the "sick man," with the consent of not even a majority, but in actual defiance of the judgment and wishes of three-fourths of the parties interested! The latter portion of the eighth clause furnishes no doubt the best key to the solution of this somewhat extraordinary feat in senatorial gymnastics.

Mr. Pratt appears to have learned that his recent legislative effort has not given much satisfaction to those he professed to serve. In a lecture recently delivered at Brighton he observed,—*"I beg to remind objectors that this clause is not so stringent as the law now in existence, by which any three members may apply to the Court of Chancery, under the Winding-up Act, and throw all its funds into that court."*

If this be "good law"—if the "Winding-up Act" can over-ride the Friendly Societies' Act—of what earthly use is either the clause in the 18th and 19th Vic. or the eighth in the recent statute? In neither instance is the Winding-up Act referred to; but on the contrary, *special* means are provided for the dissolution of registered societies. But this dictum of the registrar is evidently "bad law," or why did he wilfully waste his time in the perpetration of the obnoxious piece of futile legislation referred to? Mr. Pratt, however, honourably adds,—*"If the law, as at present constituted, be found to work disadvantageously to Friendly Societies, let their members petition the House of Commons, with a view*

to its amendment. Parliament is not unfriendly to the provident working classes."

But the great objection to the affair lies not so much in the difference of the principles involved, as in the manner in which the bill was concocted, and, as it is technically expressed, "smuggled" through a thin house near the close of the session. The bill originated not with the members of Friendly Societies; their wishes or views were scarcely, if at all, consulted in the matter. The rights of the 2,000,000 members of the enrolled bodies have been thus practically ignored. Such a feat of official legislation is entirely without parallel.

The numerous eccentricities of the registrar or his clerks, and the arbitrary assumption of authority never delegated by the Act of the 18th and 19th Victoria, have latterly provoked severe animadversion in several quarters. The newly organised effort of the members therefore ought not to be confined merely to the repeal or amendment of all or any of the nine clauses in the recent statute, but should include the enactment of a section more precisely defining the duties of the registrar, together with the provision of more certain means by which he may be prevented, should he still prove contumacious, from any longer rendering the Act obnoxious to those mostly interested, by interference not warranted by his position as registrar.

The Act of Parliament in no way authorises the registrar to do more than ascertain, by a perusal of the rules of any society applying for registration, whether the objects are such as the law contemplated, or in fact whether such application is for the enrolment of a *bona fide* Friendly Society within the limitations of the statute. Some such registration was deemed necessary, for two reasons. The first, however, may happily be almost regarded as a defunct piece of ratiocination—a kind of fossil specimen in logical stratification—a species of extinct premise, but nevertheless very curious and instructive when occupying its proper corner in a museum of legal antiquities. Certain societies at one time existed, in which the members were bound together by unlawful oaths, for the accomplishment of unlawful purposes. These societies used secret passwords; so did the Odd-fellows, Foresters, Druids, and others. They might possibly be confounded; hence the necessity of a lynx-eyed registrar, to decide where loyalty reigned and treason lurked! Well, there can perhaps be no very great objection to the continuance of the official inspector, although the terror from this source has joined "the past eternity"—except the expense. "We who have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung!" The other reason is not only of a less antiquated complexion, but it presents some features of danger, and goes far indeed to justify the expenses of the registrar and his staff, as a simple protection to the public exchequer, and the dividends due to the creditors of a certain class of insolvent debtors. It is found that the members of societies, other than those of the class intended by the legislature—societies instituted for the benefit of the professional and middle classes—are sometimes extremely anxious to avail themselves of the immunities and privileges accorded the provident operative; and therefore Mr. Tidd Pratt's services in this respect may be essentially requisite, in order to prevent the intention of Parliament from being perverted. But when the expressed conditions of the Act are complied with, I respectfully but firmly submit, the registrar's official duty terminates. He is in no way called upon to dictate, either directly or indirectly, the rates of subscription or benefit, or to enforce the acceptance of any improvements which he may imagine he can offer in the construction of the rules or bye-laws by which societies are governed. Mr. Pratt has replied, in answer to some such

objection to his occasional practice, that the twenty-sixth clause of the Act empowers him to ADVISE with the secretary or other officer, "for the purpose of ascertaining whether the said rules are calculated to carry into effect the intention and objects of the persons who desire to form such a society." I was not aware previously that the authority of an Act of Parliament was necessary to empower any well meaning friend to *advise* upon such a subject, or indeed upon any other. A careful perusal of the clause, however, has left an impression on my mind that the legislature (wisely, in my opinion) especially intended to prevent any unnecessary interference with the free action of the members themselves in the practical carrying out the proposed objects, for it expressly says, that the registrar shall *advise* "IF REQUIRED." Nay, it further adds, that if he shall find the "*rules are in conformity with law and the provisions of this Act, he shall give a certificate*" in the form prescribed.

However, there could not be much objection to Mr. Tidd Pratt offering his advice unsolicited, like any other mortal, providing he would so impart his opinion as not to confound it with his official duty. There are many matters upon which his authority would be respected, if communicated in the form of a suggestion; and there are, with equal certainty, many others concerning which it would be much better for the progress of enrolment, especially amongst the affiliated orders, if he would cease to interfere. If, however, he or his clerks will persist in the practice of pasting a pet form of a rule over any sent for enrolment, and if he or they are still determined, without solicitation, to do a little amateur editing, it is but an act of simple justice that the portion which he, as registrar, *demands*, "in conformity with law," should be clearly indicated, if it be only to enable the members seeking enrolment to correctly estimate the value of the supererogatory labour, and mete out a due portion of grateful acknowledgment.

Let us examine a specimen or two of the alterations which have so annoyed members seeking enrolment, and frustrated, to some extent, the efforts of its advocates. In the first place, although he has registered the "*General Laws*" of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, and many others similarly entitled, he has latterly, pertinaciously, struck his pen through the treasonable word *law*, wherever he meets it, and substituted—what does the reader think?—the innocent monosyllable *rule*! Summoned *committee* of the lodge or district is transformed into summoned *meeting*, and a member's *legal* claim into his *valid* claim! The Registrar cannot endure the sight of the word *goods*, although he is aware that it merely refers to copies of reports, dispensations, magazines, etc., which are paid for out of the *incidental* or as he prefers it *management* expences fund. But *regalia* is his especial horror. His editorial judgment decides in favour of *furniture*, for which specimen of critical acumen he is occasionally honoured, by even the humblest members, with a peal of hearty laughter. Truly the lodge desk, chairs, boxes, or stools might properly either be so designated, or they might rejoice in the offensive and somewhat less euphonious appellation of *goods*; but how sceptres and swords, cocked hats and wigs, collars and gowns, stuffed doves, and representations of the hand and heart, mounted on the tops of long rods, together with other emblematical "*trumpery*" as it is sometimes sneeringly called, can be better described by the word *furniture* than the word *regalia*, I freely confess is beyond my capacity. Mr. Pratt, or his assistant, occasionally exhibits, like other industrious critics, his liability to error in common with ordinary humanity. On a recent occasion, in a somewhat rabid raid against the term *legal*, remarkable in so distinguished a member of the bar, the favourite word *valid*, accidentally, I suppose, ejected the term *illegal*, to the utter consternation of the members,

who were for a time puzzled to discover how that which they had all along regarded as erroneous or false, had surreptitiously arrogated to itself the appellation and office of truth and virtue ! The word *regalia*, however, has most amply avenged Mr. Pratt's attempt at its expulsion from the nomenclature of Odd-fellowship, and other affiliated bodies. He some time ago discovered a law, which stated that no *regalia* was to be used at funerals, other than black scarfs and white gloves. The sceptres, etc., were therefore abolished. No doubt, Mr. Pratt rejoiced exceedingly at this step "in the right direction," however graciously he may tolerate the absurd horse-hair wig and other professional paraphernalia peculiar to courts of law ; however benignantly he may smile on the Lord Mayor's clumsy and tawdry gilt coach, the huge ugliness of the barbarously carved big dolls, "Gog and Magog," or the button bedizend biped yclept a "gentleman's tiger." Yes, the voluntary extinction of the emblems of office and the objects of the society was, in the opinion of the registrar no doubt, a move in the right direction ; but still the offensive word *regalia* remained. The censor's pen, therefore, speedily extinguishes it ; a huge black blotch occupies its place, and mourns its untoward fall. But the destroyer's hand is suddenly arrested the moment he commences the labour of reconstruction. *Furniture* is a good word, a very good word indeed, but it is not exactly an improvement on *regalia* when such articles as emblematical scarfs and white gloves are alone referred to. Shall the obnoxious term be again summoned into existence ? No, no ; at whatever sacrifice, the royal phraseology shall not be profaned by plebeian breath. The official brain again teems ; a bright idea is ushered into the world ; our descriptive vocabulary receives, at the hands of the registrar, another most brilliant addition ! *Regalia*, like everything else in the universe, may, it appears, be seen at least under two aspects ; to wit,—*furniture* and "*clothing*." The latter term is duly installed in the rule above the mourning blotch, and the members, especially those who believe that Odd-fellowship was invented in the Garden of Eden by a working-man, a semi-nude tiller of the soil, named Adam,—the members were astounded and horrified at the electric rapidity of the retrogressive movement, which in the nineteenth century, legally prohibited their following to the grave the remains of a deceased friend, unless they consented to appear—perfectly naked ? No ; not *quite* naked, but with no *clothing* upon their brotherly bodies except black scarfs and white gloves !

It is certainly a pity that the labours of those who are toiling to induce all societies to submit their rules for enrolment, should be in any way obstructed by the exhibition of such ridiculous, such unnecessary interference.

There are, however, two or three matters of much graver importance, in which I conceive the registrar has overstepped his function. He now resolutely expunges any rule referring to the arrangements for a lodge anniversary or annual dinner. He formerly did not object to a rule of this character. In the 71st General Law, of the Manchester Unity, power is given to lodges and districts "to make such laws as they may think proper for the attendance of members who may reside within the distance of five miles from the lodge-house at funerals and anniversaries." In this very law likewise occur the words *regalia*, with reference to funerals, and *laws* instead of rules. This section has been enrolled too by Mr. Tidd Pratt, and is at present in force in the Manchester Unity. Yet he presumes to strike out any by-laws, such as those referred to, when made by lodge or district branches under this certified clause ! Nay, he continually refuses to certify laws which have been copied from others, which have previously received his sanction ! On some occasions, when he accidentally encounters a

secretary more sturdy than the generality of officials, he is induced to retrace his steps, and yield before the evidence which demonstrates his inconsistency. I have reason to know that Mr. Pratt has been much pestered by certain narrow-souled, ungenial-hearted, members of parliament and others, who regard the slightest convivial enjoyment by working men as approaching very nearly to open profanity. These *quasi* saints, on finding a registered law referring to a Friendly Society's annual dinner, fall foul on the registrar for neglect of duty, and bore him with such questions as, "Does the law recognise eating and drinking as one of the objects of a Friendly Society?" "Do you consider feasting and guzzling to be reasonable and proper under such circumstances?" And so on, to the end of the chapter. I understand that it is to some such pressure as this that the change in the registrar's practice is to be attributed. I, however, respectfully but firmly maintain that, in interfering with the lodge anniversary, he not only exceeds his duty but creates a vast amount of useless litigation, and engenders some duplicity. Lodges still act as though he had certified the by-law, because he has enrolled the general law of the Manchester Unity, which empowers them so to act. In case of litigation, they know that the board of arbitrators, appointed by the general law and accepted by the branch law, will decide in their favour. If Mr. Tidd Pratt chooses to create an inconsistency, he must not be surprised that other individuals refuse to be parties to it.

But it is said the Act of Parliament makes no mention of anniversary dinners. Granted. It, however, likewise makes no allusion to either *regalia* or *clothing* at funeral processions. It makes no allusion to the meetings taking place at either temperance hotels or public-houses. It makes no reference whatever to any method of advertising to the public the existence of any society. The legislature wisely left the management of their own business to the practical knowledge and good sense of the people themselves. But on the other hand I ask, does the Act prohibit anniversaries? I answer, No! Does any other Act prohibit the members of any other legal society from dining together once a year or oftener if they choose? I say, No! Are the members of other societies in the habit of dining together? I answer, Yes; hundreds of every class and character, including bodies religious, bodies politic, bodies corporate, bodies social, bodies literary, scientific, and artistic, not forgetting the poor pauper bodies, who doubtless enjoy amazingly the extra Christmas fare occasionally prepared for them! Has it been customary for the members of Friendly Societies to dine together? I answer, Yes, from time immemorial; and the members of parliament knew it when the Act was passed! These anniversaries and processions are generally attended by the clergy or some of the neighbouring gentry, and are really the only means, in country districts especially, by which such societies and their objects are prominently brought before the notice of working men. It appears, however, that all philanthropists are not imbued with this, to me, very vulgar prejudice against Friendly Society anniversaries; for I find that the Rev. Nash Stephenson, in a clever paper, read before the last meeting of the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," on the social evils arising out of what are termed "statute fairs" in various parts of the country, thus incidentally alludes to the question—"Let there be mingling of class with class. Let the squirearchy and the clergy, and the employers of labour, uphold by their purse and sanction by their person the anniversary of the well-ordered benefit club, the harvest home, or the parish feast. When this has been accomplished or attempted, the upper classes will be enabled with a better grace to ascend the public platform, and with a clearer conscience denounce the demoralising amusements of the day of the statute fairs."

I have long ceased to feel any personal enjoyment from feasting in public, and care as little for processions and gewgaws of any description as most other individuals; but I submit that the permission granted by the registered general law of the Manchester Unity to its branches to act in this respect, within certain restrictions, as may to themselves seem most desirable, is valid according to the law of the land, and that Mr. Pratt exceeds his duty, and most certainly does not add to the dignity of his office, when he condescends to interfere in such matters.

Several of the branches of the Manchester Unity, both lodges and districts, however, complain of a species of "Tidd Pratt law," which demands the serious consideration of all the affiliated bodies. It is of so much importance that, if he continues to persist in his course, they will be compelled in self-defence either to restrain him by a new Act of Parliament or petition the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt for his removal from the office of registrar. It appears that Mr. Pratt is unable to comprehend, even yet, the constitution of an affiliated Friendly Society, or that he is wilfully determined to annoy its members. In a communication recently received, in reply to a remonstrance, he says:—"In Rules 23, 24, and 25, there is *nothing illegal*; but in the copy sent to me I struck them out, as they appeared to be *unnecessary*, as every lodge can make its own rules, and cannot be compelled to adopt the rules laid down by the district." Why, every district binds itself to obey the general laws of the Manchester Unity, and to make bye-laws only within the limits therein permitted; and every lodge covenants to the same extent, with the privilege of making bye-laws, for management purposes chiefly, within those enacted by the district; and all this appears on the face of the very code of rules submitted for enrolment. Mr. Tidd Pratt further says:—"The 49th section of 18 and 19 Victoria recognizes in every branch a distinct society!" Does it indeed so far outrage common sense and violate the Queen's English. Let it speak for itself. Here it is:—

"XLIX.—The word 'Society' shall *extend to and include* every branch of a Society, by whatever name it may be designated."

If extending the meaning of the word society so that it *includes* every branch, does not, and was not intended to operate precisely in a *contrary* manner to Mr. Pratt's interpretation, I submit it would be as well if Parliament in future would employ a national schoolmaster to put its behests into intelligible language. No affiliated body could exist for an hour with such a constitution, and if Mr. Pratt does not know it, I fear that at his time of life it will be useless to attempt his instruction.

One other specimen of "Registrar's law" and I will conclude. Mr. Pratt, in one instance, which has recently come to the knowledge of the Directors of the Manchester Unity, coolly assures his correspondent that a declaration of the officers, that the amendments proposed for certification have been made in conformity with the provisions of their own law, is "*not required*," at least so far as any alterations or additions made by him are concerned. What impertinence! If the registrar chooses, contrary to the statute, to knowingly certify alterations which were never made or assented to by the parties alone legally entitled to give them validity, of course he can do so at his own peril; but if any member of the Manchester Unity acts on [his suggestion without direct authority from those legally empowered to agree to, or reject, the proposed alterations, the *society's law* will be thereby infringed, and the offender subjected to punishment. But the loose moral tone which underlies this last assumption of authority will be amply sufficient in itself to ensure its utter condemnation with the public without any further effort of mine.

SOCIETY OUT OF BOUNDS.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

SOME years ago, being then but newly married, I chanced one day to meet an acquaintance whom I had not seen since my submission to the pleasant yoke of matrimony.

My friend had heard of the event; and after the first few words of congratulation, he said: "Well, you must bring her to see us. I have a beautiful place at B——, magnificent house and grounds, enormous gardens, hayfields, everything that makes the country delightful, only eight miles from town, omnibus passes the lodge gate; do run down, now,—say the first fine Sunday!"

The offer was so cordially made, and the prospect of a summer's day in the country so attractive, that I at once assented, and thereupon my friend and I shook hands and parted;—he to wait for the first fine Sunday, I to prepare my wife for the way in which it was to be disposed of.

It may be thought that no great preparation was necessary for so simple an affair as an expedition to a place almost within an hour's drive of home, but there is something to explain. My friend was a medical man: not in the ordinary sense of the term,—that is to say, not a mere mixer of compounds and setter of dislocated limbs, but a practitioner of skill, qualified alike in surgery and medicine, in both of which branches he had achieved some eminence, but who, from some cause not known to me, had suddenly abandoned general practice and taken up a particular line: that particular line was insanity;—in fact, my friend was at the head of a private establishment which, though not long founded, was already large,—a consequence, no doubt, of his well-deserved reputation. He said nothing about this, for he knew I was aware of his position, but confined himself to the praise of his rural abode. I, however, was bound to be more explicit, a visit to a lunatic asylum being somewhat out of the ordinary routine of social amenities.

I will not stop to inquire whether my wife's reply to my proposition might not have been influenced by a slight degree of curiosity; but, be that as it may, she answered cheerfully that wherever I liked to go she was always happy to accompany me, and the visit was agreed to on her part as promptly as it had been on mine, and when the fine Sunday arrived we set off to fulfil our engagement.

Not caring to put ourselves to the expense of a private conveyance, we made up our minds to take the convenient omnibus, walked three miles to the point of departure, and left London at noon. The day was hot, the omnibus full, and the journey rather tedious, but we were reconciled to these *disagreements* by the pleasure in store. There was a slight drawback on that pleasure in the announcement, when we arrived at B——, that on account of its being Sunday the fares were doubled, so that in point of economy we had not gained much by travelling in popular fashion; but as this could not now be helped we made the best of it, paid the unexpected charge, and leaving the omnibus to pursue its course along the dusty high road, turned down the shady green lane that led to W—— House, and soon came in sight of "the lodge." It was scarcely worth my friend's while to have spoken of this outwork, because it was untenanted: an inscription

on the gate, however, did duty for a lodge-keeper, and we entered the grounds which, basking beneath the rays of a July sun, did not belie its rural reputation. The new-made hay smelt deliciously, the trees wore their greenest livery, and the thrushes and blackbirds poured forth their sweetest song.

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, "this is a nice place! If ever I should happen to go—" my wife looked up anxiously in my face,—"I mean," I continued, correcting myself, "if ever we are able to afford it we certainly *will* live in the country."

"I was afraid," said my wife, with the tears just starting, "that you were going to say something very different."

"Foolish!" I returned; but to whom the epithet applied I leave unsaid. We paused for a moment where the path, winding through a shrubbery, shut out the view, and when we moved on again my wife's rosy smile satisfied me that she thought no more of my hasty exclamation.

We now came within sight of W—— House. It was a very large, handsome edifice, and must have been erected for a person of good fortune. Such, indeed, was the case. A nobleman first, a nabob next, and then an army contractor, had successively occupied it; all three had outlived their means, and after the last possessor came an interval of twenty years, during which W—— House, in spite of the most alluring advertisements, was always "to be let or sold." The locality might be "one of the most esteemed in the neighbourhood of the metropolis;" the house might be "planed in the most perfect manner," and possess "every accommodation for a gentleman's family;" it might "stand in its park-like domain;" be "approached by a carriage drive, with an ornamental lodge at the entrance;" be "surrounded with gardens and pleasure grounds;" be everything, in short, which an auctioneer could say to set it off, but still it remained unlet and unsold, till the advertisement caught the eye of Dr. F., who obtained a lease on favourable terms, and introduced a set of inmates only a little more positively mad than the nobleman, the nabob, and the army contractor, who had each ruined himself, in turn, by wasteful and ridiculous expenditure.

I was directing my wife's attention to a fine magnolia, which covered nearly half the building, when from beneath the shade of a lofty elm, where he had been standing, in the expectation of our arrival, Dr. F. came to greet us. Mrs. F., he said, had been employed rather longer than usual with domestic cares—we guessed the hospitable meaning of this intimation—and was not quite ready to receive us; would we take a turn in the gardens before we went in? Of course, yes; and in the direction he proposed we accompanied our host. Near the garden gate a tall, well-dressed, gentleman-like man was loitering. He took off his hat at our approach, and Dr. F., saluting him by name, asked him to join us. The invitation seemed to give him great pleasure; he smiled, and bowed, held out a tremulous hand to the Doctor, threw open the gate with alacrity, waited till we had all passed, and then followed, attaching himself to my wife, with whom he directly entered into conversation. His discourse was of flowers and plants; and he spoke with the nervous eagerness which some display who are much attached to any special study.

"Is your friend a botanist?" I inquired of Dr. F., as we took the way a few paces in advance.

"My friend," he replied, smiling, "is one of my patients. Don't be alarmed! He is a very harmless one. His was only a case of delirium tremens;—bad enough, it is true, when first he came here, for then he could talk of nothing but assassination, which was his constant apprehension; or, if he changed the subject, it was to count up marvellous sums of

money, which he believed to be his due, and feared to be deprived of. He is nearly well now,—all except a little excitability of manner when on a favourite theme. He has lived in the country, with gardens of his own, and I soon found that to let him pass his time in mine was the most useful indulgence I could permit. A fortnight ago, instead of gathering flowers, his hands were always full of papers covered with the most intricate accounts, the meaning of which, however, was quite clear to him. This is a general feature of the delirium, but in his instance it is some reflection of the first cause of his malady: he came unexpectedly into a large property, and took to drinking while attempting to master the details of his succession.”—“Do you think his cure will be permanent?”—“He is a man of sense, and knows now the danger he was in. It rests with himself to be moderate in all his appetites.”

We continued our walk amidst glowing flowers and ripening fruit,—the last a great temptation to some one whom I will not name, who was only allowed a single strawberry, lest she should spoil her dinner or too much anticipate dessert. The gardens were very large, and we made a wide circuit, leaving them on the side opposite to where we entered. We crossed a small field, my wife's botanical ally employing himself actively in picking mushrooms for her, and came at last to a high wall, beyond which was heard the confusion of many voices, some louder tones predominating occasionally over the rest. At a door in an angle of the wall Dr. F. took out a small pass-key, and noiselessly turning the lock, we saw about twenty persons assembled in a large enclosure which had formerly been a stable yard: the offices were there still, and formed one side of the square, which was separated from the pleasure-grounds by a strong palisade. Here were the poorer patients actually under treatment for insanity, whose cases were adapted to such occupation or arrangements as they themselves were most inclined to seek. Some were collected in a group listening to the words of a self-elected preacher, who, mounted on a wheelbarrow, earnestly assured his auditors that the Millennium was at hand, laying the scene in the well-known gardens at K—, on the other side of the river. One man, dressed in a cocked hat, and with his left arm doubled up in his coat-sleeve as if he had lost it, hovered restlessly on the skirts of the crowd, bowing and scraping to those who turned their heads, and dealing out scraps of French. Another in a costume eked out with feathers found in the yard, or abstracted from his bed, walked hastily up and down, reading out loud from a book as if he were learning a part. A third was seated in a corner, intent upon a patchwork cushion which he was making of shreds of cloth of divers colours. A fourth, with folded arms and one foot advanced, seemed to be meditating deeply. There was great variety of attitude, but no variety of expression, the unstable mind manifesting itself in every lip and eye.

We crossed the yard unnoticed by the greater part of the patients, whose occupations were too important, in their opinion, to admit of being interrupted. He with the folded arms, believing himself Napoleon, cast his eyes sternly upon us for a moment, and then gazing intently upon the ground, seemed occupied with some vast imperial plan; the preacher continued to expatiate on the prospects of the Millennium; the bedizened student hurried, muttering, to and fro; the soi-disant Frenchman jabbered incoherently; but the artist on patchwork looked up from his task and spoke to my wife.

“He was the king of England,” he said; “had been deposed several hundred years ago; some thought he had been murdered in the Tower, but that,” he whispered, “was a false report, circulated by his enemies. The truth was, he was in daily expectation of re-ascending the throne as

soon as the Queen was free to marry again. In that way, rival claims would be reconciled, there would be no more civil wars, no more whigs and tories, no more radicals. As soon as he had finished the cushion he was at work upon, all these things would come to pass. It was a wedding present to Queen Victoria, and in return he was to receive the crown and sceptre, and the heads of Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and the Lord Chancellor, these three being his principal enemies." He then nodded, as much as to say he was perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and hoped we were so too. At the door which led into the house, we were overtaken by the plumed scholar, who, taking two sparrows' feathers from his sleeve, offered them to my wife, apologising for his rudeness in not doing so before; he earnestly hoped she was not offended.

Dr. F. now conducted us over the interior of the building. The greater part of the rooms were tenantless, their occupants being in the yard below. These belonged to the poorer class, but though the furniture was of an ordinary kind, everything was very neat and clean. But a few, set apart from the rest, the apartments of the wealthier patients, contained books, drawings, music, and all the appliances to which they were accustomed. In the drawing room of one handsome suite, overlooking the lawn, a tempting dessert was set out, which was glanced at by one of us with much satisfaction, as it seemed to promise an indemnity for previous abstinence; the dining room, as we presumed, adjoined. In this particular, however, we made a mistake, Dr. F. explaining that it was below. Thither we were soon summoned by our hostess, a lady whose countenance denoted much intelligence, and whose manners were very conciliatory. Under her guidance we descended, and, with appetites in excellent order, entered the *salle à manger*.

A surprise awaited us here which went far to take away that appetite—on the part of my wife, at least, if not on mine,—for, with the exception of four places, the seats at the table were full. Macbeth's astonishment at finding a guest in the murdered Banquo could scarcely have been greater than ours when we saw that we were to dine with the patients. Mrs. F. quickly noticed my wife's distress, and smilingly re-assured her. "They are all so gentle," she said, "you would never know that anything was the matter." Still, these individuals were each armed with a knife and fork, and who could tell, suggested apprehension, whether sanity might not slumber when such weapons were at hand. With the best grace, however, that she could muster, my wife took her place on the left of Dr. F., and I, though most unwilling to be separated from her by the whole length of the table, occupied the seat of honour next to our agreeable hostess. We mustered about sixteen altogether. All our companions were of the male sex, an apology being made by Mrs. F. for the absence of a lady not well enough that day to join the party. Again—my wife told me afterwards,—again the thought recurred: twelve strong maniacs, with sharp knives! It was rather trying to her nerves. If any doubt had arisen in my mind as to the use which my immediate neighbours would make of *their* knives and forks, it was very speedily dispelled when I saw how stedfastly they addressed themselves to the viands which were set before them. Had they been eating for a wager they could not have gone to work in a more determined style. They refreshed themselves also with copious draughts, but of water only, so that there was no fear of the promptings of intoxication. Once, indeed, I fancied I detected a wistful glance in "Delirium Tremens," as my wife, who sat next to him, drank a glass of sherry with Dr. F., but if he entertained the desire to do the same the wish soon passed away, and he, too, swallowed his allotted water without grimace. One thing at this dinner was noticeable: a number of respectably-dressed people around,

and all the externals of society ; yet nobody conversed, except Dr. and Mrs. F. and ourselves, and occasionally "Delirium Tremens." There was evidently a cause for this restraint, and looking round I discovered it in the presence of the servants who waited, in whom I recognised the keepers. Their eyes, no matter how they might be occupied in shifting dishes or changing plates, were never off the lunatics ; and I observed that, under one pretence or other, some of them always remained in the room.

It was not fated, however, that the dinner should pass over altogether without something to vary its monotony. When it had proceeded more than half way, a servant approaching Mrs. F. said, in a low voice, but loud enough for me to overhear, that Mrs. Graham wished to come in. This was the lady whose absence had been neglected. Mrs. F. replied that she knew she was not "well enough" to appear, observing aside to me, that the truth was she had been "rather refractory." The servant withdrew, but could not have carried his message to any great distance, as a loud voice was distinctly audible outside the dining-room door insisting on admission. Perhaps the keeper did not like to use force at that moment ; perhaps the lady was too much for him ! At all events, the door suddenly flew open, and in Mrs. Graham bounced. She was dressed in the height of finery, with a cap all lace and flowers, and long streaming cherry-coloured ribbons, and her features wore the same hue.

"When there's company here, ma'am," she said, addressing Mrs. F., "I insist on joining. I have all my life been accustomed to the best society, I have been presented at Court, I was always considered an ornament to the circle I moved in, and—I will have my dinner ! If you don't give me some—this is my place, next to the strange gentleman—I'll break every plate and glass on the table. Dont you think, sir," she continued, turning to me, "that such conduct is excessively ill-bred ! But I'll smash everything here, I'm determined !"

Whether Mrs. Graham would have carried her threat into execution if not interfered with, I am unable to say,—but as soon as she had spoken, Dr. F. looked at her with a peculiar expression, which she, who saw him, quickly understood, and as quickly walked to the door and disappeared.

"We seldom have occasion," said Mrs. F., "to inflict any severer punishment than solitude during meals. This poor lady's dinner will be sent to her presently in another place."

No comment was made upon this episode by any one present ; in fact, while Mrs. Graham remained in the room, not one of the lunatics ever raised his eyes. After that, the dinner soon came to an end, and we rose,—our dessert being served in an adjoining apartment ; not the one, however, into which we had been shown upstairs ; that was exclusively occupied by a very fastidious gentlewoman, whose friends paid a large sum for her special entertainment, her mania being horticultural.

But we had not entirely parted company with Mrs. Graham. While Dr. F. and I were taking our wine, Mrs. F. and my wife returned to the garden. Crossing the hall, they saw Mrs. Graham standing at a window. She beckoned to my wife to go and speak to her. Mrs. F. said there would be no harm in doing so ; it might tend, indeed, to quiet her. Alone, then, my wife accosted Mrs. Graham, or rather was accosted by her.

"You must have been very much shocked, ma'am," said the latter, "at what you witnessed to-day. To think of excluding a person of my fashion and family connection ! Why, ma'am, I am related to half the nobility of the kingdom. My husband has spared no expense in sending me here. Ten guineas a week, at the very lowest. You know, perhaps, what makes him so lavish ! Not that the money can be said to be his, for he hadn't a penny when I married him. I was an heiress, ma'am, of the great house of

De Dunstanville, a family that came over with William the Conqueror; my portion was immense: millions! and see what he does with it,—pays enormous sums to these people to keep me here. And why? I'll tell you, ma'am, if you don't happen to know, though my case has been published in all the papers. Because, ma'am, he has got another wife, and wishes me to remain in ignorance of the fact. But a little bird, you know, ma'am,—a little bird. Yes, yes, I've found it all out, and to-morrow I mean to see Sir Herbert Jenner, and prosecute them all for bigamy. Pray, don't let me detain you any longer. Just one word more; you will scarcely credit it! When they sent me my dinner the mutton was cold and underdone, and there was not a drop of gravy! We shall see what Sir Herbert will say to that! Good evening, ma'am, good evening!"

"Good evening." Yes. We also shortly became desirous of saying to Dr. and Mrs. F., for the day was drawing in, and our home was distant.

"Oh, don't think of going away," said Dr. F. "Stay here, we can give you a bed. We had no idea you meant to leave us to-night. Besides, it is too late to go: the last omnibus has past."

Very hospitable words these, but words by no means welcome. My wife pressed my arm; I knew she would rather walk all the way back than sleep at W—— House.

"We are expected at home," I replied, "and must take our chance of a conveyance."

A little more entreaty followed, but finding we were not to be moved, Mrs. F. shook hands, and accompanied by Dr. F. and "Delirium Tremens," who seemed to have taken a great fancy to my wife, we took our way along the green lane to the public road. By accident, or because it was Sunday night, an extra omnibus went by: there was room in it; the fare of course was double, but we were carried to the point from which we set out. As we drew the curtains that night, my wife observed: "Thank Heaven, we are here at last! I should have died of fright if I had gone to bed at W—— House. It has been a very odd kind of day: not altogether disagreeable,—but, oh, I don't want to go there again."

We never did go,—and I trust we never may.

M A Y.

O lovely May is come at last
 With flowers of every hue,
 The dreary winter's gone and past,
 And skies are soft and blue;
 And o'er the freshly-green young leaves
 Shadow and sunlight plays—
 Oh, what deep joy the heart receives
 In these bright summer days.

All nature now is gay and bright,
 And everywhere I go
 Fair flowers in azure, pink, and white,
 In silent beauty grow!
 And while the broad and dreamy river
 Ripples and glides along,
 Methinks it whispers, "welcome ever!"
 To Summer in its song.

G. F. P.

A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, a very clever cook, named Baleine, from a remote village of Brittany, came to Paris, and set up a little eating-house at the corner of the Rue de Mandar. This eating-house was called after the Rocher-de-Cancalle, that region so deservedly famous for its oysters. It was a very humble affair; but its keeper's culinary skill was so great that he soon attracted the attention of the greatest *gourmands* of the capital. Gouffé, Grimaud, Brillat-Savarin, Launon, Désangiers, and the rest of that group of joyous, witty, and illustrious epicures of whom they were the leaders, became his constant customers. These renowned wits and high livers had founded a club, called "The Modern Cellar," which met once a week to dine on the most luxurious fare and the most delicate wines, seasoning their repast with the Attic salt of their brilliant sallies. "The Modern Cellar" chose the Rocher-de-Cancalle for its head-quarters; and Baleine's fortune was made from that day.

Baleine, now a prosperous and thriving man, soon removed into more central quarters, where his dining-rooms were fitted up with all the convenient and handsome appliances of a fashionable *restaurant*. He sent for a young niece of his from the country, to preside at the counter of his establishment, a very handsome girl, name Perrette, whose charms, added to those of her uncle's cash-box, soon drew around her a host of suitors of a station far above her own. One of these, a young man of rank and fortune, contrived to win the good graces of the uncle, and, having warmly urged his suit, was accepted by him; whereupon the prosperous cook lost no time in announcing to his pretty niece that she was shortly to become Madame Thibaudaud, and would have a beautiful house, a carriage, diamonds, cashmere shawls, and a score of servants.

"But I assure you I am in no haste to marry, dear uncle," replied Perrette; "I am very happy with you; I detest Monsieur Thibaudaud, and I want none of the fine things you promise me."

"And what should she want with them?" interrupted Baleine's head cook, a handsome young fellow, as merry as a cricket, the life and soul of the establishment, who worked away all day long over his furnaces as though his life depended on his activity, and was always ready for a dance or a frolic in the evening. "Ma'amzelle Perrette is quite good-looking enough without diamonds," he continued, to the great annoyance of his chief.

"Fricoteau," said Baleine, with calm dignity, "no one asked for your opinion; you may go down to the kitchen, *mon garçon!*" upon which Fricoteau disappeared.

"Perrette," continued Baleine, sternly, "I love you as my own daughter. I have set my heart on your being a lady. Young women have nothing to do in the choice of a husband; and you will marry Monsieur Shibaoudaud."

Baleine looked so very severe, with his round face red and excited, and his spectacles pushed up into his white hair, that poor Perrette began to cry.

"I hate Monsieur Thibaudaud!" she exclaimed, sobbing. "If you love me, dear uncle, send Monsieur Thibaudaud about his business, and let me always live with you!"

"A very pretty thing for a pretty girl to do," replied Baleine, "live all her life with her old uncle, indeed! No, minx, no, I love you too well to be deceived in this way. Perrette, your affections are engaged to another!"

"And if they are, where's the harm?" again interrupted Fricoteau, whose head once more suddenly emerged from the doorway.

"Go to your saucepans, Fricoteau!" thundered Baleine, growing redder than ever. "And now, disobedient child, confess to me to whom you have given your heart?"

"Fricoteau took it, uncle," replied the handsome peasant girl, half crying and half laughing.

"My cook!" cried the *restaurateur*, in a tragic tone. "Never, no never, shall my niece be called Fricoteau!"

"I don't see why not," said that personage from the stair-way. "Fricoteau is as good a name as Baleine, any day; and I am now almost as good a cook as yourself. In many dishes I defy you or anybody else to tell the difference between your hand and mine."

"And he is so steady, dear uncle," added Perrette. "And we will always live with you, and keep up the honour of the house, and take such care of you when you grow old."

But Baleine was obdurate, and they pleaded in vain.

One day there was to be a grand gathering of "The Modern Cellar;" the dinner was a miracle, and quite ready; the guests were waiting; but the oysters (a rare luxury in those days, and one on which Baleine especially prided himself) had not come by the coach. Baleine was in despair. The dinner would be spoiled, and thoughts of suicide suggested themselves to his mind, as he muttered—

"Never before were oysters lacking at the Rocher-de-Cancalle! Come, Fricoteau," he added at last, "you are an ingenious lad; what can be done?"

"I have an idea!" replied Fricoteau, with a sudden gleam of joyful anticipation irradiating his handsome features; "give me five minutes, and trust to me!"

Away darted Fricoteau into the street, running wildly forwards, but glancing sharply about him in every direction. "There must be oysters somewhere in the town," said he to himself; "and wherever they may be, I must have them!" He soon espied a Savoyard staggering along under a barrel of oysters. To rush on the porter, lift the load off his back, and transfer it to his own shoulders, was the affair of an instant. He thrust several gold pieces, treble the worth of the oysters, into the Savoyard's hand, and rushed off to his master, while the Savoyard was still shouting to him to stand, and to give him back the barrel.

"You have saved me!" cried Baleine, in admiring raptures, as his head cook reappeared. "Quick, all hands, to open the oysters!"

"Wait a minute, dear master," said Fricoteau, holding fast the barrel; "these oysters are mine, and I only give them up on condition —"

"— Any price you please; a thousand francs, two thousand, three thousand—but don't torture me, monster!"

"I don't want your money; I want Perrette. Give me Perrette, and I give you the oysters!"

"Oh, yes, dear uncle; do give me to Fricoteau! We will never leave you, and you know the house would go to ruin without him!" chimed in that young lady, showing her pretty face unexpectedly on the scene of action.

Baleine heaved a deep sigh. "I *must* have the oysters!" he murmured, under his breath.

"Then will you give me Perrette?" demanded Fricoteau, still holding on to the barrel.

"I will," said Baleine, with a voice of anguish, as he seized the barrel and drove off the lid.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Fricoteau in triumph, as he caught Perrette by the waist, gave her a smacking kiss, and then, snatching up a knife, began

o open the oysters with the same vigour and celerity that had marked his capture of them.

The dinner was voted phenomenal. While the dessert was going forward, name Fricoteau, leading the blushing Perrette by the hand.

"Messieurs, we are come to ask you to drink to our wedding," said the head-cook, who was a great favourite with the guests.

"Bravo!" cried they; "what a handsome couple you will be, dear children! And you will keep up the Rocher-de-Cancale for our descendants, when Baleine and we have taken our departure. What's the marriage-portion, Baleine? You are as rich as Cræsus, and must come down handsomely. A hundred thousand francs and your blessing! Not a *sou* less!"

Baleine, beset by his admiring patrons, and secretly glad to make sure of his invaluable cook, did not hold out long. He gave his blessing to the young pair with true fatherly unction; and promised to count down a hundred thousand francs for the bride's portion. He then entreated his patrons to honour him with their presence at the marriage-feast; which they all promised to do, and with very great readiness.

The marriage took place shortly after this scene. The repast provided for the occasion surpassed all that Baleine had ever accomplished before, and was done ample justice to by the brilliant wits of "The Modern Cellar."

"No Queen of France ever had such a gathering of clever men at her wedding!" cried Baleine, in the pride of his heart, as he kissed the bride when her health was being drunk by the guests, at the close of the dinner.

A grand ball followed this repast, and all the cooks of Paris, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, footed it merrily through the rest of the night.

Baleine, Fricoteau, and Perrette lived happily together ever afterwards in a constant sunshine of prosperity and success.

After the death of the founder, the Rocher-de-Cancale passed into the hands of his adopted children, who kept up the renown of the house, which, under the care of their successors, is still one of the most famous eating-houses of Paris.

SONNET ON A NAME.

By the late Ebenezer Elliot, the "Corn-law Rhymers."

JOHN. In the sound of that rebellious word
 There is brave music. Jack, and Jacobin,
 Are vulgar terms: law-link'd to shame and sin,
 They have twang of Jack the hangman's cord:
 Yet John hath merit which can well afford
 To be call'd Jack's. By life's strange offs and ons;
 Glory hath had great dealings with the Johns,
 Since history first awak'd where fable snored.
 John Cade, John Huss, John Hampden, and John Knox,
 Aye, these were names of fellows who had will.
 John Wilson's name, far sounded, sounds not ill;
 But how unlike John Milton's, or John Locke's!
 John Bright, like Locke and Milton, scorns paid sloth!
 And Johnson might have liked to gibbet both.

TAPLEY: PHILOSOPHER.

BY W. F. PEACOCK.

WERE it possible to cross the Ticino in a skiff of swan's down ; to make a first-chop Wesleyan of Mr. Commissioner Yeh (first chops and second chops being peculiarly in the line of that talented ex-executioner) ; to improve the billiard play of Captain Crawley ; to translate Uncle Tom's Cabin into intelligible and verbatim Sanscrit ; to maintain that the working man (*because a working man*) is unworthy of a vote ; to establish (as certain florid and advanced spirits have attempted) that there is no such thing as progress ; to believe in the genuine foreign aroma of a penny Pickwick ; or, lastly, to maim and destroy your conviction that the present paper will take precedence of anything ever written by a Dickens, a Bulwer, or a Scott,—were these, or other such impossibilities, possible, *then*, I say, I might hope to sketch, in this brief article, the various characters which surround, and, by their very contrast, “bring out strong” the special philosophy and original views of MARK TAPLEY, my subject.

Taking the Chuzzlewit characters as a world in miniature, how I should delight to compare with them, and with it, the individual Tapley. Tapley, of the “Dragon ;” Tapley, of the *Tapley Arms* ; Mrs. Lupin's Tapley, the honest-hearted, whimsical, most singular, most sensible, most jovial Mark ! Alas ! the space allotted to me will not suffice, else would I pourtray the members of that many-hued community, who represented almost every phase of good and evil in themselves. How they appear on memory's disk :—Tom Pinch and bright-eyed Ruth, his little loving sister ; also keen, worldly, despicable Anthony Chuzzlewit, and Jonas his spoiled and hateful son—Jonas the brutal beast, the cunning and remorseless wretch, that most abominable murderer Jonas ; and poor old Chuffey, in whom a loving servant's sad imbecile affection was strangely manifested. Then sodden Chevy Slyme, and flashy man-of-the-world, adventurer, swindling, polished, but Satanic Tigg, Montague Tigg, or Tigg Montague, of that famed institution the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance (or Assurance) Company ; then Old Martin and Young Martin ; then Mr. and Mrs. Spottletoe, irascible George Chuzzlewit, and the Strong-minded Woman ; then Bullamy (I had forgotten him), the important porter of the Anglo-Bengalee, whose vast red waistcoat and coat of pepper-and-salt, with short tails, constituted him a wonderful creature at least ; then ferrety, secret, silent, sleepless Nadgett ; next, sweet Mary Graham, and that lean and lank, but good Samaritan, Mrs. Todgers, of Todgers's ; next melancholy, miserable, gaunt, and ghostly Lewsome ; then little Fips, the lawyer ; then Cherry and Merry, with poor Moddle, who loved Another's, and when he courted always wept most copiously ; and Mr. Jenkins, of Todgers's, who was the very Upas Tree of Mr. Moddle ! Then there would be the marvellous Mr. Bailey and simple, soft, Poll Sweedlepipes ; next, honest, jovial John Westlock, and sprightly Mr. Mould, the undertaker, who loved mankind (and womankind) so well, he'd gladly have buried 'em all for nothing !

Oh ! that time and space permitted ! How might I sketch dear, tender Betsey Prig, and most immaculate Sairey Gamp, of Kingsgate Street, High Holborn. Above all, Mr. Pecksniff, the moral man ; whose morality was only equalled by his architectural skill. Bland, gentle, humble Mr. Peck.

sniff, whose shining face was an index to the good, the beautiful, the true ! But it may not be ; each page would overflow a volume to effect this gratifying result. I must e'en leave it to a future time, and content myself now with Mark Tapley alone. Yet how delightful to depict my own dear Sairey—Gamp by name and Gamp by nature—who always spoke her mind, even were she to be lead (as she herself observed) a Martha to the stake ! Dear Sairey Gamp, whose leers, and smiles, and winks, and coughs, and nods, and curtsies are her monument throughout all time, never to mention that inexhaustible umbrella, which was part and parcel of her constitution. "Let's dry our eyes ;" for the present I cannot do more than attempt a photograph, personal, mental, and practical of Mark Tapley the philosopher.

Between eighteen and nineteen years ago, Mark and I became acquainted. That was some few years before Dickens introduced him to me ; but then, in his introduction Dickens spoke of having seen Mark some few years before on the road to Salisbury. The most remarkable feature of all is that I became acquainted with Mark on the said Salisbury Road. How well I remember the time ! I had left old Pecksniff in his nightcap at his chamber window, and was touching up the movements of old Pecksniff's raw-boned, haggard horse, which, in its moral character (for it always made a show of going fast, and displayed the mightiest action) was like old Pecksniff, full of promise but of no performance. There was no better time for driving than that fresh and frosty morning, the commencement of a bracing day in early winter. The sheep-bells rang as clearly in the vigorous air as if they felt its wholesome freshness like living creatures ; the trees, in lieu of leaves or blossoms, shed upon the ground a frosty rime that sparkled as it fell and might have been the dust of diamonds. From cottage chimneys the smoke went streaming up high, high, as if the earth had lost its grossness, being so fair, and must not be oppressed by heavy vapour. The crust of ice on the else rippling brook was so transparent, and so thin in texture, that the lively water might, of its own free will, have stopped to look upon the lovely morning ; and lest the sun should break this charm too eagerly, there moved between him and the ground a mist like that which waits upon the moon on summer nights, and wooed him to dissolve it gently.

I was jogging along, full of pleasant thoughts and cheerful influences, when I saw upon the path before me a traveller on foot, who walked with a quick light step, and sang as he went. His voice was loud, but not unmusical. He was a young fellow of some five or six-and-twenty, perhaps, and was dressed in such a free and fly-away fashion that the long ends of his loose red neckcloth were streaming out behind him quite as much as before ; and the bunch of bright winter berries in the button-hole of his velveteen coat was as visible to my rearward observation as if he had worn that garment wrong side foremost. He continued to sing with so much energy that he did not hear the sound of wheels until I had approached close, when he checked himself, and turned a whimsical face and very merry pair of blue eyes on me. Such were the circumstances of my first acquaintance with Mark Tapley, of the "Dragon." When I complimented him on his spruce appearance, his face became overcast, and he said, "The spruceness wasn't his fault. Any man," he said, "might be in good spirits and good temper when well-drest. If he'd been ragged, and very jolly, *then* he *would* have felt he had gained a point !" I asked Mark Tapley to get in, which he did, and together we went along. I remember a few of his opinions expressed on the way. "He thought there would be some credit in being jolly with a wife if the children had the measles, and," as he said, "'was very fractious ;' but, as he wasn't quite

sure, he was almost afraid to try it." He told me, very dolefully, "he couldn't get a chance to come out strong; so persuaded, he was going to leave Mrs. Lupin and the *Blue Dragon*, because it wasn't the place for him. He had thought (before he went to it) that the *Dragon* was the dullest, little, out-of-the-way corner in England; and that there would be some credit in being jolly under such circumstances. But, Lord!" he said, "there was no dulness at the *Dragon*! Skittles, cricket, quoits, nine-pins, comic songs, choruses, company round the chimney corner every winter's evening,—any man could be jolly at the *Dragon*! so he didn't mean to stay there!"

I asked him what kind of thing he was looking out for; what sort of situation calculated to bring jollity and credit. "Well," he said, "he was thinking of something in the grave-digging way; it was a damp, wormy, good sort of business, unless grave diggers were jolly in their profession, in which case there'd be no credit in *him* being so! *Undertaking* might suit him," Mark said; "its gloominess would gain credit; or a broker's man in a poor neighbourhood wouldn't be so bad; or a jailor's life; or a doctor's, because *he* is in the midst of murder. A bailiff's, being scarcely a lively office, might suit him; or a tax gatherer's!" I observed that Mark didn't wear a waistcoat, and that his shirt-bosom was ruffled by every breath of air. "What was the good of a waistcoat?" he asked; "his chest didn't want no warming! Even if it did, what would no waistcoat bring it to? Inflammation of the lungs, perhaps. Well," said Mark, "there'd be some credit in being jolly with an inflammation of the lungs."

Such was our first acquaintanceship; and when Mark Tapley had jumped lightly down, away he fluttered with his red neckerchief and open coat, looking one of the most careless, good-humoured, comical fellows in life.

I had many experiences of him afterwards. Once, when he was in the miserable—most miserable—room rented by Young Martin, in London. A terribly ill-conditioned hole it was; and Martin's spirits were low indeed, as he viewed the place. But Mark Tapley regarded it as a princely mansion, a very Buckingham Palace; its miseries being so many recommendations to him. "Jolly sort of lodgings," said Mark, rubbing his nose with the nob at the end of the fire-shovel, and looking round the poor chamber. "That's a comfort—the rain's coming through the roof too—that's not bad. A lively old bedstead, I'll be bound; popilated by lots of wampires, no doubt. Come, my spirits is a-getting up again. An uncommon ragged night-cap this—a very good sign. We shall do yet." Such was Mark Tapley. Yes, view him from first to last, Mark was ever jolly, when you or I, perhaps, would have been sunk in wretchedness. Without difficulties to encounter and overcome, the world would have had no charms for him. He practically enunciated the truth that without pain pleasure would lose half its pungency.

"Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Or to quote Peter Pindar's distich:—

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
But every grin so merry draws one out."

Punch says, the experience of life is, "What a fool I've been!" How? Because I've neglected opportunities, given way to melancholy and inaction when cheerfulness and work would have obtained the object I so greatly desired. When had I seen the bright sunbeam reflected in the otherwise dark stream of life, I might have *done* something, and obtained credit. This bright sunbeam Mark persisted in seeing, though rather

excessively at times; but if his philosophy be carried to an extreme, still, in itself, it must be admitted to possess soundness and health.

How Mark continually acted out his principles we know; and the various occasions come before us like the coloured bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, and however fantastically they arrange themselves they always excite the spirit of pleasure and the feeling of emulation. Look at him on his rough passage to America, when the angry waves were lashing in maddening fury, and ever bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water. Young Martin, with a peevish groan, said, "Ugh! it was wretched, wretched!" But how was it with Tapley? Why there he lay, poor fellow, leading the life of a fly, for he'd been perpetually holding-on to something or other in an upside-down position; "putting very little into himself, and taking a good deal out of himself," as he said. Yet keeping up his spirits, creditably, which was a great comfort; feeling that virtue and jollity were their own reward!

What else? He practically taught that jollity engenders kindness. Bodily ill, Mark was always ready to help. In the roughest part of the voyage, how he bestirred himself in kind and generous actions, the sources of which wore jollity and cheerfulness. Hear him pitying the poor woman who is making that rough passage all by herself, save her young children. Mark has those juvenile impediments "handed over, according to custom," and, in a twinkling, is manipulating the second lad at the basin. All the while he consoles and cheers the poor wife, breaking off his kind discourse only to say to the youth under his hands, "If you don't want to be driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man, you'd better shut it." All through that tempestuous voyage Mark stuck to his principles. He suffered as much from sea-sickness as anybody, but was for all that the life and soul of the steerage, thinking nothing of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the best and gayest of tempers to resume it.

Was it his nature? Yes. But did his jollity proceed from the absence of fine delicate feelings? By no means. Surrounded by misery, at any time he put his cheerfulness to its proper use, to uphold and strengthen the sinking heart; to open out a prospect where no prospect was visible to the sufferer. A coarse nature would have cherished its jollity for itself; but Mark's was universal, and ever philanthropic. It was the milk of human kindness, with the cream on, and perfectly free of chalk-and-water.

Mark's jollity produced work. See how he bestirred himself in that den of horrors, Eden, his spirits rising with every emergency, and his hand, his head, his heart equally busy with good and imitable purpose.

I could talk for a week of Eden and its associations. How Mark Tapley came out strong indeed, fever or no fever, amid decay, disease, and death; showing how he helped everybody when nobody else could; proving, practically, that the way to get along and be useful is to keep up your spirits, and never to say die, always putting your shoulder to the wheel (whatever sort of a wheel it is), with a "yo-heave-ho!" I might describe Eden in particular, and hit off old Scadder, the smart man, with his lively eye and his dead one; and that genuine American institution, Mister Hannibal Chollop, who insisted on being "cracked up," if you wouldn't see his back riz, and feel the bite of his Ripper and Tickler—his bowie-knife and revolver.

But enough; we have sufficient points in Mark Tapley's character, wherefrom to deduce the moral. Without discussing Dickens as a novelist (which is not the purpose of this paper), and without entering into an analysis of his characters generally, I may observe that a connection, a constitutional relationship may be traced between certain of his characters

and others. For example, there is a link of union between his Mr. Toots and his Traddles, though the one comes to us in *Dombey and Son* and the other in *David Copperfield*; between the Patriarch of *Little Dorrit* and the Pecksniff of *Martin Chuzzlewit*; between the Carker of *Dombey* and Steerforth's Mr. Littimer; between, in truth, very many other important and unimportant characters. If you extracted them separately from the narrative, my assertion would be the more manifested as a just one. The narratives differing so widely in plot, scenic effect, and execution, the assertion I make is not unlikely to be doubted, the proof being often obscured by the said concomitants of execution, scenic effect, and plot. Now, in certain respects, Mark Tapley and our beloved friend Samivel Weller are kinsmen. Samivel never could withstand the temptation of *chaffing* the daws which strutted in peacock's feathers; nor could Tapley. Witness the latter's American experiences; the great Watertoast Association; the small boy with the shrill voice, who was war correspondent and orator general; and, in comparison, witness Sam Weller's deprecatory and most unsentimental behaviour and language at the famous Bath Swarry to the footmen thereat assembled, and to his stupendous patron, Blazes, in particular. The spirit of jollity does not of necessity imply an unobservant mind; a man may indulge his high spirits yet be as sober of thought and as watchful of absurdity as the silent, melancholy cynic, who thinks his lifeless, chilling tub is the best advertisement of strong perception and consistent dignity. The puling, non-self-reliant Martin, always irritable and taciturn, had not half the innate good sense of his humble follower, Mark; in other words, the "Co." was decidedly the best part of the firm. Therefore, it by no means follows that he who laughs from his heart, and is ever buoyant, should be in any respect the inferior of the taciturn and the gloomy; but it *does* follow that the taciturn and gloomy should, from their very disinclination to enjoy what comes before them, know considerably less than the jovial and the free. Not that there was a great deal to enjoy in Eden, that Eden to which Mr. Scadder's smartness seduced Martin and Mark, or rather Martin, for Mark's superior sense exposed the bubble as it rose, though his devotedness kept him staunch and leal to his petulant master. Not that the Mississippi swamps possessed in them all that was calculated to promote long life and festivity, health and wealth, and the other blessings we sigh for. No. If the *Garden of Eden* was next to Heaven, Eden *itself* was next to the other place. But, mildly speaking, Purgatory as it was, it could not break the adamant of Tapley's jollity. Mark Tapley felt that affairs were creditable, and accordingly he "came out strong." Adam's state at last was Tapley's condition at first—the climax of misfortune; what the one lost the other found. If Adam gave way to sorrow because he was exiled, Mark preserved his cheerfulness because he was not, and kept his spirits as the only chance of procuring his expatriation at his own hands. Adam was a composition of flesh and blood, subject to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Mark was the bond of union between flesh and india-rubber—the harder you knocked him down the higher he bounced. Now, as Adam's Eden is not to be found to-day in *this* world, so Tapley's Eden will never be met with in the next. There are many Tapley's-Edens in this, and doubtless you and I know some, with sundry mixed populations of Scadderses and Chollapses, with soul-fevers and spiritual-miasmas a many, and Rippers and Ticklers not a few. How often have we leaned on the faith of Scadderses, trusting to honour and fair speech, emulating Young Martin Chuzzlewit when Mark Tapley should have been our exemplar!

Ah! what wretched Edens does this life of ours acquaint us with! Let the tradesman reply, the man in business, *he* can tell. What decay,

disease, and death surround him, weaken him at every point, and revel in the richness and fecundity of his warm and vigorous nature! The better for him if, in the hour of sorrow and in the darkness drear, he can lay Mark's philosophy to his heart, and trust it to sustain him.

What! does light-heartedness necessarily presuppose an innate relish for what is frivolous and unsubstantial? Does it not rather imply self-reliance and spirit-courage; an understanding, moreover, of the difficulty to overcome, and an appreciation of the means to overcome it; a ready blade, and a strong arm to wield it? If not, why not? For in the sense of mere superficial buoyancy I do not take it. Light-heartedness is more than an exuberant quality, it has solidity and tangibility; not thin veneer only, but substantial wood, with an excellent polish.

Why should the thin-skinned world persist in the biassed and groundless belief that *spirits and sobriety* (if I may so express myself) are incompatible? Why mayn't a man be at once jolly and solid, light of heart and heavy of head, a pains-taking laborious student, yet a jovial fellow? I know how the thin-skinned world gives greater tribute to the man who worships appearance than to him who scorns extraneous aids and yields to no deception. I know that many a man, by his very moodiness, is deemed a wise person when only a judicious wise-acre; and that many another, who talks and acts with the freedom and reason of common sense, is set down as a good fellow, but an empty one. So it was with Martin, and so with Mark. Until circumstances brought it out, the mighty Martin never knew the wealth of nature's knowledge in the breast of humble Mark. Not that Mark made any secret of it; not that *he* was of a secret parsimonious turn; on the contrary, the good that was in him was ever flowing, as a river from its source, irrigating the barren land, refreshing the parched herb, and breathing freshness and life into all it touched. But you see, there are some natures which remain insensible to touch until some crisis awakens them into sympathy and feeling; and of such natures Young Martin Chuzzlewit's was one.

Jollity? faith, the more we promote it, in its healthfulness, the better. Surely there's enough to depress us in this world without adding to it; and if, with all our efforts to keep up and never say die, we sometimes, in the agony of strained human endurance, feel the burden pressing us down to earth, most certainly that should be the very best reason for endeavouring to never say die; always to keep up; or as Tapley says, "to be jolly and come out strong."

Have you ever looked into the items of your memory's new year's balance sheet?—ever examined them, carefully, reflectively, when the old year lay a-dying? If so, did you not perceive a round number of objectionables, which the despair of time, or at least the *despondency*, had called forth? Do not you know that the weird children of the grim hag, Despondency, are many and vile, of whom I would name Inaction, Heedlessness, and Apathy.

Did Despondency ever enclose Mark Tapley in her withered arms? O dear no! Well, then, he gained by it; and not only did his guardian spirit, Jollity, or Good Heart, repel the miserable beldame's advances to him, but warned off her three weird children, Apathy, Inaction, and Heedlessness. His yearly balance sheet, then, whatever strange jolly items it held, escaped a good many of the objectionables aforesaid!

Sunny May or murky November? Cheerfulness which, like light summer air, quickens the pulse, clears the sight and obviates, what nature never intended, a *vacuum*; or Depression, which, like November fog and mist, produces moral asthma and constitutional bronchitis?

Which is the best, then, May or November? the gloom of Martin junior or the jollity and sunshine of Mark?

Why was Mark jolly? He took an impartial view of things, or a partial one if you will, for his idiosyncrasy; opened his eyes to the difficulties, but closed his mouth on the subject of them, by which I mean he never allowed they *were* difficulties. Which is, in a word, the way to get along! Not that jollity will bear us safely over *all* life's billows; no, I don't say that! Of a truth there's some will swamp even it, like winking, as the poet says; but for all that, the "jolly boat's" the best of *human* make.

Were I disposed to illustrate this, how might I adduce *history*, in its form of biography, and *poetry*, also. What victories over difficulties have been achieved by cheerfulness, *always united to action*, as must needs be,—for cheerfulness, if inactive in necessity's turn, would become despondency from her very consciousness of duty's neglect!

The triumphs of cheerfulness?

I would borrow my records from the perils of earthquakes, of shipwreck, of fire! Beautiful star, bright, ever twinkling cheerfulness! How often has it looked on some downcast sufferer and whispered hope and courage—courage! That star, that bright, particular star, shone on poor Baron Trenck, in his dark dungeon, when the tiny mouse, subdued by captive love, became his friend and partner of his meals.

Time would fail me to cite the examples ready to my hand. Your memory will doubtless furnish them.

The unsafest position is the feeling of perfect safety. Belshazzar and Sennacherib realized *that* fact. Now, you will observe that Mark Tapley *never* felt himself so; in which respect he was, most decidedly, a very superior person to either Sennacherib or Belshazzar. Mark's cheerfulness kept him continually alive; and being alive, in the fullest sense, he was always on the look-out for circumstantial hurricanes and tornadoes, to enjoy them; such little elementary trifles being the food of his jollity.

Now, gentlemen, I say all honour to Charles Dickens, who introduced Mark Tapley to us, as the preacher of a light yet profitable sermon; a sermon for every day, and for every class of men and women.

And all praise to Mark Tapley, of the *Blue Dragon* (now the *Tapley Arms*), in the little Wiltshire village, for the lamp he lit, and ever holds, to guide and cheer the sorrowing downcast wanderer.

Moreover, and lastly, let us not forget to venerate fair, fat, and forty, Mrs. Lupin *that was*; who is still the smiling hostess of the *Tapley Arms*, though older than before, but not less admirable.

PATIENCE BRINGS ROSES.

From the German of W. Nagel.

On prickly shrub doth Patience grow;
Thorns on each branch we meet:
And he who finds it soon shall know
It wounds his hands and feet.
And yet I tell thee—calmly wait;
The pains thou ne'er shalt rue;
Though even tears should soon or late
That prickly plant bedew.
A weary night shall future morns
With rich rewards beguile;
And over all those prickly thorns
A wreath of roses smile!

THE BRETHREN OF THE COAST.

BY W. J. OSTELL.

THE dignified Muse of History has cared but little for the byeways of the World's story. With haughty stride and robed in the imperial purple, her place has nearly ever been in the grand triumphal march, the gorgeous ceremonial, and amidst the pomp of tragic dénouements. With kings for actors, their lives, loves, hates, wars, and fates for incidents, and the large round world for stage, the minor strugglers and doers have passed unheeded by the impassive Muse, save as "accessory to the plot." Yet, indented on the roll of mankind's chronicle, are to be found at infrequent intervals many a subsidiary drama of striking interest and eventful import. Amongst these episodes we call to mind none more strongly marked or curiously interesting than that of the story of the sea confederacy of Buccaneers and Filibusters eventually combined as the Brethren of the Coast.

We confess that for us the story of the Brethren of the Coast has always had a peculiar fascination. John Sterling, son of the Thunderer of the *Times*, tells how, when a boy, he found a copy of Montaigne's Essays in his father's library, and treasured it up till future years enabled him to fulfil his long-cherished wish of visiting the wise essayist's château in Gascony. Amongst the books we inherit is a history of the daring adventurers who head this paper, translated from the German of J. M. Von Archenholtz, and dated 1807. Next to the boy's Iliad, dear old "Robinson Crusoe," this account of the daring sea-brotherhood was the jacket-pocket companion of our play-hours and rambles; and although, as yet, we have not visited the scenes in which they were such prominent actors, and much doubt whether we ever may, yet have we persistently and eagerly snatched up any waifs and strays of information regarding our unlicensed heroes; and the appearance some time since of Mr. Thornbury's "Monarchs of the Main"—a work we found most entertaining from its subject, lively in description, and full of pen-pictures—set us rummaging anew our stores of the Buccaneer annals.

To make our story more easily intelligible, we must take a retrospective glance at the history of the South American continent, the scene of their varied fortunes. The Spaniards having been the first to discover and appropriate the lands in the New World, including the finest islands of the West Indies, it was not long before adventurers of other nations hastened to share in the greatly exaggerated wealth with which, in popular belief, the golden lands abounded. These men went with the certainty of meeting with hostility from the Spaniards—and with the determination of returning it with hostility. The Spaniards endeavoured to extirpate at once and for ever these insolent intruders, and employed armed cruisers, or *guarda-costas*, the commanders of which had orders to take no prisoners! The consequence was that English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese leagued themselves for mutual protection and equal reprisal on the haughty Spaniard, treated every Spanish ship as an enemy, made descents on the coasts, ravaging their towns and settlements, and repaid cruelty by cruelty. An incessant warfare was thus established between Europeans in the West Indies entirely independent of their respective governments. All Europeans not Spaniards, whether there was peace or war between their nations in the Old World, on their meeting in the New, regarded each

other as friends and allies, styled themselves Brethren of the Coast, held the Spaniard as their common foe, and "No peace beyond the line" became the motto of the Brethren, as it had been that of their precursors, and even prototypes, England's naval worthies, Drake, Cavendish, Frobisher, Oxenham, and Raleigh.

The period of the rise and setting of these floating republics or filibustering confederacies is limited to the latter half of the seventeenth century. Readers of history know well enough that this was a stormy period in European affairs. The Huguenot internecine struggle in France, and the Parliamentary contest in Britain, had sent many Frenchmen and Englishmen to the New World; the disjointed times had cast on the rocky islets and sandy keys of the Caribbean Sea a motley population of gallants and Puritans, rovers and refugees, Catholics and Protestants, planters, hunters, and seamen—had "sharked up a list of landless resolute," impelled mainly by greed of gain, but largely also by revenge on the cruel and rapacious Spaniards, whose monarch claimed sole right of treasure-trove to half of the world by special bull from Pope Alexander VI. forsooth; and whose bigoted and bloodthirsty intents as expressed by the "invincible Armada" (the discomfiture of which has been well termed the Salamis of modern Europe), and by the dragoonadings, under Alva, in the Low Countries, as well as the horrors of Spanish satraps' cruelty to natives and barbarity to forlorn strangers in the Indies, which rumour swiftly carried to Europe, renewed and fostered the old bitterness of hate.

The Brethren of the Coast were first known by the name of *Flibustiers*, a French sailor's corruption of freebooter. The derivation of *Buccanier* was from the Caribbean word *boucan*, the flesh of the wild cattle when smoked and cured, and was also given to the hut or place in which it was thus dried and preserved. As early as 1630 a party of emigrants from Normandy, finding Hispaniola almost deserted by the Spaniards, who neglected the Antilles to push their conquests on the mainland, landed on the south side and located. Orders came from Spain to kill off the wild cattle originally introduced by Columbus, particularly round the coast. Weary of the wretched life they now led on shore, they sought a desperate but congenial occupation in joining the Filibusters to attack the well-laden vessels passing from the rich American colonies to the Spanish mother-country. The laws of association of the Brethren of the Coast were peculiar, and sprang out of their special circumstances. As men, they conceived a lofty idea of their individual independence, and, when disengaged from active service, every one followed his own whims, without regard for those of his fellows. In service, their patience seemed inexhaustible—they endured hunger, thirst, and excessive fatigue without a murmur, such being the true mark and warranty of a Brother of the Coast. They evinced a strong attachment for the externals of religion, and previous to engagement, prayed fervently—never omitting to earnestly beseech for victory and a good prize especially—severely beat their breasts, and were mutually reconciled, asking pardon for past offences, and embracing each other to show their unanimity. There was an agreed scale of prize-money; special awards for gallant actions and particular services, and a tariff for wounds.

Let us now take two or three detached pictures of the feats of these redoubtable Picaroons. Probably the first successful adventurer of the Buccaneers was a native of Dieppe, called Pierre le Grand, by which heroic appellation he afterwards became known. He began his career by sailing in a large canoe with a band of only 28 followers, and on the western coast of St. Domingo met a large Spanish vessel mounting cannon and carrying above 200 men. The sun was setting when they neared the floating fort, and

ordering their chirurgion to bore holes in the sides of their own little barque, that, there being no escape, might lend desperateness to valour, they clambered up the sides of the tall Spaniard, and burst almost suddenly into the state cabin, surprising the officers playing at cards, who, seeing no enemy's vessel (for by this time the surgeon's handiwork had caused the canoe to disappear), cried out in superstitious dismay, "Jesu, save us, these men are devils!" and tamely surrendered. The vessel was laden with riches, and its prudent captor steered at once for his own *la belle France*, bidding adieu to the scenes of his sudden fortune for ever. The news of this exploit added fuel to fire; and not only the freebooters' head-quarters at Tortugas were in an uproar, but the news spread to the ports and amongst the mariners of Europe.

For our next picture, Mr. Thornbury shall be the limner:—John Davis, cruising about Jamaica, became a scourge to all the Spanish mariners who ventured near the coast of the Caraccas, or his favourite haunts, Carthagena and Boca del Toro. Having a long time traversed the sea and taken nothing, he resolved, with 90 men, to visit the lagoon of Nicaragua and sack the town of Granada. An Indian, from the shores of the lagoon, promised to guide him safely and secretly, and his crew, with one voice, declared themselves ready to follow him wherever he led. By night he rowed up the river to the entry of the lake, and concealed his ships under the boughs of the trees that grew upon the banks; then, putting 80 men into his three canoes, he rowed on to the town. By day they hid under the trees, at night they pushed on towards the unsuspecting town, and reached it on the third midnight, taking it, as he had expected, without a blow and by surprise. To a sentinel's challenge they replied that they were fishermen returning home, and two of the crew, leaping on the shore, ran their swords through the interrogator. As soon as they arrived at the town they separated into small bands, and were led one by one to the houses of the richest inhabitants. Here they quietly knocked, and, being admitted as friends, seized the inmates by the throat and compelled them, on pain of death, to surrender all their money and jewels. They roused the sacristans of the principal churches, from whom they took the keys, and carried off all the altar plate that could be beaten up or rendered portable. The pixes they stripped of their gems; they gouged out the jewelled eyes of the Virgin's idols, and hammered up the sacramental cups into convenient lumps of metal! Newspaper readers and students of the politics of to-day—which is the history for to-morrow—will recollect Nicaragua as the scene of the exploits of a nineteenth-century Filibuster, the Yankee Walker—an adventurer who has not yet played out his part on the stage of spasmodically revolutionary South America.

The Filibusters had so cleanly swept the seas by their continual surprisals and captures, that carracks and caravels were no longer to be found. Emboldened by their success, and much driven by necessity, they began to venture on the mainland; and, as riches must be had, to attack towns, and strongly fortified towns too. This phase of Buccaneer life was its grandest and most remarkable, and the annals of the world have scarcely ever shown more of misplaced bravery and bootless endurance. The first who signalized himself in this broader field of dazzling temerity was one L'Olonnois, a native of Sables d'Olonne, in Poitou, whence he derived the only name by which he was ever known. With boldness he united prudence and address, and was evidently stamped out for a leader, as he soon proved. A series of fortunate captures terminating in utter shipwreck, himself alone saved by being cast bleeding and naked on a savage shore, opened the drama of his corsair life; and the successive scenes were but a repetition of the former. Wrecked in the Bay of Campeachy, and severely wounded, his men being all killed by

the Spaniards, he saved his life by stratagem. Smearing himself with the blood of his comrades and the sand of the shore, he hid himself among the slain. Putting on the clothes of a dead Spaniard, he soon after boldly entered the town, where he grimly watched the rejoicings of his enemies over his own death. He managed to persuade some slaves to steal a canoe, and with them reached Tortugas. The remembrance of the cruelty of the Spaniards, in murdering his shipwrecked crew, was never to be effaced, and was quickly to be repaid a hundredfold. Pressed by poverty, he with difficulty contrived to arm two small vessels, manned by 21 men, which he conducted to Cuba, intending to pillage the city of Los Cayos! But the Spaniards were alert, and the governor of the Havanna immediately despatched a frigate of six guns and 90 men, and, in addition, a negro executioner; the governor having exacted an oath from all to give no quarter to a single pirate soul. One morning, at daybreak, the frigate was suddenly boarded, on both sides, by 21 men-devils; and, though their 90 opponents struggled toughly, the conclusion of the affair was, that "the engineer was hoisted by his own petard," in other words, L'Olonnois, with his own hands, beheaded the lot, save one who was sent to the baffled governor with the message, that "he hoped shortly to inflict the same fate upon Monsieur the Governor himself." Associating with Basco, formerly a military officer in Europe, L'Olonnois now mustered a force of eight ships, armed with cannon, and 650 fighting men; and in 1660, attacked Maracaibo, a town of some 6,000 inhabitants, and protected by two islands and a fort. Seventeen guns, of heavy calibre, and troops and men fighting for all they held dear, fortified eminence, and large bastions, were of no avail: armed only with pistol and sabre, in four hours the freebooters had captured the fort, and cut the whole of its garrison to pieces. But the town itself was eighteen marine leagues distant from the fort, and the forewarned and alarmed inhabitants had had time to forward their wives, children, and wealth, and even sick and aged, to Gibraltar—forty leagues farther away. After fifteen days' possession of the stripped town, the 600 disappointed braves resolved to march upon Gibraltar; but, upon approaching it, and discovering the intrenchments cut in the ground, the hollow roads, the inundated fields, the concealed and open batteries, and other appropriate preparation for their reception, even they faltered—as well they might. But an energetic appeal from their commander, clinched with the promise, that "Whoever from this moment betrays the least fear, dies by my hand," soon aroused the old daring within them, and 380 disembarked to face the dangers that fronted their goal. First through the hollow enfiladed road, losing many a comrade, who, dying, exhorted the survivors onward, then through treacherous marshy ground, they found themselves exposed to a battery of 20 guns, which cleared their front ranks, and they had to beat retreat with munched chagrin. But L'Olonnois had not shared in the retrograde movement, and, coming up, conceived and executed William the Norman's stratagem, by pretending flight. The Spaniards now fancied they saw a chance of exterminating all their foes by a single blow, and, abandoning their fort, poured out on the retreating band, to find themselves turned in flank by their furious enemy. The city was the hard-won prize of the freebooters, with a loss of 40 killed and 68 wounded, against upwards of 500 Spaniards who had bitten the dust. The total value of their plunder, exclusive of moveables, which were intended for *pious* purposes—the sinners were going to build a chapel at Tortugas—amounted to 260,000 piastres. This enterprise was but one of L'Olonnois' many raids of fortified cities, eclipsing in daring and success even this remarkable despoiling of the fortified Spaniard.

The interest of our bye-way historical annals culminates with the Napoleon of these soldiers of fortune, Sir Henry Morgan. He had shown coolness, determination, and intrepidity when a seaman under Mansveldt—a master-

mind, who took with his ships the island of St. Catherine, notwithstanding its fort of hewn stone, and planned a Buccaneer republic. Morgan, fortunate both in his voyages and gambling, on the death of Mansveldt, with 12 craft and 700 fighting men, captured and pillaged Port-au-Prince, in Cuba, after a four hours' fight. His French confederates, growing dissatisfied with the cheating Welshman, separated; yet he took with only nine vessels and 470 men the strongly fortified Porto-Bello, which yielded the daredevils a booty of 250,000 pieces of eight, besides silks and rich merchandize, which these gentry little valued. We may reckon the piastre, or the piece of eight, as equivalent to the present Spanish or United States' dollar; but it should be borne in mind that the value of money was then fully double that of the present time. Morgan's next operation was an attack on Maracaibo and Gibraltar, which unfortunate towns were again sacked, though their assailants had a narrow escape on their return, for the Spaniards had had time to put in order a castle at the entrance of the lagoon, and three large men-of-war had arrived to cut off their retreat. Always bold and ready, the nimble-witted Welshman fitted up a vessel as a fire-ship, with quaker guns and dressed logs for its crew, which succeeded in blowing up the Spanish admiral's ship, and he took the second, while the third ship's crew sank their vessel in despair; the castle was passed by a clever stratagem which threw its garrison off their guard, so true it is "fortune favours the bold." The Treaty of America between the two then greatest maritime nations, Britain and Spain, gave the latter opportunity of extirpating the incessant foes who attacked the vital sources of her strength in desolating the American colonies. But the unrepresented Brethren of the Coast were regardless of treaties in which they had no voice, and which endeavoured to foreclose rights founded on what Rob Roy called "the good old plan—

That they should take who have the power—
And they should keep who can."

At the end of 1670, Morgan fitted out a fleet of 37 vessels with no fewer than 2,000 men, and determined to attack Panama, a city defended by a rampart and surrounded by a wall, the emporium for the silver of Mexico and the gold of Peru, and the Pacific staple of the negro slave-trade. He took St. Catherine's Island, and captured the Castle of San Lorenzo on the mainland at the entrance of the serpentine river of Chagre; and thus establishing a *piéd à terre* on the Atlantic side of the wild and perilous isthmus, he set forward on January 18th, 1671, at the head of 1,200 men, for the Pacific side. After enduring great hardships through hunger, climate, and the unfriendly Indians, the small marine army, on the ninth day of their hazardous march, beheld the expanse of the South Sea before them, and the church towers of Panama in view. All next day was desperate conflict; but the city of 7,000 houses was theirs, to the stupefaction of the New World. After four weeks of spoliation, Morgan and his men departed from the still smouldering city, with 175 mules laden with the plunder, and some 600 prisoners. When the immense booty, which included 443,200lbs. weight of silver alone; came to be divided at their return to the Atlantic, Admiral Morgan was again accused of cheating, the share per man being only 200 pieces of eight; the wily leader shortly afterwards putting to sea with his own vessel, and sailing to Jamaica. Our Atlantic Barbarossa ended his career more fortunately than the Mediterranean scourge of the Spaniard, for he settled some time at Jamaica, was even its deputy governor in 1681, some of his old associates suffering "the extreme hardship of being tried and hanged under his authority," and went to England, where he was knighted by that "merry Monarch" who sold Dunkirk; he was also appointed a commissioner of the Admiralty Court in Jamaica! Morgan died peacefully in England.

The Brethren of the Coast now rapidly degenerated; not that there were wanting spirits of the old stamp, but, amongst other causes, the war of William III. with France broke asunder the old ties of amity between the French and English, and by the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, these two cabinets co-operated in earnest to clear out the lawless rovers. If the results were not on so grand a scale, the narratives of hardy endurance, and boldly-planned enterprises and successes gained by self-reliant temerity, which still stud the accounts of the Brethren in the closing part of the seventeenth century, are not to be easily paralleled, and are as interesting as the most lively fiction. As our last sketch, we will give one incident from their latter deeds, strong in likeness to the rest, of how the city of Chilotea was taken by 18 men. These adventurers rushed into the city, which was inhabited by 400 Spaniards, exclusive of negroes, mulattos, and Indians, uttering vehement cries, and, by this sudden irruption, they inspired such a terror that the inhabitants did not even think of defending themselves; and in a moment the Freebooters were masters of the place.—Prior to Morgan there had been the combined trio of commanders, Van Horn, a rich old Dutch rover, a French gentleman named Grammont, and Laurent de Gratt, who had been a skilful engineer in the Spanish service against his future associates; these three took the great city of Vera Cruz. Perhaps none stood out more prominently than Alexander Iron-arm and Montbars the Exterminator—a significant appellation: a pair of portraits we refrain from attempting. Succeeding Morgan were many daring adventurers, who were only eclipsed by the more extensive exploits of the Welsh knight. There were Thomas Pêche, an Englishman, and La Sound, a Frenchman, who unsuccessfully attempted Morgan's greatest feat; besides Captains Coxon, Harris, Sawkins, Watling, and many another who penetrated into the South Seas. In the latter expeditions there were several men of no mean literary ability, who wrote their own interesting adventures, and thus largely increased the store of geographical and other knowledge of the New World. Among these was Lionel Wafer, a surgeon, who wrote one of the best accounts of savage life extant, and who had with him, when left temporarily with the Darien Indians, one Jopling, a seaman who could read Greek; and, by the way, a Church of England bishop, and a good Grecian as well, was always strongly suspected of having been a-buccaneering on the Spanish main in his younger days! But the chief of all these chroniclers is homely and veracious William Dampier, who though little else than a common seaman, was possessed of some education and a power of observation, well made use of, as his often-quoted Voyages testify.

The commencement of the next century saw the rapid decline of the stricter confederation, and "No peace with the Spaniard" was becoming quickly changed to "Friends of God and enemies to all mankind." The Brethren of the Coast sank into the Newgate heroes with whom we were all tolerably familiar in our childhood, as represented in glaringly-coloured folding frontispieces to chap-book Adventures of Blackbeard fitting up a miniature hell; Avery capturing the Great Mogul's daughter and fabulous Oriental riches; Kyd, the doubtful discovery of whose buried treasures still furnishes an occasional paragraph to American newspapers; and even two Amazon captain-pirates, nowise behind their male mates in courage or cruelty. There was also a gallant French freethinking gentleman, one Misson, with very advanced opinions, practically enforced, against the universally legal slave-trade, and who, with an Englishman, self-dubbed Admiral Tew, vainly attempted to found an independent state in Madagas-

car. But their race was run, and the day had gone down on organized piracy for ever. As the Rev. Charles Kingsley puts it—

“ But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must be,
So the king's ships sailed on Aves, and quite put down were we;
All day we fought like tigers, but they burst the booms at night,
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded from the fight.
But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England, to beg until I die.”

And thus dwindled out and expired a confederation that only needed a common principle of union to have founded a state to have taken rank amongst the great powers of the earth: one great mind, and the New Southern World might have been their own. But from the first there were the non-fusing elements of different race and creed, and their line was never renewed by themselves; yet the Brethren of the Coast, without fixed rules or any determinate object—without a real thirst for fame—instigated solely by the attraction of momentary enjoyment—formed such a corporation that the annals of mankind do not offer a second like it—displayed that energy and those mental and corporeal powers by means of which great undertakings are carried into execution—and by their singular achievements have deserved, if not the admiration, at least the astonishment of posterity.

THE BRIGHT BLUE SKY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THOUGH Love may fade with early prime,
As the cowslips fade on the fallow lea,
Yet Friendship cheers the face of time,
As the sunshine gilds the apple tree;
The morning's pain may be evening's gain,
And sometimes 'mid the flowers we fall;
And the sun for thee is the light to me,
And the Bright Blue Sky bends over all.

'Tis true that youthful hopes deceive,
But ever the flowers return with Spring;
The tenderest love has cause to grieve,
But still when the young birds pair they sing.
The west winds play with the leaves of May,
And the peach hangs ripe on the garden wall;
And the blossoms grow and the fountains flow,
And the Bright Blue Sky bends over all.

The Reason lives when Fancy dies,
For the season's blessings never fail;
And Winter has often brighter skies
Than April with her sleet and hail.
Our joys and our cares are wheat and tares,
And our griefs, when ripe, like the fruit must fall;
And come what will, 'tis justice still,
For the Bright Blue Sky bends over all.

MR. TIDD PRATT ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.*

THE substantial advantages the members of Friendly Societies derive in the form of allowances during sickness, and in other natural misfortunes, are greatly enhanced in value, by the consciousness, that such advantages are the fruits, not of benevolence or of the charity of others, but of the members' own frugality and prudence. This feeling must be consoling in the highest degree, and must tend very much to soothe the mind in the severest afflictions, when, of all times, tranquillity is most desirable, and even necessary. Indeed, few things can be conceived more gratifying, than the enjoyment of benefits which we feel conscious results from our own exertions, raising us in our own estimation, making us feel that we are of some value in society; that we contribute to its welfare by our labour, without being burdens upon it in our misfortunes. One of the most obvious and immediate advantages that would result to the nation at large from the extensive establishment of Friendly Societies, founded on accurate calculations and sound principles, would be a sensible diminution in the poor's rates. As to the origin of self-helping societies, we learn from Theophrastus, who flourished B.C. 288, that associations of this nature were instituted by the Athenians, certain of whom had a common chest, into which monthly contributions were paid, and a fund raised for affording relief to any of the members in adverse fortune. Among the Romans, Burial Clubs were instituted, to which the payment was about 15s. entrance money, and about 2d. per month subscription, for which the sum of £2 5s. was allotted at death for funeral expenses. In Great Britain the origin of Friendly Societies may be traced to the Saxon Guilds, prior to the conquest; but the first record in England of Friendly Societies under that appellation, is not to be found till the beginning of the last century.

LEGISLATION AFFECTING FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

In 1772, Mr. Cursitor-Baron Mazeres brought forward a plan, which passed the Commons, but which was rejected by the Lords, for establishing life annuities in parishes for the benefit of the industrious poor, to be charged upon the parochial assessments. In the following year, a bill to enable parishes to grant annuities for life to poor persons was brought into the Commons. This was the first instance of the attention of the legislature being called to the wisdom of protecting and encouraging these societies. The bill passed the Commons and not the Lords. In 1786, the Rev. John Ackland brought forward a plan for compulsory contributions for benefits, but this plan never came before parliament. The first Friendly Societies' Act was passed in 1793. Since that time several alterations have been made, and the whole was repealed by Act 18 and 19 Vict., c. 63, on July 23rd, 1855—the Act now in force.

* The substance of a Lecture delivered in Brighton, on the 10th of May, by the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England. The arrangements for the lecture were made by the Brighton and Sussex Mutual Provident Society, but the attendance of members of all Friendly Societies was invited. His Worship the Mayor occupied the chair, and the room was well filled. This paper has been reduced from a Report in the *Brighton Gazette*, and has since been revised by the Lecturer. It will be seen that Mr. Tidd Pratt in some measure meets the objections urged in Mr. Hardwick's article in this Number, especially referring, towards the close of his discourse, to the mischievous clause introduced last session into the Friendly Societies' Act.—Ed.

THE OBJECTS AND BENEFITS OF SUCH SOCIETIES.

A number of individuals forming themselves into a society, and subscribing each a small sum, are able to secure a comfortable provision for themselves in the event of their becoming unfit for labour, which any single individual, however parsimonious and industrious, might be prevented from doing by the occurrence of any accident or an obstinate fit of sickness, throwing him out of employment and consuming his savings. There is much of importance for the founders of such societies to consider. To meet the claims from year to year is not sufficient, because increased sickness accompanies increased age; and a season of cholera, or of an unusual amount of sickness, may occur at any time; but an annual surplus should remain, especially during the first ten or fifteen years of the society's existence, to enable the fund to meet the demands for sick pay, which would certainly increase, even under the most favourable circumstances, as the members become older. A Friendly Society, during the first ten years of its existence, would probably not have more than one-half the amount of sickness claims which it would have during the next ten years. The greater the number of members in a Friendly Society, the greater would be the probability that the sickness per member would amount to the *average* quantity upon which the tables have been constructed; or, in other words, the larger the amount of experience, the more correct will be the *average*. The regulations, sometimes introduced, of limiting the number of members in a Friendly Society must therefore have an injurious effect upon the society's operations. The allowance in sickness, I submit, should not extend through life, but cease at the age of sixty, when the contributions and payments should cease. A government annuity should be subscribed for, commencing at the age at which the sickness allowances cease. Graduated tables of payments according to age are indispensable to the well-being of any society. The general law relating to sickness being, that it increases in amount with age, any body of men forming and carrying on a Friendly Society with insufficient rates of payment, or by sharing, dividing, lowering the contributions, or by any other means disposing of, as a surplus, that money which might be no surplus at all when the liabilities of the society are considered, are deceiving themselves; and this will become too painfully apparent when the members, by reason of old age or infirmity, will be least able to bear the consequences of such mismanagement; or, still worse, the widows and orphans may have cause to repent the shortsighted policy of receiving contributions insufficient to secure the promised benefits, or of sharing the money which should have buried the deceased member, and helped to support those left without a protector. Therefore it is advisable in no case to divide any portion of the funds as a *bonus* among the members, or to lower the contributions, &c., except under the advice of an experienced actuary. If possible, it is desirable in founding a society to limit the members to one or other class of occupation. Where this is not practicable, it is essential to take the tables of rates framed from experience of the class employed in heavy labour, because those scales, being adapted to the greater risks, always comprehend the lesser.

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

In all societies of this nature an arrangement should be entered into with a regular medical practitioner to attend the members in cases of sickness or accident. The charge for this attendance varies from about 2s. 6d. to 5s. per annum for each adult. This arrangement, with a rule that a member should not belong, for the same benefit, to more than one Friendly Society

at the same time, and also that the allowance in sickness should not exceed two-thirds of a member's wages when at work, would greatly tend to prevent imposition.

RELIEF IN SICKNESS AND OLD AGE.

I consider it advisable that full pay in sickness should not be allowed for more than six consecutive months, after which half and then quarter pay, might be allowed. The weight of exceptional descriptions of claims, such as chronic infirmity, demanding little or no medical attention, often breaks the back of a society. The tables to which I have alluded are merely applicable to sickness in the strictest sense of the term. Another point must be fully understood: that these scales of contribution contain no margin of surplus whatever applicable to expenses of management, or remuneration for medical advice. These items of expenditure should always be met by extra contributions, levied or obtained for the purpose. A wholesome control is exercised over any tendency to profusion where there is a specific levy for that particular purpose; confusion is avoided, and therefore any inadvertent inroad on the funds prevented. Many societies have entered into engagements to support members in old age, and few have been enabled to do so. This has arisen principally from paying too small a contribution, or from the money not having been applied with requisite care and prudence to produce a proper rate of interest. There is, however, a plan by which these payments may be secured, superior to all others, in consequence of its undoubted security; viz., by purchasing Government Annuities for such members as may desire to make a provision against old age. In the case of these annuities, the security for the money paid and for the performance of the contract is of such an unexceptionable character, that no objection can be urged against it, as the annuities are charged upon the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom; or, in other words, the Government is pledged and bound that the money shall be paid to the person entitled to the annuity when it becomes due. With respect to payments at death, care should be taken to work from correct tables, the payments regulated according to age, and the investments kept distinct from payments for other benefits. The most desirable mode is for a society to act as the agent of some reputable Life Office, paying over the money thereto, and delivering to each member the policy of the office as his security.

PLACES OF MEETING.

It is justly stated that a great foe to economy in conducting the affairs of these societies, is the holding the periodical meetings at public-houses. The positive waste of money arising from this very frequent, but objectionable, practice, is greater than, without examination, will be believed. More than two millions of persons in England and Wales are now members of Friendly Societies, and in most of the old societies each person does not, on an average, spend less than five or six shillings per annum, including the monthly meetings and the yearly feasts. The annual expenditure for what is, in many cases, a worse than useless purpose, will therefore not fall short of a very large annual sum. As well as the pecuniary advantage to be gained by the discontinuance of this system, much moral good would be effected, the formation of habits of intemperance being frequently laid by men who, with the best original intentions, became members of such societies. If other buildings cannot be obtained, the landlord should be paid for the room, no refreshment allowed to be supplied during business, and every discouragement given to members staying at the house for the purpose of drinking. There does not appear to me to be any necessity for meetings being held so frequently as once a month. If they were to meet quarterly, or even half-yearly, abundant

opportunity would be afforded for the members to become acquainted with the state and management of their respective societies. The ordinary affairs of the society could be safely confided from meeting to meeting in the hands of a committee. A similar practice prevails in most of the London Insurance Offices, however extensive their transactions may be, general meetings of the members of these large bodies rarely taking place oftener than once a year. The practice is not found to produce any inconvenience whatever. At the same time I advocate the payments being made monthly, the stewards, clerks, or other officers, being empowered to receive them. Annual feasts, or anniversary meetings, I hold to be desirable, provided no portion of the funds are applied towards the expenses, and the attendance of members and friends is voluntary.

INVESTMENT OF FUNDS.

The funds of Friendly Societies must be invested in accordance with the Act of Parliament, and any other investment is not only illegal, but any trustee or other officer who should invest any part of the funds on other security than that provided by the Act, is personally liable to repay the money, and may be proceeded against before justices.

NUMBER OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

The number of societies enrolled and certified since 1793 is about 26,000, of which nearly 7,000 have ceased to exist. The number now in existence is nearly 20,000, and the number of members 2,500,000. The Manchester Unity had, on 1st January last, 287,573 members, the income during the last year for sick and funeral relief was £211,685, the total payments in sickness was £141,234, and funeral donations £45,778. The Ancient Order of Foresters had, on the same date, 148,562 financial and 2,016 honorary members; contributed about £70,000 per annum for sick pay, and £25,000 for funeral donations.

ESTABLISHMENT ON SOUND PRINCIPLES.

A society to be established on sound principles should provide for medical attendance; the establishment of a sick fund, to which no member should be admitted under 16 or over 40 years of age, and the sick allowance to cease at 60. The sum to be paid for this allowance by a person aged between 16 and 23 (for example) would be 1s. per month for 10s. per week when sick. Full pay for six months, half for six months, and a quarter during the remainder of sickness. The sick pay should not amount to more than two-thirds of the man's earnings in health.

Old age should be provided for by Government Annuities being purchased under 16 and 17 Vict., c. 45; and a system of endowments added to this would be found, with insurance at death, to combine all that is necessary to constitute a good society.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

Insufficiency of contributions to meet the payments, particularly those relating to superannuation or old age pay, is a frequent source of failure in societies of this nature. But other causes sometimes contribute; such as the contributions not being regulated according to age; the granting of sick pay until death, or to a period when infirmity became sickness; the allowing sick pay in cases of insanity or chronic ailments; the non-division of funds according to the peculiar benefits; and the misappropriation of funds. With respect to the latter cause of failure in benefit societies, I have frequently found their funds, instead of being invested pursuant to Act of Parliament, deposited at interest with the officers or members, or in the hands of bankers, brewers, and publicans; in loan societies, and in benefit building societies, and in many instances the parties holding becoming insolvent. I am not aware of any male Friendly Society, formed for

sickness alone, with an average number of members, and a table of contributions certified by an actuary, having failed when the funds were properly invested.

PROVIDENT HABITS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

The number of members of enrolled and certified societies is nearly 2,500,000; with a capital of upwards of £10,000,000, of which £3,543,466 is invested in savings' banks, and with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. The annual payments for sickness, superannuation, and death money, are estimated at £1,500,000. In conclusion, I cannot too highly extol the provident habits of the working classes, as shown by the Savings' Bank returns, as shareholders in Benefit Building Societies, shareholders in Loan Societies legally established, and as holders of small sums in the Funds.

Information and correct tables are now to be gratuitously obtained for forming these societies, and promoters of such societies are culpable, if they do not avail themselves thereof. The protection of the legislature is of great advantage, and any person whose savings are legally invested have a stake in the security of the country, proportioned not merely to the sum total of those savings, or the value of his interest in such society, but to the value of that sum to himself; and is deterred from compassing the disturbance of his native land by a personal motive, added to the influence of duty. Such a man must feel the importance of public peace and public credit, with that strong conviction which individual interest never fails to inspire; and, in answer to the objections of those who might be jealous of the support thus obtained to the ruling powers, it should be observed, that he who possesses property in a country is not interested in the stability of the administration for the time being, but in the stability of universal order and good government. With regard to a clause introduced into the Friendly Societies' Act last session, and which is considered by many to be noxious and injurious to the interests of such societies—a clause which gives power to one-fourth of the members of any society or lodge to set certain machinery in motion, with a view to the breaking up of such society or lodge—I beg to remind objectors that this clause is not so stringent as the law now in existence, by which any three members may apply to the Court of Chancery, under the Winding-up Act, and throw all its funds into that Court. But if the law, as at present constituted, be found to work disadvantageously to Friendly Societies, let their members petition the House of Commons with a view to its amendment. Parliament is not unfriendly to the provident working classes.

THE WEALTH OF MIND.

WHILE thousands prompted by a lust for gain,
 Rush to the earth's antipodes to find
 The glittering metal which doth stronger bind
 The soul than chains the wretched slave, whose pain
 Dies with his body, and his death is gain;
 I'll seek within the deep mines of my mind
 A vein more precious than the wealth of Ind,
 A gem struck from the mintage of the brain,
 The coin of thought, and should I haply find
 But one pure piece, 'tis current for all time,
 'Tis unalloyed, the die by heav'n designed,
 'Twill point the way the ambitious soul should climb,
 Yet humble to his destiny resigned
 Till it doth find a treasure lasting and sublime.

ARE LODGE FUNDS THE PROPERTY OF THE DISTRICT?

"Is it a fact that lodge funds are the joint property of the district;—that the members are only the managers;—and, as a necessary consequence, members of insolvent lodges have an equal claim to the funds of solvent lodges with the members thereof?"

Reduced from a Paper read by PROV. G.M. DANCIE, North London District, in the Marc Antony Lodge, on 31st August, 1858.—(See also vol. i. p. 498.)

It was a custom, years ago, in almost every town, village, and hamlet in England, to have benefit clubs, upheld by working men contributing a few pence per member per week for the relief of the members in sickness, and to allow a sum for their decent interment. For a period these clubs seemed to flourish, but when members grew old, very little money was in the "box," and after a little while the "box closed," as there was no money in it; it was, however, kept open for the subscriptions of members, and after a season opened again. In such a state of affairs, many poor families were deprived of that necessary comfort they fondly believed they had provided for when calamity came upon them. It is known that thousands of such cases have unfortunately occurred, and, under such circumstances, no one can be surprised that the young men withdrew from the clubs, and after a time the old men ceased to subscribe. It is not then to be wondered at that a few thoughtful men in Manchester, knowing the relief required by the working man laid on a bed of sickness, agreed to establish societies whereby *each member*, on the decease of any one, should pay an equal portion to defray the expense of the funeral. By good management these clubs were tolerably successful, and out of them sprung our magnificent institution, the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity. Let it then be borne in mind that, from the very commencement of this society, there was a common fund in which every member had a joint interest, viz., the sick and funeral fund. That the same principle still exists there can be no doubt; and it is my conviction that in consequence of its being firmly adhered to may be attributed the great success of this society. It was that which brought it into notoriety, and which has maintained it to the present time. Take away from it that joint interest, and you rob the Order of its stability. If there be no joint interest in the property of the society, how comes it that the general laws make such jealous provision for the government of our lodges? Referring to the 5th section of the 1st General Law, we find: "Every branch of this society shall be bound by these rules, but may make such other rules as such branch may think fit; provided such additional rules made by lodges are not inconsistent with the rules of the district and the general rules of the society; and provided also, that the rules made by districts are not inconsistent with the general rules of the society." There can then be no difference of opinion on this point,—we must all conform with the general laws; and this being so, let us consider the 42nd General Law. Here we have it shown distinctly that members have a joint interest,—not only in the lodges of their own district, but in the funds of every lodge in the Unity. I think the law speaks for itself. At a discussion on the subject which heads this paper, I heard one speaker declare that before a member was entitled to his sick pay from the district, his lodge must have been

previously broken up; but here we have it plainly, "that when a lodge is unable to meet the demands of its members from want of funds, such members shall become chargeable to the funds of the district." Therefore it is not necessary for a lodge to be broken up before the sick members have their sick claims on the district. This is a clear instance that every member has an interest in each lodge in his district, and provided his lodge cannot meet his wants, he has a legal claim on every lodge in his district! But the 42nd Law goes further; for should it so happen that there are evil disposed members in a lodge, who break it up, and divide the funds amongst them, it provides for the sick members left behind. What can be more simple, and more to the point? There can be but one inference, viz., if a member is in want, and his lodge cannot meet his demands, he is justly entitled to the full amount of his claim, as provided in the district rule for the relief of district members, against every lodge in his district; and if this be true, and I cannot understand how it can be doubted, what is the simple logic? Why, that lodge funds are for the relief of its own members, and for the members of those lodges in their district who cannot meet the just demands of their members! It is urged by some, in consequence of one part of this law stating that Unity members' claims are to be met by a levy of sixpence per member per annum, and district members one shilling per member per annum, that if either of these sums fall short of the relief required, the sick members are not entitled to, and cannot recover, more; but looking at it in that light, is, in my opinion, taking a very narrow view of the case. I am inclined to the belief that the amounts are so fixed, because nothing like the sum specified is ever likely to be wanted to meet such cases, but should at any time more be required, does any one doubt but the law would be immediately altered to meet the requirements? I feel still more assured this would be done from the last portion of the law, which states, that the above amounts shall be given "until a uniform rate of payments and benefits exist throughout the Order;" and if that means anything at all, it means, that, should a uniform rate of payments and benefits exist, the members in sickness, &c., shall have every and the same benefit, whether their lodge or district have broken up or no—thereby giving them a most decided claim for their sick and funeral pay on every lodge in the Unity; and this proves satisfactorily that the whole funds of the society are the joint property of every lodge and member in it! In the 67th General Law it is specified, that "each district in the Unity shall fix the amount of contributions to be paid by the members;" if the framers of our laws did not consider that each member had a joint interest in the funds, why the necessity of making this provision? The 128th Law provides that no lodge shall be allowed to divide its funds, or break up, except in conformity with the 13th clause of the 18th and 19th Vic., cap. 63; and under that, if a lodge breaks up, a sufficient sum is bound to be allowed on behalf of those members who may not wish to leave the society, as shall be found necessary upon a fair computation. If there is no joint interest in the funds, what good reason could have suggested the 141st Law, which reads, "No lodge shall be allowed to sit under any laws but those adopted by the Order in general, or bye-laws made in conformity with the laws of their district and the general laws of the Order;" that uniformity should exist there is no doubt this law was provided, but is it likely that lodges should be called upon to act uniformly only, in so far as the mere conducting of the business? The 145th Law is very stringent upon the initiation and over-age fees; and why should this be necessary, if members have no claim on other lodges?—but that they have claims on other lodges I think we shall see beyond dispute: the 245th General Law relates to clearance,

and in it we read, "That any person throwing his card or clearance into his own or any other lodge, shall become a member immediately;" what then do we gather from this? Let us, for the sake of illustration, suppose (what I sincerely trust never will be) that the Marc Antony Lodge had nearly exhausted its funds, and I felt, for the sake of security, I should prefer to belong to another lodge with plenty of capital! what would be easier than to ask for my clearance, and deposit it in one of the rich lodges? I should become a member of the lodge accepting my clearance, and have an equal claim to the funds of that lodge as any member belonging to it! It may be said that lodges could refuse me admittance within five miles; but clearances have been granted and accepted within the given distance, for the law is not imperative; it says, "members may present, and lodges accept, cards or clearances within the distance of five miles, but are not compelled to do so;" therefore, should a lodge refuse to receive a clearance within five miles, it is quite clear beyond that distance no lodge could refuse to do so; and if that be the case, would not most members, if they thought their lodge was getting into difficulties, and there would be no relief for them, resort to the method of clearance, and so make sure that, should they require assistance, their claims would be satisfied? I really cannot see anything by which we can understand the question of joint property, under discussion, better than by this, to me, most comprehensive medium of clearance; if our members gravely inquire into the subject, I am persuaded they will arrive at the same conclusion as I have. Under the head of travelling reliefs we have it again exemplified, that members have a claim upon every lodge in the Unity, in proportion to its members, according to the 247th Law. Even, therefore, a member on travel has a claim for a certain amount on every lodge, and to that extent he has a common interest in the welfare of every lodge.

For aught we can say, the richest lodge we have may become unfortunate. It is impossible, therefore, to argue in any other way, in such circumstances, than that "members of insolvent lodges have an equal claim to the funds of solvent lodges with the members thereof," and that it is, in reality, one common property throughout the district, and perhaps I might even go so far as to say throughout the Unity. Taking our district at 7,000 members, we can meet the demands of upwards of 18 members for twelve months, as described in the district law. Should our district break up, there is not the least reason to fear that any member will be deprived of the benefit of the society, as they would become Unity members; and I find according to the rule for their relief the Order, according to its present number, will support with the full gift of 10s. per week for the first six months, and the half pay the remainder of the time, no less a number than 358 members! There is therefore no ground for apprehension whether the funds may be considered the joint property or no of the members at large, but that every member will have his claim on the Order fully satisfied, and that there will be no disappointment under that head.

Let us consider why the 42nd Law was made. Upon reflection, I think almost all of us will come to the conclusion, it was that every member shall have his claim on the society fully satisfied, and that there shall be no doubt about the matter; because, as it cannot be denied, after a lodge has broken up, and the members received (that is to say, so many of them as could get surgeons' certificates of good health) their clearances, and deposited them in lodges, they become immediately free members of those lodges, and have an equal interest and claim to the funds; and that is the principle, according to my thinking, that the whole of the funds are joint property, for if every lodge in the district, but one, broke up, there is no doubt that the lodge left would become the district, and the members of all other

lodges broken up would belong to that surviving lodge,—therefore, the funds of that lodge would be the joint property of every member of the lodge, and, consequently, of the district. This reduces the argument to its greatest simplicity, and in that shape I shall leave it for the members to draw their own conclusions; but giving it as my belief that the 42nd General Law was made purposely that the sick members of any lodge that may become insolvent shall have their claims on the Unity fully satisfied, and that the opinion entertained by the great majority of our members, and I may add without indiscretion, the public at large, is—that we have funds in every lodge, and those funds belong to, and are, the joint property of every member.

From this discussion, very creditably brought forward by the Hope of Finsbury Lodge, I do not for a moment think our laws will be altered; I do not consider it to be necessary that they should be; they work well and harmoniously as they are, we all understand our obligations, we know we have certain demands to meet every half-year to our district, both in funeral and incidental levies—these demands no one has ever disputed—they are the regular and consistent demands as laid down in general law, and beyond that we can never go. With regard to the idea of some of our members, that lodges may be called upon some time or other to surrender the whole of their capital, if the funds of lodges are considered joint property, I may remark, such a demand would be quite inconsistent, and of course never agreed to. Each lodge takes care of its funds, has its treasurer, trustees, &c., &c., and beyond question always will have the same management of its capital. There is, however, one thing members should do, no matter to what lodge they belong, or what offices they have taken; if they see money voted away incorrectly, or a law broken, it is their duty to call the attention of the members to the fact, and if the lodge persists in acting contrary to rule, acquaint the proper officers of it. This discussion, if it have no better effect, will at least induce members to pay more attention to the business of their lodges, and if they see anything done which they consider incorrect, they will immediately see about it and take the proper legal remedies.

THE POET'S LIFE.

The poet's life is but a waking dream !
 He wanders lonely 'mid the city's din;
 With sons of mammon he denieth kin,
 And shuns contamination—by the stream,
 Or on the mountain—by the ruin's gleam,
 When doth the moon her silent course begin—
 By the vast ocean—by the roaring din.
 Whenever solitude doth reign supreme
 His soul walks forth from its abode of sin,
 And soars on inspiration's sacred wing
 Like some glad bird 'scap'd from the sportsman's gin,
 Longing once more its liberty to sing.
 So mounts his spirit to the realms of thought,
 To sing of things by mortal lore untaught.

THE LEICESTER A.M.C.

OUR annual parliament was this year held in the ancient and thriving town of Leicester—a town remarkable for hosiery and Roman relics, evidences of past fame and present commercial importance. A detailed report of the business transacted by the hundred and forty delegates, who attended the A.M.C., is clearly beyond the scope of the Magazine; but we may briefly indicate the chief features of this interesting gathering.

The delegates met on Whit Monday, and commenced their session in the New Hall by an address from Mr. William Alexander, of Leeds, the Grand Master of the Unity for the year 1858-9. He congratulated the deputies on the present satisfactory condition of the Order. The greatest unanimity and good feeling prevailed throughout the Unity, and there appeared to be a general desire to improve any imperfections which might exist in the constitution of the Unity, or in the administration of its laws. During the past year 24,907 persons had been initiated. The society, on the 1st of January last, numbered upwards of 287,000 subscribing members. Amongst the more important topics proposed for discussion, the Grand Master referred to one relating to the 145th or General Financial Law. The directors had, during the past year, taken the opinion of eminent counsel with regard to the duties and responsibilities of trustees, in the investment of the reserved fund of lodges. That opinion had been laid before the Unity, and it would, he hoped, prove a valuable guide to all interested in this most important question. The petition from the Hull District for relief, in consequence of loss of funds, owing to the recent bank failure in that town, had been nobly responded to. The sum of £270 had been subscribed, which, together with the dividend received of 8s. 6d. in the pound, would leave the lodge in a much better position than was originally anticipated. Mr. Alexander then referred to the fact that twenty-five years had elapsed since he first attended an annual committee of the Order, and he favourably contrasted its present position and influence with its then comparative insignificance. He concluded by expressing regret that even at the present time an influential journal (*the Times*) should have endeavoured to cast reflections upon the honour and integrity of the members of such a society. Such calumnies were wholly unwarranted, and demonstrated how little the writer knew of the progress recently effected by the labours of several leading members of their institution.

On Tuesday morning, the town presented a very gay and animated appearance. Flags and banners were displayed from various houses, and the streets were full of sight-seers in their holiday clothes. The Odd-Fellows of Leicester, and the surrounding districts, walked in procession to St. Martin's Church, where Divine service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, who is well-known as a true and enthusiastic member of our Order. The Doctor took for his text a verse from the Epistle to Timothy, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The venerable edifice was crowded, and many of the delegates were among the congregation. In the evening a grand banquet was held in a semi-temporary saloon in the rear of the Bell Hotel, the head-quarters of the officers of the Unity. About eleven hundred and fifty persons sat down to a splendid repast, during the time occupied in the discussion of which the yeomanry and militia bands played their most enlivening airs. Viscount Curzon, M.P. for the southern division of the county of Leicester, took the chair; the vice-chair being occupied by John Biggs, Esq., M.P. for the borough.

The Mayor and Corporation, in a body, honoured the banquet by their presence. The festival was still further distinguished by the presence of a large number of influential local gentlemen, belonging to the Freemasons, who attended at the invitation of the managing committee, in order to testify their sympathy with what may be not inaptly termed the provident working men's adaptation of the great principle of the ancient and honourable fraternity to their peculiar necessities and requirements. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Alexander, Hardwick, Daynes, Roe, and other gentlemen, explanatory of the objects and social importance of Odd-fellowship and friendly societies. The whole of the proceedings passed off with the greatest possible *éclat*. Mr. G. P. Pardon, Editor of the Magazine, was present during the whole of the proceedings of the A.M.C., and visited, with several deputies, various of the lodges held in the town.—On Thursday, a grand ball took place in the banqueting room, which was gaily decorated with evergreens and flowers, and presented a most gay and even splendid appearance.—The various commercial and manufacturing establishments were freely opened to all visitors. A copy of the new edition of Thompson's Handbook to Leicester, dedicated to the members of the Manchester Unity, was presented to every deputy; and really every individual in the town seemed to vie with his neighbour in rendering service and doing honour to the members of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows.

With regard to the strictly business point of view, the Leicester A.M.C. has been productive of but few important changes in our laws and general practice. Among the principal discussions which have interest to the general public, may be noticed one having reference to the conduct of Mr. John Tidd Pratt, the registrar of Friendly Societies. Many deputies complained of the manner in which that gentleman has interfered with the rules sent to him for certification, and contended that by such conduct he had exceeded the authority conferred upon him by law. A "winding-up" clause in a recent act towards the close of the late session, without the consent or knowledge of those most interested, was severely commented upon, and a resolution passed that lodges and districts should petition parliament for its repeal, and that the members of the Unity throughout the country should be requested to confer with the representatives of their several localities, with a view to secure their support to its prayer.

The election of the officers, &c., took place on Thursday. The following is the result:—Mr. William Hickton, Deputy Grand Master, was elected unanimously Grand Master of the Order for the ensuing year. The contest for the Deputy Grand Master was a tie, seventy votes being recorded for Mr. Buck, of Birmingham, and seventy for Mr. Gale, of Liverpool. The chairman gave his casting vote for Mr. Buck. The following gentlemen were elected, in conjunction with the retiring Grand Master, to form the Board of Directors:—Messrs. Gale, of Liverpool; Roe, of London; Schofield, of Bradford; Glass, of Burslem; Daynes, of Norwich; Street, of Wirksworth; Woodcock, of Glossop; Burgess, of South London; and the Rev. J. Allen, of Long Sutton. Mr. Charles Hardwick, of Preston, who has been successively re-appointed for the last eight years, declined to be again elected. Mr. H. Ratcliffe was unanimously re-elected as Corresponding Secretary of the Order.

The consideration of the proposed Supplementary Insurance Society was, on the recommendation of the directors, referred to the next annual meeting, in order that the rules of the proposed scheme might be circulated and discussed in the various districts of the Unity, previous to the annual committee taking any legislative action. It is proposed in this scheme to establish a supplementary society under the Friendly Societies' Act, by

which members might insure for a sum not exceeding £200 at death, and an annuity not exceeding £30 per annum. The following is a brief epitome of the remaining business of the meeting :—The proposition for triennial A.M.C.s and triennial alterations of laws was negatived. The proposition for five auditors instead of three was withdrawn. The proposition, from the North London District, giving power to the district officers to take the books from any lodge for the purposes of examination, with the addition, that “the secretary be allowed to be present at such examination,” was carried. Messrs. Roe, Daynes, Street, Luff, and Richmond, were re-appointed as trustees ; on a ballot being taken, the town of Shrewsbury was chosen as that in which to hold the next A.M.C. Messrs. Crispen and Collins were then elected as auditors ; and Leicester was chosen as the district which should appoint the third auditor, in the place of the retiring officer. It was decided that the portraits of Mr. Augustus Frederick Greaves, Mayor of Melbourne, and member of the colonial legislature ; the present Grand Master, Mr. Hickton ; Mr. Reynolds, of Cowbridge, South Wales ; and Mr. Webb, of Hyde, should appear in the Magazine ; and the committee adjourned.

On Friday, the business of the day commenced with the discussion of the general laws, especially the 145th—the financial law of the Unity. The Bolton proposition for a redemption scale was carried, with this addition :—“That the following be added to the 145th General Law, viz. : ‘And should such member have paid any given amount for the redemption of the additional annual contributions, in accordance with the 145th General Law, the lodge receiving the card or clearance shall be entitled to and shall receive such amount that may be due for the redemption of the annual contribution, according to the amount of contribution redeemed and the age of the member at the time his card or clearance was granted by the lodge, which amount shall be inserted on the card or clearance, and shall be forwarded by the lodge granting the same within three months after legal application may have been made for the same to be remitted.’” This alteration will come in force in August ; but it seems desirable that alterations in the general law should not be acted on till at least three months after the A.M.C. making such alteration, in order that the change may become perfectly well known throughout the Unity. The various proposals for adopting a scale of contributions and initiation fees different from that now in force for the various ages of members joining the Unity, were rejected.

On Saturday, the further consideration of sundry propositions for alterations in the general law was proceeded with. The following proposition was carried by a majority of 42 to 24, amid much cheering :—“That a member in good health who is residing at a distance from his lodge, have power to pay into any lodge near to where he resides, the same amount of medical pence as the members of the latter lodge pay, and shall be entitled to the benefits of the medical officer when necessary, as long as he continues such payment, during which time he shall not be compelled to pay medical pence to his own lodge.” The sum of £20 was voted to the Charities of the town ; £10 were voted to Mr. Alexander for his services as D.G.M. and G.M. of the Order ; votes of thanks were then unanimously passed to the Dean of Chichester, who was present in the hall for some time on Wednesday ; Viscount Curzon ; the Mayor and Corporation ; the Manufacturers of Leicester ; the Committee of Management, and the Press : and thus ended the A.M.C. of 1859, one of the most successful in its results and complete in its arrangements that has yet been witnessed in the Unity. While on the subject, we cannot refrain from making a brief extract from a leading article in the *Leicester Guardian*, of June 18th, which devoted no

less than four pages to a report of the meeting. After speaking in terms of high encomium of the Manchester Unity, the writer says—"It has been our pleasure this week to attend the meetings of the A.M.C., and we should be wanting in sincerity did we fail to state, that an assembly of gentlemen more capable of legislating upon questions of deep import we have never met. In their deliberations there was an utter absence of all that fulsome adulation which public representatives generally take so much pains to lavish upon somebody or other; there was one continuous display of those attainments that distinguish men holding high public offices, and the manner in which business was despatched was a pattern worthy of imitation by representatives of infinitely higher pretensions. With a constitutionally-elected body like the A.M.C., the Manchester Unity may well progress; and had we not an item of the financial position of the Order before us, we should be inclined to advocate its principles from the fact that in its ranks so sterling an amount of ability is concentrated."

The Lodge Room.

UNIVERSAL TABLES FOR PAYMENTS AND BENEFITS.

WE inserted in No. 10, p. 53, a communication referring to a subject of great importance—the extension of benefits in the Manchester Unity. We believe the proposition often urged for "double payments—double benefits" has been as often negatived, chiefly for the reason that it was well understood the various rates prevailing in districts and lodges were most unsatisfactory groundwork upon which to engraft such a plan. Wherever a scale of payments was in use, too low to be safe, the permission to accept double payments for double benefits, *on the same scale*, would have doubled the existing mischief, and have risked the speedier downfall of a lodge. But we think the matter has not been carefully viewed, and that the real difficulty to be overcome is small. It wants but a proper decision, once for all, of an A.M.C., and the working out of that decision may be well left to the Board of Directors and district committees. It is a strange and remarkable fact, yet none the less true, that the general laws do not prescribe *any* scale of payments and benefits! Many may say, there must be a mistake in this statement. But let us see: the words of the 125th are, "Every member shall pay his contributions, which shall not be *less than* 3d. per week clear to the sick and funeral funds of the lodge." The 145th provides, that members initiated after 1st August, 1853, "shall pay, in addition to the *usual* contribution paid by other members," a further periodical contribution according to age on entrance. But for what benefits? On this point the general laws are silent. The 67th says:—"Each district in the Unity shall fix the amount of contributions to be paid by the members of each lodge in the district, subject to the provisions of Law 145. Each district shall fix the amount to be paid by each lodge during sickness, for such payment, and the amount of the funeral donations." Districts, then, can do whatever they please; and if, unfortunately, one fixes upon such large benefits as soon run out the funds, more provident members of the Unity in other districts and lodges have the gratification of knowing they must relieve the members, from im-

provident places, who become chargeable under the 42nd Law. The time is coming when such anomalies, or inconsistencies, must be grappled with. The present state of things is far from satisfactory, judging from page 14. &c, of the Quarterly Report for January, 1859. We shall repeat parts of it here, because it will be new to our readers; and because members have not the same chance of quietly perusing the report, as their own copies of the Magazine. We may also induce some to borrow the report who would otherwise know nothing of its contents.

"199 different scales of contributions and benefits exist in the Unity; in 20 districts the members contribute only threepence per week to the sick."

The following lines show the payments in different districts, and the variety of benefits allowed:—

No. of Districts.	Weekly payment. d.	Weekly Sick Allowance.		On Death of Member.		On Death of Wife.	
		s.	s.	£	£	£	£
26	3½	12 months	7 to 12	7 to 10		3 to 8	
			6 " 7 to 10				
81	4	12 " 7 to 12	6 " 8 to 10	5 to 12		4 to 11	
			6 " 7 to 12				
33	4½	12 " 9 to 12	6 " 7 to 12	7 to 12		4 10 to 10	
			12 " 9 to 12				
67	5	12 " 8 to 12	6 " 8 to 12	6 to 12 10	s.	5 to —	
			6 " 8 to 12				

Others 5½ } The benefits allowed being about the same in proportion to
charge 6 } the payments, as in those districts where 5d. is contributed.

A large portion of members of the Unity are paying

4d. for {	8s. 12 months.	£10	£5
	4s. afterwards.		

Another very large portion of lodges in the Unity are charging

5d. for {	10s. 12 months.	£10	£5
	5s. afterwards.		

It must be confessed this is somewhat better than the statement in p. 47, vol. 2, extracted from the Reports for 1845; and the directors have done great service in promulgating such particulars, with a correct table showing the value of the payments and benefits.

It appears from that table that if a young man of 20 pays 5d. per week, the present value of his contribution is £24 0s. 4d. If the benefits he assures for are 10s. per week in sickness for first twelve months, 5s. weekly after, £10 at his own death and £5 on death of his wife, the present value of those benefits would be £19 19s. 8d. He would therefore be paying too much by £4 0s. 8d.; and if he were charged 4d. weekly, it would be quite enough. Similar remarks apply to the other early ages; and there can be little doubt that young men are commonly required to pay too much. If we take age 30, the value at that age, of the same benefit, is £23 16s. 6d.; and if only 5d. weekly be paid, the present value of that is £21 13s. 8d. To make up the difference that member should pay 2s. 2d. extra, yearly; making in all £1 3s. 10d. This table is most important, and demands the careful consideration of members.

The following figures are intended to show the working of the present 145th Law, with regard to additional annual contribution, at age 30, the value of payments and benefits being compared in three cases, with different lodges:—

Weekly, 4d. = £17 6 11 } Sickness, 8s., 4s. } = £20 2 5...£1 9 7 GAIN.
 Annual, 4s. 3d. = 4 5 1 } Death, £10, £5. }

Weekly, 5d. = £21 13 8 } Sickness, 10s., 5s. } = £23 16 6...£2 2 3 GAIN.
 Annual, 4s. 3d. = 4 5 1 } Death, £10, £5. }

Ditto, = £25 18 9 } Sickness, 12s., 6s. } = £28 11 9...£2 13 0 LOSS.
 Death, £12, £5. }

The last case is that of lodges in the largest district, and proves that it is next to useless to have a scale of additional contributions without requiring, by general law, that it shall be increased in proportion to the value of benefits allowed in each lodge.

To look at the question of payments and benefits fairly, we should recollect that any member may assure for a sum to be paid on death not exceeding £200, and for any sum (without limit), in sickness, for which he can afford to pay.

The suggestion now offered is, that at some future A.M.C., the 145th Law should be made to read as follows :—

“No person of improper character, nor any one under the age of 18, or over 40 years, shall be made a member of this Order, nor shall any person be allowed to be a member of two lodges in the Unity. Any person who proposes a member contrary to this shall be liable to be fined 2ls., and not less than 10s. 6d., whether the person proposed be admitted or not. Deaf and dumb persons may be admitted.

“The payments on initiation, and for contributions, shall be those stated in Table I., appended to these laws (according to age on the birthday previous to being initiated), for the benefits stated at the head of Table I. Any member, who shall not be married at the time of his initiation, shall be at liberty, within three months afterwards, to claim a reduction in the amount of his contribution, of such sum stated in Table III., as is necessary to assure the amount payable at a wife's death; but should such member afterwards marry, he shall furnish a certificate that his wife is in good health, and pay extra contribution according to the age of *his wife*, as stated in Table III., or otherwise shall not be entitled to any benefit on her death.

“Any lodge admitting a person for a less initiation fee, or upon payment of less contributions than those specified in Table I., for the benefits there stated, (except as aforesaid) shall, on proof thereof being made to the G.M. and Board of Directors, be expelled from the Order.

“Any member admitted under Table I. shall be at liberty at the time of his initiation or at any future period, to redeem such part of his contribution as he may wish, by making such immediate payment as is stated in Table II., opposite the age when he may so wish to redeem.”

“Any member admitted under, or paying according to, Table I. shall be at liberty to contribute for such extra benefits, or any of them, as are stated at the head of Table III. on payment of such extra contributions, applicable to the case, as are stated in Table III, opposite the age when he may so wish to contribute.”

Table I.

Age last Birthday.	Fee on Initiation.	Annual Contribution to be paid quarterly.	Benefits to be received.
			In sickness, 10s. weekly for 1st 12 mo. 5s. afterwards.
			On death of member £10
			On death of wife..... £5

Table II.

REDEMPTION SCALE.

NOTE.—When a member redeems any part of his contributions, and afterwards takes his clearance, this table would prove what sum should be paid by his lodge, or by him, to that in which his clearance is received. In case of any dispute the decision of the G.M. and C.S. of the Order, in the matter, to be acted on.

Table III.

EXTENDED BENEFITS.

Age last Birthday.	Annual contribution to be paid quarterly. Sickness.		Annual contribution to be paid quarterly. Death of member		Annual contribution to be paid quarterly. Death of Wife.	
	5s.	10s.	£5	£10	£2 10s.	£5

Or for other benefits, on paying increased contributions at the same rate.

This is a mere suggestion, capable of extension and improvement, when any A.M.C. shall resolve to alter the 145th general law. The first and most important object, gained by such an improved law would be the removal of the acknowledged injustice arising from clearances, which must (under certain conditions) be received by a lodge, notwithstanding the contributions payable by the members bringing them may be manifestly insufficient to provide for the benefits given in the lodges receiving them. The second advantage would be that such a plan could be certified by any Actuary, and the Unity would have the public credit (if it is thought so) of the Registrar's certificate stating that fact. The third and not the least important object insured would be uniformity in the scale of payments for certain benefits throughout the entire Unity.

It is only fair to anticipate objections, that the matter may be well considered. Some districts might urge from their favourable experience, as compared with others, the payments would be more than necessary for providing for such benefits. This is at once met by having a rule in every lodge for a periodical account being taken, by competent persons, of the "profit" gained, placing the share to each member's credit on account of his contributions to the sick and funeral fund. Such a rule has been repeatedly certified by the registrar, and there would be no difficulty in obtaining it and working it out in every lodge. Other districts would say, if composed principally of miners, colliers, mariners, &c., that the payments would not be sufficient. If it really is the fact that their numbers are large in proportion to other members, another table—a fourth—should be prepared, fixing the extra contribution to be paid by *such members*, or the reduced benefits to be allowed, in consequence of the increased liability: subject to the supervision, in every case, of the G.M. and C.S. of the Order. Another objection would be started, that the labour of bookkeeping would be increased. It would be politic for the Board to prevent confusion, by providing new books for the members subscribing on the new scale, and insisting upon their use. The work of secretaries would be checked; and it would greatly assist them in their duties if each district appointed two or more extra official members, to be "examiners" of lodge books. The last committee of the North London District adopted this step, and it is expected to prove very useful and beneficial.

Beyond these we do not expect opposite views, and must confess that, on the other hand, the advantages of "Universal Tables" seem manifold. Did space permit, we should be glad to consider the subject at greater length, but have said enough to arouse attention on a very important

question. For many reasons, it is very desirable to provide (safely) extended benefits. Members would be saved joining other societies, and be more likely to devote greater attention to the affairs of their lodges; whilst the profits they contribute to assurance companies and other societies, would be secured to the Order.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE "TIMES."—We beg to direct the attention of our readers to a pamphlet, now ready, by Mr. C. Hardwick, on the subject of the recent scandals of the leading journal in regard to Friendly Societies. It is published by Messrs. Diprose and Bateman, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn; and may be had of the C.S. of the Order and all secretaries of districts; price twopence. The pamphlet consists of the several articles, by Mr. Hardwick, that have appeared in the Magazine, with such additions and corrections as circumstances rendered necessary. The Editor will be happy to forward it to any direction, on receipt of three postage stamps.

LECTURE ON BENEFIT SOCIETIES.—We beg to call the attention of our readers to a very practical Lecture, by the Rev. T. Allen, P.G.M., late Curate of Long Sutton, and a Director of the Manchester Unity for the present year, delivered to the members of the different lodges in the neighbourhood of Long Sutton, Holbeach, and Wisbeach—the lecture includes benefit societies of the present century—labours of Dr. Price, the Rev. Mr. Beacher, Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, C.S., Messrs. Neison and Finlaison—objections to lodges being held in public houses answered—graduated scales of payments—extension of the present bases of the Manchester Unity—advantages to the public from benefit societies—appeal to ratepayers, &c.—This Lecture is published at Threepence, and may be obtained from the Rev. T. Allen, care of Mr. John Swain, Printer, Long Sutton, Lincolnshire.

STEPNEY DISTRICT.—This branch of the Manchester Unity, following the example of larger districts, has published a statement of experience for 1858 in regard to its sick and funeral funds. The receipts amounted to £1,994. 9s. 10d.; the sick pay to members, £769. 18s.; and funeral levies, £146. At the close of the year the twenty-four lodges had 1,389 members, and £12,027 surplus funds. In the next sheet, to make it thoroughly useful, the ages of all members and wives will have to be inserted.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The usual balance sheet of this district, for the year 1858, has just been issued. It appears that, out of 3,895 members, there were sick 772, who received sick pay amounting to £2,045. Fifty-three members died, besides 28 wives and widows of members. A pithy table contains an account of the sickness and mortality experienced during the past seven years; and the total shown to have been paid for sickness, funerals, and to widows and orphans, in that time, is £29,976. The statement is highly creditable to the district, which is in a flourishing state—having now 4,023 members (average age 35 years), and a surplus capital of £33,524, of which about £433 only belongs to the Distress Fund. From all other funds members claim benefits as a right, but this is intended to relieve extraordinary cases.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS' ANNUAL EXCURSION TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE. The members of the Metropolitan Districts hold their annual festival on the 1st and 2nd of August, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the North and South London and Pimlico Districts. On this interesting occasion the usual attractions will be enhanced by a special popular outdoor entertainment, under the direction of Mr. Nelson Lee, the well-known manager. Madame Pauline Violante, "the celebrated ascensionist on the

Atlantic wire," will pass over the Great Basin during the time that the fountains are playing; the Jameison family, the brothers St. Leon, and "the renowned Sam Collins, the great delineator of Irish character," with various other entertainers, will appear. A tent for dancing will be erected, and a double military band will be in attendance. Arrangements have been made with the various railway companies to run special trains on both days, and what with the fountains, the foot-races, the cricket-matches, and the additional music, we doubt not the entertainments will prove highly attractive, and leave a large surplus for the widows and orphans in whose behalf they have been provided.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—COLONEL DICKSON AN ODD-FELLOW.—On Tuesday evening, the 28th of June, Colonel Dickson, who distinguished himself in the late war, was initiated by G.M. Pardon, in the Marc Antony Lodge, "Earl Cathcart," Munster Square, Regent's Park. After the usual ceremony Prov. G.M. Filsell ably proposed the health of the newly initiated member. The gallant colonel in acknowledging the compliment expressed his pleasure at the reception given him by so large a number of members, and at all times considering it his duty to assist his brethren and aid the working classes in their own social advancement. Prov. D.G.M. Carter, trusted that the Order might count upon the support of this newly initiated brother to obtain the repeal of the obnoxious Friendly Societies' Act, which was passed last session, for which purpose a Bill was shortly to be introduced into the Commons. G.M. Pardon gave in his report as delegate to the committee of the North London District, which now consists of more than 7,000 members, having about £47,000 Surplus Funds.—On the following lodge night, G.M. Pardon presented to P.G. Attwood, the emblems of the Order, and invested him with the sash of a past officer, in token of the appreciation of his fellow members, for his long and faithful services.

ABERAVON DISTRICT, SOUTH WALES.—A lecture on Odd-fellowship, its principles and practice, was delivered at the Baptist Chapel, Aberavon, on Wednesday, March 30th, by Mr. Edward Jones, Prov. D.G.M.; the Rev. David Evans, Vicar of Aberavon, in the chair. The lodges comprising the district formed in procession, headed by the Aberavon brass band and the beautiful banners of the district, and proceeded through the principal streets to the Chapel. The spacious Chapel was well filled. Mr. Jones in his lecture, which lasted an hour and ten minutes, ably pointed out the principles, practices, and advantages of the Manchester Unity. He then proceeded to enforce the claims of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund on the attention of his audience in a clear and argumentative manner, concluding with an eloquent peroration. The Rev. Cornelius Griffiths, minister of the Chapel and a member of the district, recapitulated the more prominent points of the lecture in the Welsh language. The Rev. David Evans then proposed, and Rev. Cornelius Griffiths seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, to which Mr. Jones briefly and eloquently responded. The whole of the proceeds of the lecture were devoted to the Aberavon District Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

TAVISTOCK.—OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.—On Monday, April 11, a new Lodge, in connection with the Manchester Unity, was opened at the Market House Inn, where eighteen new members were initiated. There were present the District Officers, Prov. G.M. James Pope, D. Prov. G.M. Browning, Prov. C. S. James Spry, P. Prov. G.M. Witeridge, and several officers and members of lodges at Plymouth, Devonport, and Dartmoor. The lodge, called the "Bedford," No. 4762, having been opened in due form, and the new brothers admitted, the following were elected the Officers of the Lodge:

N.G., P.G. W. Isaac ; V.G., Brother E. Richards ; and Secretary, Brother G. H. Smith. The lodge business having been completed the members and friends sat down to partake of an excellent dinner provided by Host Ellis. Prov. G.M. James Pope presided, and the vice-chair was occupied by D. Prov. G. M. W. Browning.

HEREFORD.—LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF THE ODD-FELLOWS' HALL.—This interesting ceremony took place on the 28th April last ; Col. Clifford, M.P., and George Clive, Esq., M.P., officiating. The parchment, which, together with a number of the present coins of the realm, was deposited in a cavity of the foundation stone, bore the following inscription :—"The first stone of this building was laid by Lieut.-Colonel Henry Morgan Clifford, M.P. for the city of Hereford, on the 28th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1859, and the 22nd year of the reign of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, the premises being the property of Mr. Henry Butt, and in the occupation of Mr. William Smith. This building is erected for the purpose of providing accommodation for the meeting together of the officers and members of the Virtute Securus Lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, which society at the present date consists of 265 members, and is in possession of funds to the amount of £1,681 ls. 11½d., invested in the names of six trustees. The above lodge belongs to the Hereford District, and is a branch of the Manchester Unity."

ANNIVERSARIES, PRESENTATIONS, &c.

AUSTRALIA.—We have been favoured with several newspapers containing long reports of anniversaries and presentations in the lodges of this great and flourishing colony. Want of space, however, obliges us to omit many interesting details. We hope, however, soon to present our readers with an article on Odd-Fellowship in Australia.

BANBURY.—On Monday, the 23rd of May, the officers and brethren of the British Queen Lodge met in their lodge room to present to Mr. J. Herbert, their warden, a token of respect, consisting of a beautifully coloured emblem of the Order, in a rich gold frame.—Sir C. Douglas, M.P., the newly-elected member for the borough, and J. Gazey, Esq., were then proposed as honorary members.

BEESTON CASTLE, CHESHIRE.—The annual festival took place on Monday and Tuesday, the 20th and 21st days of June, on the picturesque and romantic heights of Beeston Castle, in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, of the Peckforton District, when a very numerous and respectable company assembled to enjoy the festivities of the occasion. Several additional marquees had been erected amid the ruins of the fine old castle, and every accommodation had been provided for supplying refreshments and for the amusement and entertainment of the visitors. Horabin's, of Manchester, and the Nantwich military and quadrille bands were stationed on the lawn. About 3,300 visitors were present on the first day, and amongst the company present were J. Tollemache, Esq., M.P. for South Cheshire, and the proprietor of the enchanting domain, with his amiable lady, both of whom appeared to participate in the enjoyments which they had been the means of conferring on the multitude around them. The receipts for admission on the first day amounted to £164 10s., whilst the total receipts, including tea tickets, amounted to £259 10s. The number of visitors on the present occasion exceeds that of last year by upwards of

500. For this salutary addition to the funds of the charity the district is mainly indebted to the excellent arrangements of Mr. Cawley, of Priestland; Mr. Davenport, of the Oaklands; Mr. John Cawley, Burwardsley; and Mr. Jones, Wardle Hall;—the managing committee.

BARNESLEY.—On Monday April 25, the members of the Welcome Friend Lodge of Odd-Fellows, of the Manchester Unity, held at the house of Mr. Thomas Harrop, Six Ringer's Inn, Silkstone, had their annual club feast, when between 60 and 70 members sat down to an excellent dinner. After the cloth was removed, a number of loyal and patriotic toasts were given, and the evening was spent in a very pleasing manner.—On the same day the members of the Good Intent Lodge, met together at the White Hart Inn, and partook of an excellent dinner in celebration of their anniversary meeting. A report of the position of the society and its affairs was read by Mr. Wray, which showed a considerable increase in members during the year.

BELPER.—The twenty-first anniversary of "The Fountain of Friendship Lodge," 1360, of the M.U., was lately celebrated, when about 100 members and friends sat down to supper in the lodge-room, at the house of Mr. William Eden, Bridge-street; Mr. Edwin Noon, P.P.G.M., in the chair, and W. Lomas, Esq., in the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, those peculiar to our Order were given, and responded to by W. Lomas, Esq., R. R. Allen, Esq., and others, the Chairman then proposed the health of one of the oldest members of the lodge, who had for many years filled with integrity and faithfulness one of the most important offices in the lodge. He was sure he had only to mention the name of James Tomlinson, P.P.G.M., the treasurer. Addressing P.P.G.M. Tomlinson, the Chairman proceeded. "I am proud indeed in being the humble instrument of the members of the lodge in now asking you to do us the honour of receiving this slight memento of our high appreciation of your services. It is far, very far from being commensurate with your services; but I believe you will prize it as you would a jewel of ten thousand times its value; and when it shall please the Almighty to call you hence, may it descend to some one of your family, and prove an incentive to follow in the footsteps of their good and revered father." The Chairman here handed the testimonial to Mr. Tomlinson, which consisted of a pair of excellent pebble spectacles mounted in massive gold frames, and enclosed in a superb silver case, richly chased. The case bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to Mr. James Tomlinson, P.P.G.M., by the members of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, 1,360, M.U., as a token of their esteem, and to mark their appreciation of his services as treasurer of the lodge."

Mr. Tomlinson, in rising, was received with loud and continued cheering. He thanked the brethren for their handsome and valuable gift, and assured them that he duly esteemed the kind feeling they had manifested towards him, and hoped that God would vouchsafe to them his blessings, and that they would ever remain true to the principles of Odd Fellowship.—The evening's enjoyment was considerably enhanced by an abundance of good speaking and singing.

BUNBURY, CHESHIRE.—On Whit Monday the members of the Prince Albert Lodge, celebrated their anniversary by a procession to the fine old village church, when an appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. W. B. Garnett, who afterwards accompanied the members to the lodge house, where a most excellent dinner was provided by P.D.G.M. Fern. The chair was taken by Brother W. B. Garnett, who soon after unfortunately had to leave, when Brother Cawley, of Priestland, the treasurer to

the lodge, was appointed to the chair, and addressed the company at great length on the benefits of Odd-Fellows' Societies over the old dividend clubs, and the great desirability of young men joining such self-helping societies, and also the many blessings conferred on the widow and the orphan. The sick and funeral fund of the lodge amounts to more than £500.

DEVISES.—The twenty-ninth Anniversary of the Loyal Independent Lodge (389) was lately held, Darley Griffith, Esq., M.P., who is an Odd Fellow, occupying the chair, and P.P.G.M. Adlam, the vice-chair. In the course of the evening, Brother G. T. Gregory stated that the Lodge now consisted of 125 members. Eighteen years ago this lodge had only about 30 members, with a fund of perhaps £50; their capital was now upwards of £1,100. The contributions, initiations, interest, &c., during the year amounted to £184 17s. 1d. The expenditure for sick pay had been £73 13s. 6d. and the payments for deaths, surgeon's, and secretary's salary, &c., brought the expenses up to £138 12s. 10d., leaving a balance of £46 4s. for the year. Among the members present on this interesting occasion, were Mr. Edward Wayled, Mr. E. Guy, and Mr. G. White, gentlemen of wealth and influence in the district.

EAST NORTON—The members of the Lord Berner's Lodge held their anniversary on Monday, June 6th. The members went in procession to church, headed by the Great Glenn band, when a most appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Norris; after which the members partook of an excellent dinner. The chair was taken by the Rev. Thomas Norris, the vice-chair being filled by the D.G.M. of the district, Jonathan Corbitt; after the usual toasts, the members again formed in procession and went round the whole village, stopping about two hours at the house of John Haycock, Esq. Mr. Henry Haycock, a honorary member of the lodge, gave them liberally of the contents of the cellar, and also invited the party to have a dance on the lawn. The members and their friends, with their wives and sweethearts, gladly responded to the invitation; after which the members returned in the same order to the lodge-room, when the permanent secretary of the lodge, P.D.G.M. Corbitt was called to the chair. During the evening the chairman made a statement respecting the Order in general, beginning with some good remarks upon the attack made by the *Times* newspaper upon Friendly Societies, reading some extracts from the same; but particularly wishing the members to read the second article in the Magazine, called "Another Clap of Thunder," by Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M. The Chairman then quoted from the April Quarterly Report the number of initiations, the number of lodges opened and closed, the number of deaths and the amount paid as funeral gift, the number of sick and the amount, &c., asking after each if they did not think that a society that was doing so much to relieve the sick and distressed "was not a standing scandal and a great calamity to the country?" He next referred to what he called the bankruptcy side of the question, stating the amount received as contributions, &c., showing a good balance in favour of the society. He then gave a very favourable account of the lodge, and finished by proposing the M.U. Mr. William Harrison, of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, in responding to the honorary members, spoke very highly of the Order, saying he was proud to say he was a honorary member of so valuable an institution. With song, glee, and the band, the members passed a very happy day.

GREAT BERKAMSTEAD.—A grand day and evening festival was held on Monday, June 27th, in the ancient castle grounds at great Berkamstead, by permission of the Right Hon. Lady Marianne Alford, and Earl Brownlow. The proceeds were devoted to the widow and orphan fund of the district,

and we are happy to say that a large number of persons was present on the interesting occasion. The festival comprised a grand procession and concert, various out-door amusements, a balloon ascent, and a free display of fireworks,—the whole under the direction of the well-known Nelson Lee.

HARTLEPOOL.—On Monday, June 13th, the members of the Royal Havelock Lodge presented a complimentary address to the founder of their lodge—Mr. Edward Appleton, P.D.G.M. of the Hartlepool District. The chair was taken by G. Balham, Esq., who, in feeling and eloquent terms, presented the following address,—“Sir and Brother,—The members of the Loyal Havelock Lodge desire hereby both to express their esteem for you personally as a man, and also to offer you their sincere thanks for your zealous exertions to promote the prosperity of the lodge. Although it has not been established fully nine months yet, the lodge numbers upwards of sixty young and healthy members, and its affairs are conducted with the utmost harmony and good feeling. You are not only our founder, but you are also the chief cause of our present unparalleled prosperity. We thank you then again, and beg you to believe us always your sincere friends and well-wishers.”—Mr. Appleton replied in appropriate terms; and after various toasts, and some good singing, the meeting separated.

HAMILTON, CANADA.—A number of the Odd-Fellows of this city met at Buscomb's Saloon, on Wednesday evening, May 25, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Thomas Tindill, late secretary of the Hamilton District, with a token of their esteem and appreciation of his services to the Order during the past six years. The grand master of the Commercial Lodge of this city, Mr. Frederick Lord, in a few appropriate words presented Mr. Tindill, in the name of the committee, with a purse containing 75 dollars. Mr. Tindill thanked the committee for their liberal present, as well as the good wishes they had expressed for himself and family. He also gave them the assurance that he would faithfully perform the duties of the office now held (corresponding secretary of the Order for Canada West) and trusted he would long retain the confidence of the body. After the usual appropriate toasts and speeches, the company separated, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

HARTLEPOOL.—On Wednesday evening, April 27th, at the house of V.G. Harrison Groves, Northgate, Hartlepool, a number of the members of the Saint Hilda Lodge entertained P.P.G.M. James Sherwood, and presented him with a handsome silver lever watch, as a mark of their appreciation of his services as permanent secretary to the lodge during several years. Mr. Moor, surgeon, presided, and made the presentation in the name of the members. The watch bore the following inscription:—“Presented to P.P.G.M. James Sherwood, by the Saint Hilda Lodge of Oddfellows, M.U., as a token of respect for his valuable services as permanent secretary. Hartlepool, April, 1859.”

HAYWARD'S HEATH.—A most interesting meeting took place at the Hayward's Heath Lodge, held at the Station Hotel, Hayward's Heath, on Tuesday evening, March 29th, the occasion being the initiation, as a member, of the Rev. R. E. Wyatt, curate of the new District Church, Hayward's Heath. The initiation was performed by Mr. Lockyer, the Grand Master of the Brighton District, assisted by his deputy, Mr. Hill, and Mr. E. Saunders, the corresponding secretary. The rev. gentleman afterwards expressed his pleasure in becoming a member, and trusted it would serve as a means of securing mutual good feeling between him and his congregation.

HYDE—On Saturday, May 28th, the members of the Benevolent Lodge, presented their worthy permanent secretary, Mr. James Shaw, of Flowery Field, with a handsome Patent Lever Silver Watch, bearing the following inscription :—"Presented to P. S. James Shaw, by the members of the Benevolent Lodge, No. 62, of the I. O. of O.F., M.U., Hyde District, as a testimonial of his fidelity during a period of 18 years as permanent secretary of the above lodge, May 28th, 1859."

LEEDS—On Wednesday, June 29th, at a banquet given in honour of Dr. Hook, on the occasion of his leaving Leeds for the Deanery of Chichester, the following address was presented by P.G. William Longley, on behalf of the Odd-Fellows of Leeds town and District :—

To the Very Reverend the Dean of Chichester.

Very Reverend Sir and Brother,—We, members of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows Friendly Society, having been appointed by the members of that Order to represent them on this occasion, beg to express to you, on their behalf, the strongest feelings of gratitude for the many and important favours which the Order in this district has received at your hands, and for the blessings with which, by your noble example, our brethren throughout the world have been benefited.

For the patience and candour with which you investigated the principles upon which it was founded, before connecting yourself therewith; and, subsequently for the steadiness with which you have adhered to it, through good and evil report, we are grateful. In our prosperity you have rejoiced with us; in our adversity, you have sympathised with us. In every change we have attempted in our economy, with a view to improvement, we have always felt that we were sure of your hearty good wishes and co-operation.

When the hand of benevolence has been necessary to supplement the regular contributions of the Order, either in aid of the ordinary or accidental claims upon our funds, we have always felt that in you we had a true brother, with whom the fraternal title was not a mere name, whose voice would be raised, and whose hand would be ever ready to assist in the cause of the widow, the orphan, the sick, and the needy. And as you have thus aided them, be assured that the blessings of the widow and the prayer of the fatherless have ascended for you to their Father and your Father, to their God and your God; and that our common Great Master, who through human sufferings has felt human sympathies, has graciously received those prayers and blessings, to become gems of purest ray in the heavenly crown we trust you will receive at his hands when you have finished your course.

Our sorrow at parting with you, even when modified by the conviction that you will not be far removed from us, and that you will occupy a like sphere of usefulness as heretofore, is most deep. Still Reverend Sir, we do most heartily rejoice that you have been rewarded by your elevation in that church for which you have done so much and laboured so earnestly. Nor do we less rejoice to find that our Gracious Sovereign, in recognising those labours, proclaims her appreciation of their value in your elevation.

May God grant to you, and to those amongst whom your future lot will be cast, that your life may long be preserved, and your usefulness increased; until, at a ripe old age, you be gathered to your fathers in peace, leaving the bright light of your example to guide and to encourage your successors.

For our brethren in the city to which you go, we venture to us a transfer of your kindness; and for ourselves, your continued kind remembrances.

In conclusion, we beg, as we are deputed, to pray your acceptance of this token of our love and esteem, which you will not estimate according to its intrinsic worth, but as the humble but voluntary offering of your brethren in Odd-Fellowship, whose hands may be feeble to give, but whose hearts are strong to feel.

The emblems which decorate it are those cardinal virtues—Faith, Hope and Charity—which the Order was established to inculcate, and which you have so well illustrated in your life.

Desiring every blessing for you and yours, we feel happy in being still able to call ourselves
Your Brethren in the bonds of Odd-Fellowship.

Mr. Longley next presented the testimonial subscribed for by the members of the Order in Leeds. It consisted of a chaste and elegant silver centre-piece. The base, which rested on a plateau of burnished silver, with rock border, was triangular, and supported figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, in frosted silver. The figures were grouped round an oak tree, rising from the centre, with branches, leaves, and acorns, and bearing upon the foliage a pierced silver basket, with large cut glass dish. It was inscribed as follows :—

"Presented to Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester, by the members of the Leeds District of Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, on the occasion of

his leaving Leeds, as a small token of their love and esteem. for the many kind and valuable services rendered by him to the Order during his residence amongst them as the Vicar of that Parish.—Leeds, June 29th, 1859.

In reply the Reverend gentleman said, he did not need that kindness at their hands, because he had recently received from the members of friendly societies in Leeds, an address, which was deeply gratifying to his feelings. He certainly did feel indignant when, some years ago, an attack was made on the working classes and on friendly societies, for they must remember that the science of vital statistics was a new science. Calculations had been wrongly made by the upper and middle classes. They had rectified their mistakes, and it did seem hard, without allowing the working classes gradually to rectify their errors, to call upon them at once to give up their societies—not to reform them, but to break them up. The Order of Odd-Fellows, now nearly numbered 300,000 members, and its business was conducted by men of the working classes, and having recently attended their Annual Meeting he must say he never saw business carried on in a more orderly and decorous manner. Their attention from the first had been devoted to the great question of vital statistics, and he believed that their tables were now on a proper basis. He begged to be allowed to give them his thanks and his blessing.

LEWES.—About fifty of the members of the Lewes Lodge of the Manchester Unity, with their wives and families, paid a friendly visit to the members of the Brighton Lodges, at a tea party and soiree at the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday, March 28th. There were about 300 present, and after partaking of an excellent tea, provided by Mr. Chatfield, of Bond Street, a concert took place, supported by Messrs. Affleck, Peters, Warbrick, Lindfield, and the Brighton Vocal Union, interspersed with speeches, &c. A most agreeable evening was spent, and the party from Lewes returned home at a late hour, a special train having been liberally provided by the Railway Company.

MANCHESTER.—The brethren of the Caledonian Lodge (863) lately presented to P.G. Brookes, the thanks of the lodge, handsomely engrossed on vellum, as an expression of their appreciation of his valuable services to the district and Order. In the same lodge a raffle was got up for the benefit of Brother F. Handford, by which the sum of £9 4s. 6d. was realized in the course of a few weeks.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—On Wednesday, March 9th, the members of the Loyal Craven Lodge presented the secretary, W. Haldfield, with a valuable silver watch, as a token of their acknowledgment of his long and valuable services.

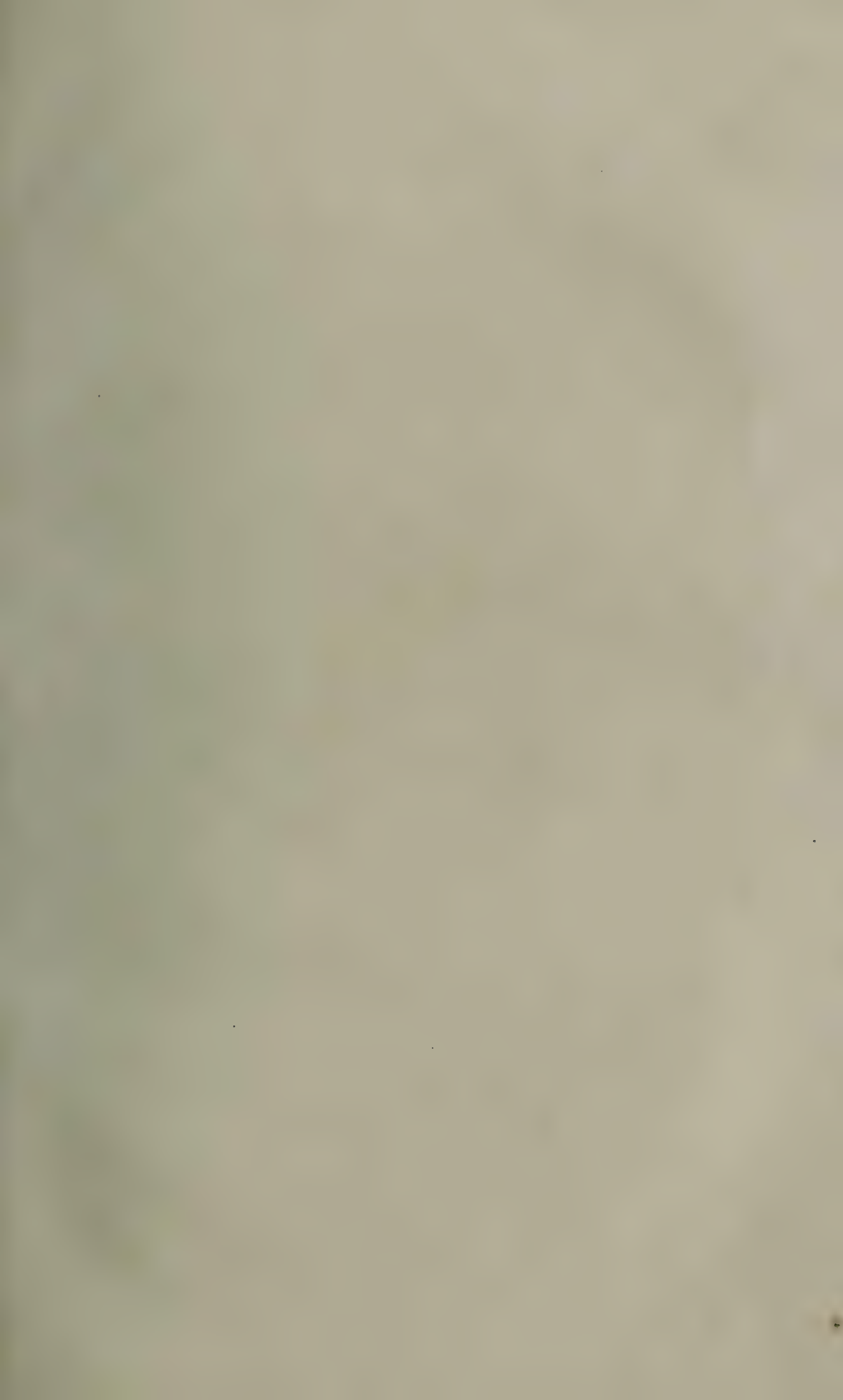
NORWICH DISTRICT.—Loyal Temple of Friendship Lodge, Beccles, Suffolk. Recently the tenth anniversary of the above lodge was celebrated at the Assembly Rooms, Beccles; W. L. Crowfoot, Esq., in the chair. Upwards of 130 members and friends were present. The interesting proceeding of the evening was the presentation to P.G. Francis Clarke, the treasurer of the lodge, of a very elegant time-piece and teapot and cream-jug. After P.G. Clarke's health had been most enthusiastically drunk, he made the following acknowledgment:—"Gentlemen and most esteemed brothers,—I assure you that I consider myself unworthy the respect thus shown me, although I admit that I always did (as I trust I always shall) use my best abilities to promote the advancement of a society which has for its objects the relief of the distressed and afflicted. In early life I joined the Order, and I have never had cause to regret it. I regard it as the best conducted benefit society with which I am acquainted; and I have not the slightest

hesitation in saying, that if its rules are strictly adhered to, it cannot fail to make its members better husbands, better fathers, and better members of society. I will not trespass further upon your time than to say, that the handsome testimonial with which you have been pleased to honour me will be most highly prized, and that it will form a conspicuous object in my cottage, which I shall ever look upon with feelings of pride and gratitude. As long as life may last it will tend to remind me of this happy evening when you were pleased to present it to me; and when these eyes shall have closed upon time, I have no doubt it will be regarded as a sacred relic. Allow me once more to thank you all, and to say that I trust my future efforts in the cause of Odd Fellowship may continue unabated, and ever meet your kind approval. Brother Odd-Fellows, I sincerely thank you."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The anniversary dinner of the Prosperity Lodge took place on Monday evening, March 7th, at the Haymarket Tavern. It was numerously attended by brethren and friends. Mr. Councillor J. R. Weston, (in the absence of the surgeon, J. Wiblin, Esq., F.R.S.,) presided. The lodge is in a very safe financial condition. P.P.G.M. Arnold said he was happy to say that the Manchester Unity had arrived at an unexampled state of prosperity. It was not, nevertheless, to be supposed that it had not difficulties with which to contend at the present time. It was once thought that Odd-Fellows were a body of men joined in secret conclave for the mere purposes of hilarity and conviviality, and that they did not conduct their business on safe commercial principles. They had outlived that sort of thing, and practical thinking men had been brought to accord to them that they certainly did a large, a vast amount of good.

UPWELL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The seventeenth anniversary of the Victoria Lodge, No. 3,184, Wisbeach District, was celebrated on the 31st of May last. The members having assembled in the lodge room, proceeded thence in procession to church. The Rev. J. R. Pilling read prayers, and a very appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Rolfe. After leaving church the members went in procession through the village, and returned to their lodge room at three o'clock, when about 80 persons sat down to dinner; Mr. L. Ollard, Esq., solicitor, P.G., presided. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, P.P.G.M. James of the Neptune Lodge, Wisbeach, proposed, "Prosperity to the Victoria Lodge," which was responded to by P.G. Benjamin Webber, the secretary, who entered into some very interesting details relative to the past operations and present position of the lodge, which he stated then numbered 90 members, and possessed an accumulated sick fund amounting to nearly £400. Mr. James Webber, jun., the G.M. of the lodge, in proposing, "Prosperity to the M.U.I.O.F.," detailed the numerical position of the Order and the amounts paid by the Unity during 1858 for relief in sickness, and on the deaths of members and members' wives, and gave an estimate of the amount paid by the Manchester Unity in surgeon's salaries, which in 1858 was, he believed, upwards of £50,000. The health of the surgeon was drank, and ably responded to by Mr. Balding; and, after various toasts and songs, the health of the chairman terminated the evening's proceedings.

UNITED STATES.—We have received a copy of *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, containing a long and interesting account of an anniversary festival, held by our American brethren of Boston.





J. S. Banyard

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. III.

OCTOBER 1st, 1859.

Vol. II.

JAMES SPICER BANYARD.

THE name of Banyard is by no means uncommon in the eastern counties of England, where it is associated with manors, halls, and substantial houses. It is a good and ancient name, and the bearers of it are probably the descendants of that Ralph Baynard to whom the Norman Conqueror, as a reward for services rendered, gave forty-four manors in Norfolk and seventeen in Suffolk, as we learn from the Domesday Book. As happened in other parts of the country, the estates thus obtained did not remain for any length of time in the family of its first proprietor, many of them having been confiscated in the reign of Henry the First. But whatever privileges were enjoyed by his ancestors, it is certain that the subject of our notice inherited nothing but the name, corrupted in the course of years from Baynard to Banyard.

It is, however, rather with the lives of our principal men as Odd-fellows than as private individuals that we have to do. Suffice it, therefore, that he, Banyard, was born at Wisbech, in the Isle of Ely, on the 23rd of March, 1816, and that at the early age of ten years he lost his father, and went to reside with his remaining parent at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk. Here he received the rudiments of an education, afterwards perfected, as all true education must be, in the rough school of the world; and here, in the course of time, he was introduced to the business (that of a tobacco manufacturer) in which he has achieved considerable success. His career as an Odd-fellow commenced under somewhat singular circumstances. When scarcely twenty years of age, he entered an Odd-fellow's lodge in Lynn, and soon became an active member. But the lodge was one of the old-fashioned, convivial kind, where only such benefits were conferred on its members as could be obtained by "sending round the hat." According to the light they possessed, the members of this society did good in their day and generation, but their mode of conducting business was certainly not of a character to satisfy an ardent and inquiring young man. Having occasion to go to Liverpool on business in 1837, Mr. Banyard noticed, while passing down St. Thomas' Buildings, a tavern with the sign of the Odd-fellows' Arms. He entered and made some inquiry as to the lodge held there. In the course of conversation he learned for the first time of the

existence of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society of Odd-fellows, and was so struck with its superiority over the club to which he belonged in Lynn, that he was not satisfied till he obtained of the landlord all the information it was in his power to impart touching its laws and constitution. He went home and thought on the matter, and soon arrived at the conclusion that it would be a good thing to introduce the principles of the Manchester Unity in Lynn. At the very next lodge night he mentioned the matter, and for more than a year he kept up a constant agitation on the subject, and at last succeeded in influencing the majority of his fellow-members. Some time was lost in finding the way to establish a connexion with the parent society, but at last it was discovered that his object could be accomplished through the agency of the lodge at Wisbech. Signatures to a requisition were with some difficulty obtained, and after the delay that almost always accompanies the successful issue of a new project, the Loyal West Norfolk Social Design Lodge was opened at King's Lynn on the 3rd of September, 1838. This was the second lodge belonging to the Manchester Unity opened in the county; the Lynn District now consists of fourteen lodges and about a thousand members.

On the same night Mr. Banyard was formally initiated and took office as Secretary; afterwards filling the chairs of his lodge with considerable credit. In 1840, while acting as N.G., he removed from Lynn to Bury St. Edmunds. He then found that neither in the town or county was there a single lodge of the Manchester Unity. Taking considerable interest in the progress of our Order, Mr. Banyard was naturally anxious to promote the interests of the Institution in new localities. He now knew something of the practical working of Odd-fellowship, and with a wide field before him proceeded earnestly and systematically to carry out what he believed to be his mission. Before many months had expired he was successful in founding the West Suffolk Social Design Lodge in Bury St. Edmunds, the first lodge opened in the county. Into this he threw his clearance, and immediately took office as N.G. The following year he was elected Grand Master of the Wisbech District, and, on the 13th of August, 1841, was presented by the officers and members of his lodge with a handsome silver medal, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services in the cause of Odd-fellowship. Before his term of office expired he was instrumental in opening another lodge in Bury St. Edmunds, besides lodges in Newmarket and Thetford. Here was the nucleus for a new district, the necessity for which was daily felt by Mr. Banyard and those who acted with him. Application was therefore made to the Wigan Annual Moveable Committee, and leave having been obtained, the Bury St. Edmunds District was formed, its first committee being held in July, 1842. Mr. Banyard was unanimously elected as the Corresponding Secretary of the new district, which honourable post he has filled ever since, without having had any person proposed in opposition to him. Now commenced his real active career as an Odd-fellow. He worked untiringly for the extension of the Order in Suffolk, and with such success, that in five years he increased his district to forty-five lodges and 2,442 members. Nor were his labours received without honourable acknowledgment, for in July, 1844, he was presented with a valuable gold watch and chain, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of those who knew his worth. In 1848 the Ipswich District was formed out of that of Bury St. Edmunds; but although some few lodges had been closed or amalgamated with others, the Bury St. Edmunds' District at the present moment stands higher in numerical strength than ever—numbering thirty-five lodges and two thousand seven hundred and ninety-six members.

Mr. Banyard has represented his district at sixteen Annual Moveable Committees, having been absent only from those held at Glasgow and

Oxford since 1842. During the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, he served as Auditor of the Order, and in the years 1853, 1854, and 1857, he was elected as one of the Board of Directors. To this onerous and honourable post he carried the enthusiasm and the strict business habits which have always distinguished his conduct both in the Order and in private life. In 1846 he entered the "holy state of matrimony," and has given hostages to fortune in the persons of "two brave sons and two fair daughters." He is essentially a man of the people. In his business pursuits he has achieved success, and as a "Good Odd-fellow" he is universally known in the Unity. Moreover, he has, we understand, been for several years past elected to the responsible post of Poor-law Guardian. But the position he has attained he owes to no adventitious circumstances. It has been his lot, like that of many of his kin in the eastern counties, to shape out for himself his own course in the world. As the phrase goes, he has been the architect of his own fortunes, and to his indomitable perseverance and unswerving integrity are attributable, under Providence, the fact that he has erected a goodly edifice in the land.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP: ITS PRINCIPLES & PRACTICE.

III.—FURTHER EXEMPLIFICATION OF PRACTICE.

To say that all the funds must be applied strictly according to law is to repeat what I have before endeavoured to impress upon you. But it is well every member should bear in mind when claims are being considered, that he is one of a host of trustees for his fellow men, and when voting in favour of payments he must not only desire to show his sympathy, and act liberally, but exercise his business habits to learn the claims are perfectly correct, and display some wise economy in dispensing benefits, where there is any discretion as to amount. Thus far as to sick and funeral and widow and orphan funds. With the distress and incidental (or management) funds, it is different. They are formed by the small contributions of the members, and each lodge may therefore be as profuse or mean as it pleases in expenditure on this head.

The incidental expense fund is raised in every lodge in such a way as is thought best; in yours each member contributes, with his other moneys, three half-pence weekly. Out of this you pay the surgeon, secretary, trustees, auditors, rent of room, Unity, District, and Widow and Orphan levies, leeches or other medical aids to the sick, gifts in distress, and testimonials to officers of your lodge, the District, or Order. With proper care all this can be done from that contribution, therefore keep within it, never make a levy if it can possibly be avoided, nothing causes so much ill feeling.

You consider the travelling relief small, too trifling, in fact, to be of real use. It is purposely so to prevent any member travelling for amusement or from idle caprice. A lodge must not grant a card unless satisfied it is necessary a member should have it. If any traveller deserves more, and gets a proper recommendation from the district officers, he will seldom find yours or any other lodge hesitate to assist him with a gift. So in other cases of misfortune your lodge will be ready according to its means, to vote a distress gift to relieve the unfortunate; but no petition can be circulated in any other district than that to which the member (or the deceased member) belongs, without proper sanction.

Now, without speaking politically, I think you will ere long confess you are pleased with the working of our model democracy. You don't think

you can until you get over some little things. What are they? Such as addressing the "Most Noble Grand." Well, you know it is necessary to have in all assemblies some head, an authority that must not be disputed, and to whom all others shall behave with respect. Fancy addressing yourself to "Mr. Chairman" or "Mr. Speaker," and boring everybody with a repetition of "Sir" after each halt. Would it not remind you of the discussion class at the Mechanics' Institution, or a political debate in a tavern parlour. The public-house has been rightly called the "common home," and it is said to have had something to do with raising the "tap-room" to the "parlour." Our Order's mission was to raise the parlour to the lodge, and having done so, we, in the lodge, throw aside all old associations. You remember Shakspeare makes Cassius say to Brutus, "Most noble Brother, you have done me wrong," &c. Do you think "Sir" would have been better? Could it have expressed old friendship, enforced respect, and the fraternal spirit, smouldering within, and soon to burst forth? This objection, on little things as you call them, is a fastidious one, it is mere disinclination to adopt our ceremonies, because, to the objector, they are new. But they *must* be preserved, improved if you like, but still preserved. The history of the past, even of uncivilized communities, teaches the value and policy of ceremonials; and in civilized, how they have been and are of essential service. If any one objects in your presence be prepared to question him whether he would not by abolishing them in our Order deprive our meetings of their pleasing attractions—our officers of their well earned honours and influence—and our chiefs of their authority. A gentleman lately initiated in one of our lodges remarked, that our ceremonies and regalia gave a gravity and purpose to our proceedings which nothing else could so well effect. Depend upon it that without ceremony, and the observance of good laws, this Unity, which is now easily worked like a massive engine in a great factory, would be as useless as the fragments of such machinery, should the building be shattered and crush it.

I say our society works well, and you can test it. You conceive an alteration of general law necessary, and you mean to propose it in your lodge; you will explain it, because the lodge is not likely to sanction something which will bring it into ridicule; it is approved, and sent to the district. Before the next district committee you may have been selected as N.G. of your lodge; merit alone will place you there, yours consists in suggesting the proposed alteration of law, but being done neatly, and the majority considering you a man of business, vote spontaneously. If you dare to ask a vote for *any elective office*, you must be fined. The time arrives for the next district committee, and by a majority of votes you are selected as delegate from your lodge. In proposing the alteration of laws, you repeat to the assembled delegates what you told your lodge. What, all over again? Yes, for when your lodge approved it, only a majority of the 180 expressed themselves in its favour; and now these delegates, who represent 5,000 members in the district, have to consider whether it shall be approved on their behalf. They decide it shall, and send it to the next A.M.C., where it must *AGAIN* be explained, although the new law has been printed and circulated in the Quarterly Report read in every lodge. You are to go as delegate, and will then learn whether those representing, with you, the 290,000 members of the Unity consider your new law a politic one to adopt or not. After such experience, and returning from the Grand Parliament, I should like to hear your opinions. You would, I think, then tell me, that in altering laws, in electing officers and trustees, in distributing gifts, in paying the benefits, in properly investing surplus funds, in general conduct of business, aye, and in having lectures and degrees, to instruct some, and confer honours on others, the Manchester Unity works well.

In our next we have something to say of lectures and degrees. Some say we shut good members out from office because they have not possessed themselves of a lot of these absurd secrets. How are they good members? and the secrets absurd? A good member will devote himself to office, and take his honours which entitle him to be put in nomination for higher places, and why should those who will not follow his example be in a position at any time it pleases them, to stand against him, taking the place he ought to occupy, and which he has prepared himself for by his previous work.

Really to be consistent, some of our take-it-easy members should offer at once to surrender the Unity, its funds, and its honours, into the keeping of the honorary members. Against a policy of this kind our general laws have carefully guarded. Though feeling at all times happy to see them and receive their advice and friendly assistance we are obliged to say, "We can hear you speak, we shall probably do as you say, but we cannot let you vote, we cannot let you take office; because we should be no longer independent. Become one of us as a subscribing member and you may do anything you please." These lectures and degrees, which bring together members in cordial meetings on other than lodge nights, which contain sound moral instruction, exercise the intellect, have taught many a man humility, how best to act for the general good, and which impel members onward to the topmost height in the Order—are to be sneered at!! I question whether our motto is not forgotten when such things happen. To "Friendship, Love, and Truth" we will devote another chapter.

WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUNDS.

Such of our readers as refer to the old Magazine will find in 1835, and the following years, many pages upon Widow and Orphan Funds. Originating as benevolent aids to the then usual sick and funeral benefits, we see in vol. 5, p. 233, the matter thus reasoned:—"How happy would an odd-fellow, extended on a bed of sickness, say within himself—'well, if I die, I shall at all events leave the wife of my bosom, and the children of my love, above the reach of want. The Widow and Orphan Fund will render them quite comfortable as long as any of them require the aid, and I can die contented.'" Practically the object was to secure a small sum weekly to a widow as long as she remained unmarried, or required such relief; and the orphan until he was enabled to maintain himself. The seed was sown, and soon spread throughout the Unity; and there are not now many districts who cannot boast of a Widow and Orphan Fund.

In the Leeds District, we observe, vol. 4, p. 239, the benefit provided was a fixed sum as an assurance at the death of members; and this kind of benefit principally prevails now, being called a bonus. In some districts—as remarked in the last number of the present Magazine—gifts are made in the discretion of the district or managing committee, according to the circumstances in each case. In others, annuities are paid to the widows for life, or widowhood, and during good behaviour, and to orphans until attaining a certain age; and in some cases the annuities to widows are as it were purchased by the payment of a bonus at once. In a few districts the peculiar provision is made to give to widows an annuity for just so long a time after the member's death as he, in his life time, had subscribed to the fund. Of the last plan the least that can be said is that it is not sound, and must work very unequally. As to the

assurance funds, there ought not to be any difficulty in adopting a safe scale of payments, seeing that C.S. Ratcliffe's published Tables (observations and appendix) contain the necessary figures. With regard to the funds for providing annuities to widows and orphans, either for life or temporarily, much yet remains to be done in their improvement before they can be pronounced capable of properly meeting the liabilities. Those members who take an interest in examining these funds will doubtless be aware that in the Quarterly Report for April, 1851, are inserted some valuable remarks and tables for consideration; the only fault in the latter being that they represent the full values of annuities, without reference to probable secessions or the remarriages of widows, or other matters warranting their reduction.

The time has now come when there is every reason to suppose a collecting of past experience will be generally made, to ascertain the true position of Widow and Orphan Funds, and whether they have accomplished, and are likely to do so in future, the objects for which they were established. On some occasions, when this step has been taken, violent feelings have been aroused, and the fund swept away altogether in some districts; and probably it was well this should be the result, rather than continue an unsafe scheme likely to prove delusive to the members subscribing.

The history and experience of the fund attached to each district would not only be interesting but of more service than members generally suppose, in assisting the proper formation of new funds, and engrafting improvements on those now wanting them; and we feel sure our readers will be glad to have some information as to the largest Widow and Orphan Fund—that of the North London District. It has been found necessary, in consequence of a general meeting being called, to engage the services of Mr. A. G. Finlaison, the government actuary, to advise upon its present position, and make tables for future use; and we cannot now do better than quote from the instructions given by that gentleman:—

“This auxiliary society originated at a meeting of the St. Thomas's Lodge members, on the 13th December, 1837. It was established by a special district committee, held at that lodge house on 26th November, 1838. Each member paid an entrance fee of 1s. For a time the subscription was $\frac{1}{4}$ d. weekly, but afterwards 1d. per week; and members paying the latter sum were entitled to a copy of the Odd-Fellows' Quarterly Magazine, value 6d.; others, not receiving the Magazine, paid 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. quarterly. From the 1st February, 1839, members were to be considered ‘free,’ after contributing 12 months, except clearance members, who became so at once. Benefits were given to widows only, in gifts of not more than £5. at one time to each, and in the discretion of the committee. The rules were originally certified on the 9th of November, 1839.”

“From April, 1842, fixed benefits were allowed to widows, at the rate of 12s. per calendar month, for life, or widowhood, and during good behaviour. Altered rules, of the 28th March, 1843, provided that when the surplus funds amounted to £150. 8s. monthly should be given; to £200., 10s.; and to £300., 12s. The next rules, 3rd October, 1844, fixed each member's contribution at 1d. weekly, without Magazine, and a scale of entrance fees, increasing after age 29. The widows and orphans of members joining the fund on and after 1st January, 1845, were not entitled to benefits until after two years from entry. Members were not to be admitted over 40 years of age. Subsequent rules, passed 10th December, 1846, provided another scale of entrance fees for members; and also, that from 1st February, 1847, register books should be kept for children, a fee of 1d. being paid on each child's entry. The benefit for each child to be 1s. per lunar month, until attaining 14.”

“On the 23rd December, 1850, the rules were again altered; the scale of entrance fees remained, but the contribution of members was increased to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

weekly, and the children's registration fee to 1s. The next alteration, which came into force on the 1st January, 1854, reduced the widow's allowance from 12s. to 8s. 1d. per month, without reference to amount of funds in hand, or a bonus of £15., if applied for within three months from husband's death. Widows then receiving the annuity were permitted to claim the bonus, and many did so."

Lengthy tables accompany the instructions, of which the general reader will perhaps thank us to state the substance; and those who want the whole paper can, we believe, obtain it for a small charge.

The monetary experience of the fund, from the commencement, has been as follows:—

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
Entrance Fees and } Contributions . . }	24,994	7 9½	Annuities to widows } and their children }	15,148	2 2
Interest	2,866	11 10	Children's annuities } in past 4 years . }	* 207	16 0
Registration of children	202	7 3½	Parentless children .	871	10 5
Gifts	470	12 7½	Bonuses to widows .	3,121	12 6
Excursions and benefits	1,088	13 11½	Incidental expenses .	1,997	4 7½
Incidental expense levies	1,234	1 2			
	<u>£30,856</u>	<u>14 8</u>		<u>£21,346</u>	<u>5 8½</u>
			Balance .	£9,510	8 11½

Deducting £716. 1s. 7d., "lost by frauds," the present capital of the fund is £8,794. 7s. 4½d., invested mostly in Consols and with the National Debt Commissioners. The payments for incidental expenses were made from the same fund as the benefits until 1846, but have since been raised by levies.

The contribution paid by members, at all ages, is 6s. 6d. per year, payable quarterly.

The benefits at present allowed are, to each widow, within three months from member's death, £15., in discharge of all claims on the fund, or an annuity of £4. 17s., payable 8s. 1d., per month, during life, or widowhood, and good behaviour, and to each child an annuity of 12s., also payable monthly, until attaining 14; to parentless children an allowance in the discretion of the committee. The numbers receiving benefits at the end of last year were 299 widows and 463 children, and 23 parentless children receiving special allowances.

From the tables referred to we extract the following, which will best show the steady increase of positive liabilities.

TABLE OF NORTH LONDON EXPERIENCE.

Column 1 shows the number of members subscribing to the fund at the close of each year; 2, the number of widows then in receipt of benefits; 3, the proportion of such widows to members; 4, the number of children receiving benefits; 5, the proportion of such children to members; 6, the widows admitted as claimants in the years stated; 7, the numbers declared off from all causes; 8, distinguishes the number dying; 9, those remarried; and 10, those expelled for misconduct. All others received a bonus.

* Similar payments in previous years are included in "Annuities to Widows," &c.

Columns 11 and 12 show the children claiming, and declared off, in the years opposite.

Year	1	2	3	4	5	Year	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1837	180	—	—	—	—	1837	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1838	279	—	—	—	—	1838	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1839	365	4	1 to 91	—	—	1839	4	4	Received Gifts.	—	—	—	—
1840	458	5	1 .. 91	—	—	1840	5	5		—	—	—	—
1841	912	5	1 .. 182	—	—	1841	5	5		—	—	—	—
1842	1658	6	1 .. 276	—	—	1842	6	—	—	—	—	—	—
1843	2908	13	1 .. 224	—	—	1843	7	—	—	—	—	—	—
1844	5103	26	1 .. 196	2	—	1844	14	2	—	2	—	—	—
1845	6095	34	1 .. 179	25	1 to 243	1845	9	4	1	3	—	25	2
1846	5881	49	1 .. 120	65	1 .. 90	1846	33	9	1	7	1	40	2
1847	5797	75	1 .. 77	129	1 .. 45	1847	23	5	—	3	2	46	4
1848	5733	101	1 .. 57	158	1 .. 30	1848	40	11	2	8	1	64	15
1849	5626	132	1 .. 43	205	1 .. 27	1849	42	11	2	8	1	66	14
1850	5541	165	1 .. 34	256	1 .. 22	1850	45	12	2	7	3	76	26
1851	5311	196	1 .. 27	279	1 .. 19	1851	47	16	1	9	6	73	50
1852	5238	236	1 .. 22	318	1 .. 16	1852	52	12	2	9	1	87	48
1853	5141	272	1 .. 19	343	1 .. 15	1853	47	11	1	9	1	72	47
1854	5088	176	1 .. 29	373	1 .. 14	1854	51	147*	1	3	—	69	39
1855	5176	201	1 .. 26	400	1 .. 13	1855	46	21	7	4	—	88	61
1856	5345	231	1 .. 23	418	1 .. 13	1856	51	21	2	6	—	83	65
1857	5412	259	1 .. 21	460	1 .. 12	1857	57	29	5	5	—	99	57
1858	5579	299	1 .. 19	486	1 .. 11	1858	60	30	5	3	2	84	58

Other information is then referred to in the instructions and explanation given, why it is not in some respects so complete as it should be. The committee, who have been at work in the matter, then proceed:—"It may be said, from the best examination that can be made, that the average age of the members, at the close of 1858, and indeed throughout the society's experience, may be assumed at 35 years—that three-fourths of the members are married—and that the ages of members and wives are about equal."

"There is no law to compel members to join this fund; but it has gained considerably by young members who have died unmarried, or have seceded. The mean rate of secession may be safely taken as at least three per cent. Another source of gain has been by members taking clearances, that is, removing from this to another district of the parent society, and after the lapse of a year ceasing to contribute or have any claim on the fund: this may have happened, on the mean of the 21 years' period, to the extent of one per cent. If a member's wife has died, he has generally continued paying until his own death; in some cases marrying again, and probably a younger wife, but no new fee or increased contribution is required on these remarriages, under the present rules."

"An abstract of new rules, and of proposed alterations of those now in force, as also a copy of the present rules, accompany these instructions."

"It will be seen that the proposed alterations of present rules are to effect some slight changes, but that the main features of the present financial laws are to be preserved."

"The new rules are put forward with a different purpose. They are proposed to fit a new scale of payments, self-supporting, to take effect from the commencement of next year, and to be kept in a separate and distinct account from what would then be called the old fund, which would necessarily be left to work itself out, and all future proceeds of excursions and benefits, with gifts, &c., would be thrown into it as heretofore."

* 143 received £15 bonus.

Mr. Finlaison's opinion and advice were then requested upon these questions.

"1. Whether, in the present state of the society, considering the number of subscribers (5,579), the amount of surplus funds (£8,794. 7s. 4½d.), the numbers now receiving benefits (299 widows and 486 children), the estimated value of assets from all sources, and the probable amount of future certain liabilities, the society can safely continue working as at present, or if an immediate change is necessary in its financial rules."

"2. Whether you recommend the proposed alterations—mentioned in the abstract—of present financial laws, or what if any amendments you consider should be made therein, to properly regulate the amount of survivorship annuity from the present fund, or the sum certain (bonus) that can be allowed, as an assurance, at death of members, to widows only, if then living."

"3. Whether you recommend, or not, the proposed annuity tables No. 1 and 2 in the abstract, sent with the new rules, and with what alterations and conditions, if any, they may in principle be adopted."

"You will be good enough to make tables, which you will be prepared to certify, under the Friendly Societies' Act, if agreed to by the general meeting."

"And you will greatly oblige by advising generally and plainly what steps the society should take, in its present state, to ensure future success and stability."

Upon these instructions Mr. Finlaison, after giving the matter *full consideration*, forwarded the following opinion :

1. I am of opinion that the Society cannot with safety continue on its present footing ; for, on comparing the assets with the liabilities, the result is a considerable deficiency. That the real state of the case may be manifest to the members, it is placed before them in a shape with which they are no doubt familiar.

Statement of the Assets and Liabilities of the North London District Widow and Orphan Fund :—

Dr.		LIABILITIES.		
		£	s.	D.
To present value of contingent Pensions to Widows		38,626	18	7
Ditto of ditto to Orphans.....		2,921	18	0
		<hr/>		
Future contingent Pensions.....		£41,548	16	7
" Present value of Pensions to } Widows £13,880		4	7	
present Incumbents..... } Orphans		1,380	11	7
Present Incumbents		£15,260	16	2
		<hr/>		
Liabilities		£56,809	12	9
		<hr/>		
Cr.		ASSETS.		
		£	s.	D.
By present value of the Contributions from } 5579 members.....		28,636	3	6
" Ditto of £120 of Annuity arising from } gifts and other sources.....		1,860	0	0
" Society's Capital in hand		8,794	7	4
		<hr/>		
Assets.....		£39,290	10	10
		<hr/>		
Deficiency.....		£17,519	1	11
		<hr/>		

An inspection of the foregoing balance sheet will render it obvious that an immediate change in the financial rules of the Society is necessary. The nature of that change will be suggested by my answers to the other two questions and general remarks.

2. I cannot recommend the proposed alterations referred to, which I assume to mean those of the St. John's and Jolly Bucks' members. As to the St. John's, the reduction of the widow's annuity by 1s. is much too small to relieve the fund. The allowance of a bonus for children, provided it does not exceed £5, and the offer of £15 bonus to each widow, are fair matters for consideration. With regard to the Jolly Bucks' propositions for entrance fees and contributions, they are too low to be safe.

On the best consideration I can give the subject, I recommend to the consideration of the general meeting the propriety of allowing a bonus not exceeding £20 to widows, and £2 for each child not exceeding 12 years of age, and to apply such an alteration of laws to all possible claimants *under the present rules*. This may appear to be somewhat sweeping, but on the whole I think it fair. It is necessary that the members should agree to yield somewhat of their strict right, as it is plain that unless some change is made either to increase the contributions for the present benefits, or to reduce the pension, or to commute it in the manner just suggested, the Society must unavoidably descend to a much worse position.

I think that any children who may be registered should be registered within three months after birth.

The other matters in the propositions referred to are wholly for the consideration of the meeting.

3. The proposed Tables 1 and 2 are in principle correct; but I would have the present probation of two years from the time of entry before being entitled to benefits, maintained, instead of reducing the probation to one year only as proposed.

To meet the objects held in view by the Society, I have prepared tables, into which the experience of the Society enters, to provide for the benefits proposed in Tables 1 and 2. The tables are subjoined, and if the general meeting considers it desirable to slightly reduce the benefits, for which these tables are framed, so as to lower them to the same amount as those at present guaranteed, the proportionate reduction in the contribution can soon be determined. Should the tables in question be adopted, I shall be prepared to certify them under the Friendly Societies' Act, provided the meeting takes steps to effect a revision of the rules necessary to fit the tables, which rules I must be permitted to consider and approve.

Having thus succinctly answered in a direct manner the questions put to me, I may state that the following considerations have entered into the construction of the tables which I have prepared.

A suitable law of mortality. A rate of interest such as the fund has been accustomed to realise. The law of secession as obtained from the experience of members of Friendly Societies. The per centage of claims relinquished by the re-marriage of widows, and other causes. The proportion of claims commuted by the acceptance of a bonus in lieu of the annuity, and the charge entailed on the fund by the payment of that bonus. The probable gain by members taking clearances, and ceasing to contribute after the lapse of a year; and, on the other hand, the probability of a member re-marrying after the death of his first wife, and entailing additional and heavier charges on the fund by union with a younger wife. The proportion into which the aggregate body of members was found on actual observation to divide itself at each quinquennial group of ages between 18 and 62. The proportion of unmarried but contributing members, to the married contributors. The parity of age between husband and wife; and

the probable age of the widows in receipt of the pension. The amount of contributions paid, and the extent of benefit guaranteed to the widow. The probable yearly income derived from gifts and other sources. The capital in hand. And in respect of the children's branch of the fund, the numbers and ages of children registered during the last twelve years. The numbers which have gone off by over age, the probable number of deaths, and, consequently, the balance which remains chargeable. The number of members yearly on the books of the fund during the last twelve years. The number of members re-marrying during the same period. The probable proportion of children in a situation to become chargeable, to the number of members contributing to the fund. Finally, the temporary nature of the benefit and of the period during which the contribution for the same is payable.

Tables proposed for adoption by the members of the North London District Widow and Orphan's Fund :—

TABLE 1.

WIDOW'S FUND.

Annuity £5, payable 8s. 4d. per month.

Contributions payable in advance, and
cease on the death of either life.

Class.	Age.	Quarterly Contribution.
		£ s. d.
1.....	18.....	0 3 2
2.....	19.....	0 3 2½
3.....	20.....	0 3 3
8.....	25.....	0 3 5½
13.....	30.....	0 3 10
18.....	35.....	0 4 0

(Intermediate ages in proportion.)

TABLE 2.

ORPHAN'S FUND.

Annuity £1, payable 1s. 8d. per month.

Class.	Age.	Quarterly Contribution.
1.....	under 20.....	7d.
2.....	20 and " 25.....	7½d.
3.....	25 " " 30.....	8d.
4.....	30 " " 35.....	8½d.
5.....	35 " " 40.....	9d.

As the committee desires me to render general advice on the affairs of the Society, I have to express, in the first place, my extreme regret to learn that the members are unwilling to give necessary particulars of their own ages, and those of their wives and children, and other useful and proper information to the management of the Society. The members will on due reflection be aware that the facts alluded to, are absolutely necessary for the desirable object of reducing the contributions required for provision of the benefits to the lowest amount. It is the province of the Actuary to work up the materials thus obtained, in such a manner as to ascertain with precision the prime cost of the benefit in view; and I may state, after some experience in the matter, that much has yet to be done before data completely satisfactory can be obtained for the purpose of establishing Widow and Orphan Funds among the members of Friendly Societies. I therefore strongly advise the managing committee to agree upon a form of particulars to be required from every member on enrolling himself, his wife, or children; and I sincerely trust that the members will cheerfully assist in contributing their small share towards the elucidation of most important points, directly affecting their own interests. It is superfluous, perhaps, to add that on such information being obtained, it should be carefully registered in a way capable of rendering the completest summary at any moment at which it may, in future, be required. Any return which would accurately show the mortality occurring among the members' children under 14 years of age would be almost invaluable. This ought not to be a matter of very

great difficulty, seeing that registration of their children at the earliest age is always a matter of the highest expediency to the members.

There is another matter to which I cannot forbear calling attention, and that is the interest realised on the capital laid up for accumulation. It must be obvious to any one who will give the subject a moment's thought, that it must in the course of years make a great difference to the fund, whether it annually receives but £30 in each £1000 invested instead of £50, or, in other words, three per cent. per annum, instead of five per cent. But this is a point which seems to me not to have been sufficiently adverted to, as I perceive that the bulk of the Society's capital remains in the three per cents., while there are far more profitable securities open to the selection of the management, under the provisions of the XXXII. Section of the Act 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63, regulating the affairs of Friendly Societies.

One other point, and I conclude. Some notice should be taken of the effect on the fund caused by a disparity of age between husband and wife. Practically speaking, so far as the information available on this point gives any light, there exists no great disparity between the ages of the present members of this Society and the ages of their wives. But to show that the question may not be unimportant in the case of re-marriages, I subjoin the quarterly premium which should be paid in each of three instances when the member himself is aged 35 years, but where the wife may be 15 years younger, or of equal age, or 10 years older. For example:—

AGE OF THE HUSBAND.	WIFE.	QUARTERLY CONTRIBUTION.	
		s.	d.
35	20	6	1
35	35	4	0
35	45	3	6

As regards the disparity of age between mother and child, the question is scarcely of practical moment, because the benefit to the child is merely a *temporary* contingent life annuity closing at a very youthful age, and therefore likely to be outlived in the father's lifetime.

ALEXANDER GLEN FINLAISON,
ACTUARY OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

National Debt Office, 15th August, 1859.

On Monday, September 5, an important meeting of the members of the Widow and Orphan Fund took place at St. Martin's Hall. Owing to the laws of this particular fund being enrolled under the now obsolete Act of 1829, all the members subscribing—about 5,600—had been specially summoned, and nearly 600 attended. It appeared that the fund was established 20 years since, and its surplus capital at the close of 1858 was £8,800, but some members not considering the contribution sufficient, it was determined to consult Mr. Finlaison, the Government Actuary, with what result we have already seen. A lengthy discussion was entered into, and eventually a resolution was carried to adjourn the further consideration of the matter for 12 months. We understood this was defeated by a requisition calling another meeting, which will be probably held in March.

Our Library Table.

UNDER this heading it is not our intention to notice all or even the most prominent books that have appeared during the quarter, but only such as have been especially sent for review in these pages. We shall have pleasure, from time to time, in bringing before the notice of our readers

such volumes as we consider worthy their patronage ; and, in compliance with the expressed wishes of several subscribers, we propose to somewhat enlarge this section of the Magazine.

The first volume that invites attention is—

HARDWICK'S MANUAL FOR FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

This valuable work⁽¹⁾ is the result of several years' active experience of the principles and practice of Odd-Fellows' and other Friendly Societies, and attempts to give, in one connected narrative, not only the history of the rise and progress of the People's Provident Institutions, but such advice and instruction as cannot but prove highly useful to all who are interested in the success of these interesting associations. Mr. Hardwick is well known to our readers, as one of the most active members of our great and flourishing Unity ; and it is with considerable pride that we are able to say, that to an Odd-Fellow is due the credit of having produced a volume which, from the able manner and method of its treatment, must be henceforth considered as the Handbook of Friendly Societies. Here we find the science of vital statistics cleared of its technicalities, and rendered plain to the understanding of the most unlettered members of an Odd-Fellows' lodge or a Foresters' court. The process whereby these and like valuable institutions have risen from small beginnings till they have come to be a power in the land is traced in a clear, succinct, and intelligible manner. As our author truly observes, they are not the offspring of "elaborate scientific inference, or of the wisdom, patriotism, or philanthropy of the wealthy, the intelligent, or the great. But they are the spontaneous development of that germ of all social union,—man's innate sense of the insufficiency of isolated individual effort to secure happiness and prosperity. Benevolent and charitable feeling in the outset solely dictated the rates of payment and benefits ; for the best and most conclusive of all human reasons,—that little or no scientific knowledge, based upon experiment, was then available for such purpose. Learned actuaries should therefore never forget that much of the 'scientific formula' propagated by 'authority' for many years has proved miserably deceptive, and instead of correcting, has but served to augment the evils which have arisen from the possession of insufficient statistical data." Mr. Hardwick fearlessly and justly exposes the errors into which the members of many Friendly Societies have fallen ; but while he condemns the fault he points out the remedy. In the course of this investigation he says, "the errors in the financial constitution of Friendly Societies, and the necessity for immediate and radical reform, will be demonstrated in the most friendly spirit, but, nevertheless, without fear or compromise. My views and objects in relation to this subject are, indeed, not *destructive*, but thoroughly *conservative*. I shall labour with equal industry and zeal in the indication and enforcement of the means best adapted for the attainment of their future prosperity and financial safety." And in this kindly tone the whole book is written. It would seem almost unnecessary to recommend its perusal to the members of the Manchester Unity, since they not only know its author as an indefatigable and steady friend of the working man, but have proved themselves, on many and important occasions, to be anxious to carry on their institution in a manner which must eventually ensure its financial safety as a great Insurance Society for the People. But, lest there be any among us who, from want of leisure or other causes, have hitherto contented themselves by simply "paying their pence," and receiving the benefits when needed, without

⁽¹⁾ *A Manual for the Patrons and Members of Friendly Societies.* By Charles Hardwick, P.G.M. of the Manchester Unity, author of the "History of Preston," &c. 12mo., 2s. 6d., cloth. London, Routledge & Co.

altogether appreciating the spirit and constitution of our society, let us advise them to make a careful perusal of the work this day published. It has been our pleasure and privilege to watch the progress of Mr. Hardwick's Manual through the press, and we think we shall scarcely exceed the truth when we say, that, for close reasoning and argumentative power, as well as for a thorough comprehension of the subject discussed, the book will bear comparison with works of much higher pretensions. In fact, no Lodge or Court should be without it. No one now-a-days denies the usefulness of working-class associations; and it should be the special object of all those among their members who seek to render them really valuable to their fellow men to study by every means to place them on a firm and safe footing. "The rapid and prodigious growth," says Mr. Hardwick, "and the unquestionable advantages resulting to society generally from their operation, have latterly attracted the favourable attention of the middle and upper classes. At the present time, in various parts of Great Britain, Benefit and Friendly Societies include among their honorary, and even working, members, philanthropic individuals belonging to almost every grade of society, and holding every shade of opinion with reference to social, political, or religious matters. That results exercising the most important and beneficial influence upon the temper, condition, and general character of the industrious classes have attended the operations of these self-created and self-sustaining Provident Institutions, is at the present day evident and undeniable. Yet, although their objects are now cheerfully acknowledged to be worthy the countenance and support of all classes of society, considerable diversity of opinion has been expressed as to the probability of the present machinery ultimately proving adequate to the fulfilment of all the engagements into which their members have mutually entered. Men eminently calculated, from their professional acquirements, to arrive at considerable knowledge of the subject, have ventured to prophesy their ultimate decay unless immediate steps be taken to materially improve their financial constitutions. If, on the one hand, many false and exaggerated statements have been put forth to their disparagement, the members of these valuable societies ought, on the other, never to forget that the financial schemes originally introduced for the purpose of effecting their praiseworthy objects were necessarily, to a great extent, of a hap-hazard or merely fortuitous character." Now, however, we are possessed of the statistical information, derived from the experiences of the societies themselves, which enables us to correct the miscalculations of those who have gone before us in the path of self-improvement, and it will be our own fault if we do not profit by the opportunities placed within our reach.

The next book on our library table is

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ELIZA COOK. (2)

No name on the roll of modern English poets is better known to the people than that of Eliza Cook. Her songs are sung in almost every household, and her poems form appropriate pieces for public recitation. In the present Number we have selected one which has been received with especial favour for several years past; and many of our members who have admired the "Heart's Charity," as recited by Mr. Hardwick, will now have an opportunity of learning the stirring lines for themselves. This new and cheap edition of Miss Cook's poems forms a welcome addition to the valuable poetical series published by Messrs. Routledge. "I have long had an earnest desire," says the gifted authoress, in her short preface to the pre-

(2) *Poems, by Eliza Cook.* A new edition, in one volume, 12mo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, 5s. London: Routledge & Co.

sent edition, "to present my writings to the public in a form and at a price that would place them within the reach of the 'many,' and on the prompting of this desire I have foregone propositions for an expensive work,—feeling that I shall derive much greater pleasure from seeing my poems widely circulated than from any increase of pecuniary benefit."

Eliza Cook's poems have for a lengthened period been especially popular amongst those whose means are too limited to patronise expensive books. The tone of her writings is, in the widest acceptation of the term, thoroughly English. Her sympathies have ever been on the side of popular freedom, and with the hopes and aspirations of the toiling millions, whose cheerful industry, manly self-reliance, and respect for public order, form the bone and sinew of the English character. This elegant volume,—for it is elegant as well as cheap,—will therefore, doubtless, command an extensive circulation. In addition to its other attractions, we can state, from personal knowledge, that it presents to the public, for the first time, a really faithful and characteristic portrait of its gifted author. Perhaps no popular female writer has had greater cause to complain of what may be termed a species of pictorial libel than Eliza Cook. A popular opinion prevails that she is a stalwart heroine of some six feet in height, with a fist like a prize fighter; on the contrary, she is scarcely of the middle height, and although possessed of a somewhat larger head than the average of women, she has, relatively, perhaps the smallest hand that ever wielded a pen. We are sorry to say, however, that the severe physical suffering to which she has been so long subjected is even yet but slightly alleviated; though, as she herself says, "I am hopeful that a gradual restoration to a better state of health will enable me to resume my minstrel vocation, and that I may still find willing ears to listen to my song,—that the cheerful strain of my noontide dream and the minor plaint of my twilight musing may again win for me the responsive echoes which excited my young spirit and crowned my young ambition." To which aspiration we say, in all heartiness and sincerity, God speed!

Another poet claims recognition at our hands. Before us is lying a neatly printed little volume, entitled (*)

POEMS AND LANCASHIRE SONGS BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Though Mr. Waugh's lyrics are best known in the vernacular of Lancashire, the present volume is not by any means confined to songs and poems in the dialect of the cotton metropolis. Mr. Waugh's muse is essentially a popular one. His Lancashire Songs are all replete with truthful and idiomatic portraiture of the peculiarities of a race of people fast disappearing before the innovating influences of railways, electric telegraphs, and the triumphs of commercial enterprise. Our poet first became generally known beyond his own locality by the publication of a singularly truthful ballad, entitled, "Come whoam to thy childer an' me." This single poem has proved so extremely popular in Lancashire and Yorkshire, that considerably more than a hundred thousand copies of it have been sold in a remarkably short period. It has been set to music, and is not only a great favourite in the local concert room, but it is chaunted with singular relish in nearly every village in the poet's native county. We are credibly informed that it has already produced its author about one hundred pounds! Truly poets do not *always* go unrewarded. The volume before us is well worthy the acceptance of working men and all true lovers of genuine song. "Let me write the songs of the people," said a wise man, "and they who will may make their laws." This sentiment appears to

(*) *Poems and Lancashire Songs.* By Edwin Waugh. London: Whittaker & Co. Manchester, E. Slater. 12mo, cloth, 5s.

have been felt in its integrity by such writers as Eliza Cook, Charles Mackay, Edwin Waugh, and W. C. Bennett. A volume lately produced by the latter gentleman, (*)

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER,

deserves a pleasant word or two from our pen,—the more especially as it was in the pages of the *People's and Howitt's Journal*, under our editorial sway, that some of the earliest and most popular of Mr. Bennett's poems appeared. These "songs" ring of the pure metal, and are full of true feeling and well-sustained power. Simple in style, they go home to the hearts and touch the warmest sympathies of their readers. Two of those included in the present volume, "Images! Images!" and "The Luck of Eden Hall," were originally published in this Magazine. The very fact, therefore, of our having so published them, must prove to our readers that we fully appreciate the charming simplicity and graceful tone for which their author is so justly celebrated. As a ballad writer, Mr. Bennett takes rank with the highest in the land.

CAPTAIN CRAWLEY'S CHESS (•)

is a very clever treatise on this ancient and noble game. By its means the amateur may soon become proficient in the "art and mystery" of this best of all indoor amusements. The author begins at the beginning, and leads the tyro, by almost imperceptible steps, to the practice of a Morphy or a Staunton. Besides telling all that is known of the history of chess, Captain Crawley gives practical illustrations of the various openings and endings of games and a collection of original problems, the study of which will doubtless be found of great utility to young players. The book also contains a chapter on Draughts that is both well written and instructive.

Just as we are about to close the preparation of "copy" for the October Magazine, we receive a parcel of books from Messrs. Routledge. Among others, are John Poole's excellent "Comic Sketches;" and Mrs. Eliza Winstanley's "Scenes from a Theatrical Life," an interesting tale well told. As our space is nearly exhausted, we can but afford a single paragraph.

DOTTINGS OF A LOUNGER. (•)

These sketches of London life are the joint production of Mr. Frederick Town Fowler, the deceased manager of the *Herald and Standard*, a man of great ability and profound acquaintance of that useful kind of learning, a knowledge of life; and Mr. Frank Fowler, author of a most successful little book of Australian travel and manners, called "Southern Lights and Shadows." The brothers write so much in the same light, pleasant style, that it is difficult to tell which of the jottings have been jotted by the litterateur and which by the returned wanderer. The "Past and Last of Vauxhall" brings the series and the book to an appropriate end, for the style of both the volume and the place of entertainment is—to say it not unkindly—of a rather tinselly character. These three books belong to that excellent and cheap series issued by Messrs. Routledge, in which are to be found the principal fictions of Bulwer, James, Lover, Dumas, Maxwell, Marryatt, Disraeli, Cooper, Ainsworth, Hawthorne, Albert Smith, and a host of other scarcely less known popular writers.

Our space is exhausted. And so, *Vale!*

(*) *Songs by a Song-Writer*. First Hundred. By W. C. Bennett, London: Chapman and Hall. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

(•) *Chess: its Theory and Practice*. By Captain Crawley, author of "Billiards," "Backgammon," "Whist," &c. London: C. H. Clarke, Paternoster Row. 18mo. cloth, elegant, 2/

(•) *Dottings of a Lounge*. By Frank Fowler. 12mo. Illustrated paper cover. 1s.

FLOWERS AND TREES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

(Written expressly for the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.)

Who amongst us does not love flowers, trees, and grass? We have only to cast our eyes around on the varied paths of life, and ample evidence will be afforded that there is an immortal influence in

"The pomp of groves and garniture of fields."

Mankind has ever revelled in the scent of the blossoms and shadow of the boughs, and ever will. The tawny savage of the backwoods strides over the wide prairie's purple bells, and gazes on the pine giants of his native forests with an exulting, although an indefinite joy. The ducal master of Chatsworth breathes among his choice exotics, and treads daintily beneath the branches of his ancestral oaks and beeches with infinite pride and pleasure. The same instinct dwells in each bosom—though one is girded by the ribbon of the Bath, and graced with the star of blazing gems; and the other is swathed in the buffalo's skin and chequered with the red tattoo. They both love flowers and trees. The Infinite and the Beautiful erects its altar alike in the hearts of the Indian Pawnee and the English peer.

Most of us have our earliest recollections associated with "buttercups and daisies," cowslip bells, and palm branches. The "Field of the Cloth of Gold" that saw the meeting of Harry of England and Francis of France, bore no such extatic hearts and bounding limbs as Old Farley's meadow did when he allowed some dozen town-born children—myself included—the free range of it in full buttercup season. What a memorable day it was! The meridian sun was blazing away in cloudless glory. The scarlet poppies along the hawthorn hedge banks seemed to have breathed their opium into the wings of young Zephyrus, and put a stop to his gadding for the day. The bees had been so thirsty that they had drank too much red clover wine, for they blundered against each other, and staggered and tumbled about with aimless indecision of place and purpose, and evidently did not know a corncockel from a dandelion. We heard a couple of them attempting to "hum" some snatch of melody—but the incoherent style of their performance left a doubt as to whether they intended it for "Jolly companions" or "We won't go home till morning."

The barn cat had found a shady spot in the romantic recess of a dilapidated pig-sty—so completely overcome by the heat that two audacious kittens were uninterruptedly playing at "scratch-cradle" with her tail, passing it from one to the other in the most intricate right lines and angles imaginable.

The cows and ducks had been in the pond since sunrise, and appeared thoroughly determined to pursue the hydropathic system until sunset. Everything was dry and dusty, or bright and burning. Old Farley expressed an opinion at the meadow gate that it would be "too hot" for us; but our "rush" in a body—such as never tried a pit entrance on Edmund Kean's benefit nights, soon rendered that opinion null and void—away we went, like the starters for the Derby, and the gorgeous yellow prairie was attacked with an onslaught that few blossoms, save the immortal buttercup, could provoke.

How we danced, and jumped, and leaped about that beautiful field—now screaming with delight over a lot of brazen ox-eyed daisies, and pulling up handfulls of them at a clutch—roots and all; then shouting over a patch of sweet scented bind-weed, and then flying off to seize the tall fox-gloves, rather out of reach on the banks. Any rational looker-on would have imagined us to be compounded of the greyhound and grass-hopper—such lithe activity—such uncalculating gymnastics were displayed. What boughs we pulled of hornbeam and dogrose—what bundles of ferns and dodder-grass—what armfulls of sorrel, until, utterly exhausted, we flung ourselves down under the lop-elms, with countenances that amalgamated the delicate tints of a postman's coat and an over-ripe pickling cabbage, and with elfin tresses and excited skins that no Rowland's Maccassar or Kalydor could have made decently presentable. Well do we remember the tea and fruit we had that day—what delicious bread and butter, so moist and fresh—what luxurious cream, so white and thick—what heaps of strawberries, real Elton pines—what baskets of cherries, true black hearts, which added vastly to the complexional beauty of our faces—what pottles of raspberries, all pulp and perfume—and *how* we did eat—city aldermen would have been ashamed of us; and how well do we remember that the tables and chairs in old Farley's big parlour were covered with our gathered spoils, for the revelling joy of a fruit feast could not exclude our demonstrative admiration for the lovely "nosegays" we had collected. This heap of marsh-mallows was prominently held up to notice, and that lot of feather-grass claimed distinct praise. The bunches of buttercups and daisies were gigantic and countless, and the branches of nut-trees and silver-ash afforded no mean resemblance to the celebrated march of Birnam Wood. How carefully we tied them up—how zealously we guarded them on our way to town—how we loved those sweet and simple things—and how innocent and happy were those days, when green leaves and wild flowers formed a Paradise for us, with no worse serpent to ruin its character than a mother's gentle reprimand for bringing home such a "lot of rubbish;" and yet we have seen that mother quite as great an idolator of them as we were, only in a more subdued style of worship; and many a time have we discovered her cherishing some of the lot of rubbish with fresh water, and arranging them with tasteful hands.

We meet Sunday morning idlers by dozens, strolling through the streets of our great city. Let us just glance at them. We see a brawny drayman who has evidently forgotten to shave himself, and not been too particular as to the set of his neck-tie. He has on the same rough, tough, dirty, thick, blanket-sort of jerkin in which he let down innumerable butts of "Barclay's best" into dingy cellars during the week; but in a button hole of the said jerkin there is a splendid carnation. He has consumed some seconds of time in placing it safely and conspicuously, and walks slowly on, eyeing it every now and then with great self-satisfaction; and his satisfaction is not unshared, for, while observing his warm appreciation of the really exquisite blossom, we feel a degree of pride also that one of a class who had the courage to pelt Haynau, the woman-whipper, should love flowers. A little farther, and we encounter a grimy son of Vulcan, who is carrying off a large bunch of all sorts, beginning with "old man" and ending with "prince's feathers;" he says his "little Polly, who ain't over well, likes the smell on 'em;" whether the smell may be very beneficial to the young sufferer we will not inquire, but the tendency to "love flowers" claims our admiration under any circumstances. A lank pale woman has spent an extravagant halfpenny on a dozen brilliant sweet-peas, which she declares will "keep beautiful for a whole week, with plenty of water."

A charity boy has picked up a bit of double-stock, and, with earnest endeavour, fixes it above his badge of poverty—and then as earnestly bends his head to try and get a whiff of its odorous breath. There, at that stall yonder, are a decent man and his tidy wife, who have suddenly discovered that they have an “odd penny” out of the shoulder of mutton which the man carries in a flag basket, in immediate conjunction with a monster cabbage—and it is as suddenly imagined that the odd money cannot be better laid out than in one of those tempting clusters of roses, as they happen to be just “a penny a lot;” and away the couple go, to gladden the eyes of their young Tommy and Nancy with the sight of real, smelling, lovely roses. Aye! ye children of Toil; ye “love flowers.”

We loiter on, and down a close iron-railed area we see a goodly number of half-dead plants, with their brown leaves supported by green sticks, in pots of extreme brunette complexion, some of which plants are so totally devoid of “character” in their foliage that their “order” is a mystery. These are the especial and treasured property of the cook, who is never known to abuse her favourite tabby—a matchless mouser—save when he surreptitiously nibbles at the white pinks; she has serious thoughts of rubbing them with mustard, to deter him from the indulgence, having tried pepper without any success. In the balcony of the drawing room above we perceive snowy camelias and gorgeous cactuses and oleanders standing up in their rich china vases, in attractive and splendid magnificence. They belong to the young heiress, who tends them daily with her own delicate and jewelled fingers, and who dispensed as decided and vulgar a box on the ear of her juvenile sister, for destroying the bud of a matchless arum, as could have been bestowed by the most unrefined of exasperated young ladies. It is plain that those above and those below “love flowers.”

The old red night-capped cobbler, who labours continually in a cubbed-up shed at the corner of a street in our neighbourhood, has a beloved idol by his side in the shape of a pot of mignonette; sown by himself, watered by himself, put in the sunshine by himself, and carefully preserved from all the incidental damage likely to ensue in such limited space. We suspect that the cubbed-up shed, with its abominable effluvia of strong horse-hide and stronger wax-ends, is rendered a degree more cheerful to the eyes and senses of the inhabitant by the presence of that poor pot of mignonette. The old cobbler, though he is accused of making too frequent “morning calls” at the adjacent “Cow and Compasses,” “loves flowers.”

As for “gardens,” they are as old as Paradise itself—and we see the original occupation of the “old Adam” peeping out still when the over-fed, gold-surfeited citizen betakes himself to a detached villa, “within twenty miles of London, and two of a railway station,” where he puddles and pokes with spade and rake, in his loose jacket, and finds more exciting interest in grubbing up a few weeds, or planting a row of seedlings, than he ever experienced while cashing a heavy bill for Messrs. Needham and Co.

We happen to know an elderly gentleman who is a thorough representative of this numerous and increasing race. He has given up his smoke-dried, wall-surrounded house in Bedford Square, and ensconced himself in a rural villa, twelve miles from town, with charming French windows opening to mossy lawns, sparkling flower-beds, mazy shrubberies, and a kitchen plot in the distance, large enough to supply the granivorous demands of the Reform Club. His wife has confidentially informed us, that his temper is not nearly so irritable since he has taken to “doing a little gardening,” and that his attacks of gout and indigestion are much lighter. Her confidence also enlightened us as to the standard roses being extremely expensive—that the “Duchess of Sutherland” (a fine imposing

blossom, certainly) and the Imperial Blush (very scarce) cost as much as her last new dress; and that, at a random estimate, the cabbages averaged sixpence per head, and the carrots threepence per tail, to say nothing of the unknown quantity of money sunk in a pet pinery and a choice vinery. We were lingering about in his immediate vicinity the other morning with a pet volume of Leigh Hunt in our hand, when we heard the groom rapidly advance on the old gentleman's "whereabouts." "The phaeton is ready, sir," said John to his civic master; but the master was hoeing away at an obstinate dock-root, and perfectly oblivious of Threadneedle Street and "Bradshaw." The old gentleman had managed to "mess" the bottom of his trousers pretty considerably; his hands *must* be washed—his boots *must* be changed—his face is very moist and florid, owing to the inveterate obstinacy of the dock-root; and, after a rapid summing up of his condition, he arrives at the wise conclusion that he cannot go by that train. "I shall go by the half-past one, John," says the civic master; and he again applied himself vigorously to the dock-root, which he at length conquered. Elated with the feat, he stood for a few moments gazing on the annihilated weed with mingled triumph and delight in his somewhat purple countenance, and conceived a sudden fancy for clearing a contiguous herb-bed of "that nasty chickweed," setting to at the work as though his reputation depended on its performance. John came again, but the elderly gentleman had found another most imperative demand on his attention, and his opinion was decidedly expressed that it was "too late to be of any use in town," and he "should not want the phaeton." He toiled on, in a state of intense heat and activity, until he was compelled to obey the dinner bell, and sat down to his fish and chicken, with a full conviction that he had materially added to the high state of cultivation so generally observed by those who visited his adored "garden," while the head gardener expressed a strong private opinion that "master generally did more harm than good." Happy delusion! It is pleasant to see the primitive digging and delving tendency of childhood return in men, when all that Fortune can bestow and all that Ambition can achieve has served but to teach that it is possible to have "too much of a good thing," and that a bit of grass plot and a rood or two of earth may take us as high to heaven as a banker's counter. Not far distant from our friend's villa, is a low mud-walled cottage, with a tiny patch of ground attached, probably about thirty feet by fifty; but the tiny patch is crammed with nasturtiums, rockets, sweet-williams, larkspurs, hen-and-chicken daisies, scarlet runners, honeysuckle, apple trees, currant bushes, and Flora and Pomona know best what. It is a perfect floral kaleidoscope; and it is suspected that the civic gentleman covets a slip of that wonderful jasmine which runs over the old wooden porch. The rich merchant and the poor peasant both "love flowers."

Gardens are pleasant places. They were so when under the classical patronage of Semiramus and Alcinous, and they form charming, attractive "green spots" in the world's arid choking waste in these modern days, past and present, bearing the patronymics of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Versailles, Tuilleries, Kew, Rosherville, Kensington, or Cremorne. There is something refreshing in the very word "garden." Whether the style be Italian or Dutch, it is of little consequence as far as the general impulse of humanity is concerned. We admit that we prefer to ramble where Nature and Art keep up a becoming family feeling of union—yet, when we find ourselves shut up with perfect Euclidian right lines and angles, and peacocks cut out of box trees, whose only merit is that they do not scream—yet, we say we cannot quarrel with the place they disfigure. We feel that a "garden" was intended, and that is enough to sanctify the most atrocious

bad taste. "Flowers and sweet green leaves" are among the most prominent of the "beautiful and undying," and we reverently recognize them as the silent ministers of God's unfathomable power, and the unceasing shrines of man's instinctive homage.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

THE whistling of the Autumn wind,
 Joined with the falling leaf in modulations deep,
 And in its revels unconfined,
 Trouble the drowsy echos in their phantom sleep.
 A hunger-stricken child, her mother's death bewailing
 In tearsome, trembling tones addressed the passer-by—
 "Thy charity unseen, before the Lord prevailing,
 Shall surely be recorded at His throne on high."

"Have mercy on an orphan child,
 Who has not learned yet to beg her daily bread;
 And in the name of Jesus mild.
 In pity give me food—I starve!—My mother's dead!"
 But all that dreary day her prayer was unavailing,
 And no one heard or answered the suffering cry—
 "Your charity unseen, before the Lord prevailing,
 Shall surely find a record at His throne on high!"

A rich man's funeral goes by—
 His heir parades his grief, escorted by his friends;
 He sees the orphan, hears her sigh,
 But no emotion feels, or kind assistance lends.
 The broken-hearted child—to see her efforts failing,
 Her mother's name invokes as death is drawing nigh;
 "Thy charity unseen, before the Lord prevailing,
 Shall find a certain record at His throne on high!"

The sun's faint glimmer now declines;
 The tolling village bell awakes the shade's repose;
 Pale Venus in her beauty shines;
 Night's veil and chilling winds proclaim the evening's close.
 The child sees death approach and at its aspect quailing,
 Uplifts her little voice ere lying down to die—
 "Thy charity unseen, before the Lord prevailing,
 Shall find a certain record at His throne on high!"

Returning to his humble cot,
 A soldier bent beneath the weight of threescore years,
 Soon after chanced to pass the spot—
 Upraised the mendicant and wiped away its tears.
 Adopted as his own the child, no longer wailing,
 Upon his honest shoulder now her little head doeth lie;
 His charity unseen, before the Lord prevailing,
 By angels was recorded at His throne on high!

POUNCER'S ANNUITY.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

ONE morning early, a horseman reined up his steed at the door of Mr. Bolderby's office. Mr. Bolderby's office was a solicitor's office, and Mr. Bolderby was the solicitor. The horseman dismounted, threw the bridle of his horse to a ragged boy, who seemed to start up out of the earth on purpose to accept the trust, and briskly skipping up the three steps that led to Mr. Bolderby's temple of law, rapped such a ciceraro at the door thereof as Polly Phemah (Irish), Mr. Bolderby's one-eyed maid servant, was rarely accustomed to be startled from her black-leading by, at that early hour of the morning. Polly Phemah was at the door in an instant.

"Mr. Bolderby at home, my lass?"

"Yes, an' he is—"

"Then tell him a gentleman wants to see him."

"Then, an' you can't," said Polly, "for he ain't up yet."

"But I must," said the stranger; "go and tell him."

Polly disappeared and presently returned with answer, that Mr. Bolderby was not out of bed yet, and that he would not be in his office until after nine o'clock.

"Humph," said the stranger; "but I suppose you didn't tell him I wanted to sink some money with him?"

"No, I didn't," said Polly.

"Well, do; I want to sink ten thousand pounds in an annuity upon my own life,"—and in saying this the stranger spoke very loudly, as if he had suddenly found out that Polly Phemah was not only blind of one eye, but deaf of one ear, if not both. He had scarcely mentioned the ten thousand pounds when a bell rang and a distant voice was heard calling, "Polly!"

"Stop!" said that domestic to the stranger, "that's my master;" and off she ran up stairs.

"Oh, sir, please," shouted Polly, coming tumbling back again, almost the next minute, "you are to step into the office, Mr. Bolderby will be down directly."

The stranger accordingly stepped into the office and sat himself down in Mr. Bolderby's well stuffed clients' chair. He had scarcely had time to read the words—"Sir H. Pottleboy, Bart.," on a japanned tin box, which stood first in the rank of a dozen others on Mr. Bolderby's shelves, when Mr. Bolderby himself rushed into the room. Mr. Bolderby had evidently dressed in a great hurry. He had neglected to put on his neckcloth, his waistcoat was buttoned awry, and one of his braces was hanging down under his coat tails behind.

"Mr. Bolderby, I believe?" said the stranger.

"Mr. Bolderby, at your service, sir; pray be seated—and—ah—whom may I have the honour of—ah—?"

"My name," said the stranger, "is Pouncer—Mr. Pouncer of Fairley Lodge."

"Ah, Mr. Pouncer of Fairley Lodge; most happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Pouncer; you are a new comer in this neighbourhood, sir; but report has already been busy with your praises—busy with your praises;" and Mr. Bolderby repeated the words as if he thought the expression a happy one.

"You are very good," said Mr. Pouncer; "but if you will have no objection, Mr. Bolderby, we will come at once to business."

"Certainly, sir; business, Mr. Pouncer, must be attended to," said Mr. Bolderby, with the same air of satisfaction at having said something rather good.

"Well, then, to come to the point at once, Mr. Bolderby, I wish to sink £10,000 in an annuity on my own life, and I want to know what you will give me for that sum."

"Well, Mr. Pouncer," said Mr. Bolderby, "you must be aware that the price of an annuity is regulated by the circumstances of the case—the age of the party, the state of his health; in fact, the probabilities of his life."

"Yes, exactly, Mr. Bolderby; but my object in coming to you, in preference to an annuity office, is just to get rid of all that bother. My age is fifty-three—there is the certificate of my birth—and as far as my health and probabilities of life as you call them, you must judge from what you see of me;" and the stranger stood up to let Mr. Bolderby have a good view of him at all points.

"Well, really, Mr. Pouncer, this is rather a precipitate way of doing business, and —."

"Very well, Mr. Bolderby," said the stranger, rising, "if you are not prepared to do business with me, I must apply to your neighbour, Mr. Mortimer, who will perhaps be more ready to —."

"Stay, stay, one moment, I beg," said Mr. Bolderby; "oblige me by resuming your seat, Mr. Pouncer, while I make a rough calculation."

Mr. Bolderby figured for a few moments on his blotting pad, and, then addressing his visitor, said—"What do you say to five per cent., Mr. Pouncer?"

"Oh ridiculous! absurd! monstrous!" exclaimed that gentleman, rising, and putting on his hat, "monstrous, monstrous! I won't take less than fifteen per cent., not a farthing."

"Well, well, my dear sir, don't go yet," begged Mr. Bolderby, as he saw his client moving towards the door, "let us talk the matter over; let us see if we cannot meet each other. Now, what do you say to —?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bolderby," interposed the stranger, "but, before you proceed any further, can you let me have some liquor? Talking, you know, is dry work."

"By all means, my dear sir," said Bolderby, "let me offer you a glass of wine."

"Excuse me, Mr. Bolderby," said the client, "but I prefer brandy, if it is the same thing to you."

"Quite the same, my dear sir," said Bolderby, fetching a bottle of brandy and a glass from a cupboard. "Now help yourself, Mr. Pouncer."

Mr. Pouncer did help himself. He poured out and tossed off two brimming glasses of brandy one after the other, Mr. Bolderby looking on in blank amazement. Having filled his glass a third time, the eccentric client observed, "Half a pint or from that to a pint of brandy every morning before breakfast, Mr. Bolderby, is pretty well. Couldn't get on without it. Some folks are all of a titter-totter, sir, until they get their brandy. Pretty good brandy that of yours. But now to business. You were about to observe, Mr. Bolderby, —."

"I was about to observe," said that gentleman, "that is to say, I was about to advance my offer to—to nine per cent."

"I won't take it, Mr. Bolderby, there!" and Mr. Pouncer put a practical mark of admiration to the word "there!" by swallowing a third glass of brandy.

"Half a pint of brandy, or from that to a pint, every morning before

breakfast," thought Mr. Bolderby to himself, "if he carry on that game, he is not likely to want his annuity very long."

"Well, Mr. Pouncer, let us say ten per cent."

"No—no," exclaimed the client, impatiently, "I won't take ten per cent., I won't take twelve per cent., I won't take twelve and a half, nor twelve and three quarters—I'll take nothing less than fifteen," and Mr. Pouncer dashed out another glass of brandy, with so reckless and unsteady a hand that half of it went over Mr. Bolderby's docketed papers. The client swallowed a fourth glass of brandy, and again protested that he would accept nothing less than fifteen per cent. Mr. Bolderby begged of him to be reasonable—ten per cent. was a fair offer, a very fair offer. The client insisted, in a very thick voice, that it was not a fair offer; and at last put on his hat, and staggered towards the door, declaring that he would apply to Mr. Bolderby's rival, Mr. Mortimer. Mr. Bolderby followed him with the offer of another one per cent., but the client declined to listen to anything less than his terms, and bade Mr. Bolderby good morning. As Mr. Pouncer was evidently the worse for the brandy he had taken, Mr. Bolderby stood at the open door to see him mount his horse. After many blundering attempts, Mr. Pouncer got into the saddle; but he was scarcely in it before he was out of it again—over the horse's back, and sprawling at his full length in the street. Mr. Bolderby ran to assist him, and finding him apparently little the worse, though in a fair way of breaking his neck in the course of the day, made an advance of one per cent. on the spot.

"There, you had better come back, Mr. Pouncer, I'll give you fourteen per cent., fourteen per cent is a good offer," said Mr. Bolderby, coaxingly.

"Fourteen per cent. be blessed," growled Mr. Pouncer, as he made a fresh attempt to mount his steed on the wrong side. The client was again unlucky, for he no sooner reached the saddle than he tumbled off a second time. Mr. Bolderby, assisted by Polly Phemah, who was now on the spot, with a select but excited audience of females with house brooms in their hands, raised the client to a sitting position on the pavement, and anxiously inquired if he had hurt himself much. The client replied, "nothing to speak of—he had only broken his ribs, or his spine, or something," upon which Mr. Bolderby whispered quite confidentially to the client that he was prepared to meet his figure, and give him fifteen per cent. The client then allowed himself to be led back to Mr. Bolderby's office, where, after partaking of another glass of brandy, the little matter of the annuity was arranged to his satisfaction.

Mr. Pouncer eventually took his departure for Fairley Lodge, apparently by no means secure of his seat on the back of his mettlesome grey mare; and Mr. Bolderby was left to his reflections. The first thing Mr. Bolderby did on closing the door on his new client was to call his servant, "Polly!—Polly Phemah!"

"Here I am, sur!"

"Now, Polly Phemah, answer me—Did you ever know anybody who drank brandy?"

"Shure an' I've known a many, sur, and whisky too."

"Yes, Polly Phemah," said her master, "but did you ever know any one who drank brandy, who made a practice—you understand me—of drinking brandy before breakfast?"

"Ah, an' now you remind me," said Polly, "my ould master—leastwise, he wasn't ould in himself like—but a master I had when I first went to sarvice, Mr. O'Grady was his name —"

"Well, well, Polly Phemah, did he drink brandy before breakfast?"

"Faith, an' he did, sur, every morning."

"And how much did he take, Polly Phemah—half a pint?"

"Ah, and sometimes a pint, sur."

"Sometimes a pint, eh?" said Mr. Bolderby, rubbing his hands. "Now, what came of him, Polly Phemah? what came of him?"

"He died, sur,—died in the flower of his youth of dreadlum trimblins, rest his soul."

"Died, eh? died of *delirium tremens*. Ah, yes, yes, of course—died, died, died;" and Mr. Bolderby repeated the words in tones of savage satisfaction. "Very good, Polly Phemah, that will do;" and Mr. Bolderby retreated to his room, repeating the words, "died, died, died—*delirium tremens*—flower of his youth."

Mr. Bolderby sat down that evening in his office to make a calculation. The proposition was—how long is a man, of fifty years of age, who drinks brandy every morning before breakfast, and otherwise indulges in excesses, likely to live? After consulting various statistical books, including some teetotal tracts on the effects of alcohol, Mr. Bolderby came to the conclusion that the life of a person, such as he had in view, was not worth five years' purchase at the most. "Give him five years at the best," said Mr. Bolderby to himself, "and I shall make a little fortune by him." With this comfortable reflection, Mr. Bolderby rolled into his bed that night, to dream of retiring in five years time, taking Fairley Lodge, and being returned as member of Parliament for his native borough.

* * * * *

Six months after the events past related, as Mr. Bolderby was sitting down one morning to his labours of the day, Polly Phemah appeared before him to say that a gentleman wanted to see him.

"Show him in, Polly Phemah."

The gentleman, on making his appearance, proved to be Mr. Pouncer, looking as hale and hearty as his dearest friends could have wished to see him.

"How do you do, Mr. Bolderby. The first half yearly portion of my annuity, I find, is due, and being in town, I thought I would just call and receive it."

"Certainly, Mr. Pouncer; pray take a chair. I hope I see you well, Mr. Pouncer."

"Never felt better in my life, Mr. Bolderby."

"Health is a great blessing," observed Mr. Bolderby.

"It is indeed, Mr. Bolderby; and no one has greater cause to be thankful for it than I have."

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure, Mr. Pouncer," said Mr. Bolderby, abstractedly proceeding to write out a cheque. "There, Mr. Pouncer, I think you will find that quite right."

"Thank you, Mr. Bolderby, it is *quite*—quite right," said the client, putting the cheque in his pocket.

"And now, Mr. Pouncer," said Mr. Bolderby, in his agreeable tone, "allow me to offer you some refreshment."

"Thank you, no, Mr. Bolderby, I really do not require anything. I —."

"Don't say no, my dear sir," urged Mr. Bolderby; "do take something—a glass of wine now, or a glass of brandy."

"Oh dear no," protested Mr. Pouncer, with a slight look of horror, "I never drink brandy; in fact, I never take anything of that kind, not even a glass of beer, before dinner."

"Why, how is that?" said Mr. Bolderby, in a confused manner; "I thought you were partial to brandy; the last time you were here, you may remember, you —."

"True, true, Mr. Bolderby," said the client, with the greatest effrontery, "but I did not come to *receive* an annuity on that occasion, but to *buy* one; and I can assure you, Mr. Bolderby, I made myself very ill that day in order to drive a good bargain. Good morning, Mr. Bolderby, good morning; I hope to have the pleasure of calling upon you for my half-yearly allowance for many years to come. All fair, you know, in love, war, and annuities."

* * * * *

Now I, the relater of this true story, am not going to defend Mr. Pouncer, or to say that the loose morality of the lawyer was a whit less loose than that of the client; but,—where's the use of argument in such a case? it is twenty years since Mr. Pouncer bought his annuity of Mr. Bolderby, and the artful client still continues to call regularly every half year for his cheque, proving, by his hale and hearty appearance, that it is likely to be yet many years before Mr. Bolderby will be allowed to forget POUNCER'S ANNUITY.

TO-MORROW.

The angel of evil
That watched at my birth
Rejoiced o'er my cradle of sorrow;
But the angel of love
Dropped a tear from above,
And bade me have hope in 'To-morrow!

Vaunting manhood soon came,
But with struggles and pain,
Cast a deeper shade over my sorrow;
Still was heard from above
A soft whisper of love—
"Despair not, but hope in 'To-morrow!"

Now feeble with age,
To earth's eye, the last page
Of life's volume seems darkest in sorrow;
But the last sob of breath
Is the triumph o'er death,
And Hope reigns triumphant 'To-morrow!

G. F. P.

OCEAN BIRDS.

BY D. GARROW.

"Wide let the venturous sea-bird roam,
A speck on ocean's bosom cast;
Touch with white breast the whiter foam,
And shriek before the rising blast."

THOSE who have ventured to trespass upon the waves of the ocean, and speculate upon the waters of the deep, are more observant in their habits of the objects which are continually presenting themselves to their eyes, than those individuals who, at a general glance, whilst roaming in the footsteps of the land, comprehend a more multiplied sphere of incidental scenes and occurrences, than the widely-diffused space of ocean is ready or able to afford.

There is a continued sameness experienced in the mariner's life. His choice is a sorry one, although his intentions are directed to some useful end or enterprise, which lie quite uncertain as to the perfection of their accomplishment. During his oceanic pilgrimage he is quite shut out from the mixed society of the world; his lot is cast to wander awhile upon an untrodden waste; his thoughts are as wandering as his way is doubtful; his reflections are homeward; his prospects seaward; and he is constrained to fill up the vacancy of his time by attending to, and amusing his mind with, such aerial or floating features as may occasionally present themselves to his notice, in the course of his voyaging career.

And thus it is that "ships' logs" become the types of imparting information to an inquiring world, that is ever thirsting after knowledge, which truth and experience combined can alone supply.

Circumnavigators have done much to enlighten the dark schools of long-enduring ignorance, and have, by their persevering and perilous exertions, whilst penetrating into the mysterious chambers of the vasty deep, afforded a ready key to unlock and throw open the doors of instruction to the susceptibility of the human mind.

From the above remarks I am led to convey a few reminiscent facts, founded upon self-experience, as may relate to oceanic birds. Incidents transpire on board-ship, which, whilst many altogether overlook them, are nevertheless by some neither unheeded nor neglected.

On my voyage to the East Indies, in the merchant-ship Coldstream, thirty-years ago, it was in the fall of the year (for we weighed anchor off Gravesend on the 9th of September, 1826, and anchored in Madras Roads on the 9th of January following, 1827), I had occasion to witness a large variety of marine birds. On entering the long-rolling sea of the Bay of Biscay, a very interesting looking stranger, of comparatively minute dimensions, settled, in an apparently exhausted state, on the rigging of the ship. This little maritime adventurer, upon being captured and examined, proved to be a green canary bird, which had, there can be no doubt, been compelled by adverse winds to migrate beyond the prescribed limits of its own safety, and was necessitated to take shelter and seek a refuge in the first asylum open for its preservation. I was informed that these little delicate songsters assume a green plumage in their natural state, and that the flaming yellow livery, which their persons represent in this, our own country, is produced by change of climate alone. Be this as it may, this feathered vocalist was kept on board for a few days, but appeared impatient of restraint, and when the ship lay off the Cape de Verd islands it took its departure, and winged its way to the African shore.

About a week afterwards, the man at the wheel was one night startled by some object, which darted like lightning across the binnacle. It proved to be a migratory swallow, which had, there can be no doubt, been attracted to the spot by the light which is nocturnally furnished for the use of the helmsman when exercising his responsible office. This wanderer was let free on the following day, and, endued with reinvigorated power, pursued its trackless way over seas, in the direction of the great African continent.

When the ship entered the tropics, in the wake of the vessel's way were to be observed numberless birds of the petrel species, known as "Mother Carey's chickens" (*Pelagica procellaria*). These attendants upon the deep are by sailors believed to act as harbingers to warn them against approaching storms; and, indeed, I recollect to have noticed many years ago a similar remark made by the Roman bard, Horace, in relation to the above bird—

"Should Afric's stormy bird extend
Its sable wings, &c."

There has always prevailed a credulous superstition regarding the presence of this little volucrine messenger of bad news. Mariners, who meet with it so near home as the British Channel, regard it in the light of a trouble-bringing wayfarer, but I am led to infer the long-prevailing contrary winds have the effect of driving this petrel from its usual aerial tracks into latitudes with which it has no climaterial relationship.

During our tropical voyage we encountered a numerous variety of sea-birds. The most striking feature among them was the "boatswain bird" (*Phaeton tropicus*). The plumage of this volitant supra-marine adventurer is delicately white, accompanied by a jugular band of black feathers. It flies exceedingly high in the air, and is never to be observed settling on the water. The next I may have occasion to bring to my notice is the "frigate-bird" (*pelicanus armatus*). I remember, on my way home, bound from Calcutta to Liverpool, perceiving an immense shoal of fish a short distance from the ship, on the starboard side, which quite darkened the water. Dozens of the birds above-named were busily engaged in hawking after their fishy quarry. The line, which comprehended the shoal I have adverted to, with the assistance of a competent telescope I observed extended for more than two miles in extent. To acquaint ourselves of the nature and character of this strange and unaccountable migratory colony, the commander of the vessel I was aboard caused her to be eased off two points from the direction in which she was bearing, when we shortly approached the finny shoal, which proved to be mackerel. To what point of land they were repairing, it would be somewhat unsafe to conjecture; but these fish are, at certain seasons, caught off the Island of St. Helena in large numbers.

Off the Island of Ascension we detected several turtle, which floated upon the water asleep. The jolly-boat was lowered; six men entered her, and putting off, contrived to capture five of these highly-esteemed features of shell furniture. As we approached the south coast of Africa the petrels were to be noticed in vast quantities and in great varieties, consisting chiefly of albatross, Cape-hens, Cape-pigeons, silver birds, &c. The first-named is the largest marine bird that affects these low latitudes. The *Diomedea exulans* is to be observed coursing its trackless way over the long-stretching seas which carry their waters into the great Indian Ocean, heedless of the storm and regardless of the tempest—

"The winged leviathan of the vasty waves."

Seldom seen near land, and exulting in tempestuous weather, it represents the picturesque feature of desolation, whilst spreading its broad and expanded wings over the unfathomable element which it adopts as its cradle. We managed, whilst rounding the Cape of Good Hope, on bearing towards

Algoa Bay, to capture three of the above birds, by means of a hook attached to a log-line. The tenter was baited with a piece of fat pork, and cast overboard, whilst the line was paid off over the taffrail at the stern of the vessel, until it reached nearly one hundred yards out at sea. The birds, on perceiving the bait, descended into the wave, and gorging the same, became thereby hooked, and being unable to release themselves, were dragged on board without evincing much resistance. I observed one especial character pertaining to the albatross, which was this, *viz.*, that the instant it was introduced upon the deck of the ship it vomited a prodigious quantity of a pale-complexioned pellucid oil, wholly unconnected with any substantial matter. This gives me reason to believe that the food upon which it subsists is chiefly composed of those oleaginous fluids which proceed from the decomposed bodies of whales, porpoises, and other fish of the *Balæna* family.

The Cape-hen (*Diomedea fuliginosa*), so-called on account of the dark umber-clouded complexion of its plumage, is somewhat smaller than its previously-named congener, but possesses all the striking qualities and habits of the former bird, whilst the inferior classes of petrel are seldom noticeable near ship's-way, but keep widely off, and far away from every object that disturbs the uniform surface of the ocean field. We caught two boobies, which had sought a bed in the netting over the forecastle. Whether they could not or would not take wing I will not say, but they suffered themselves to be handled and secured as voluntary captives.

In the Bay of Bengal we were visited by black crows, and armies of kites of various kinds, which, occasionally, placed footing on the rigging, looking out for such refuse as might, from time to time, have been thrown overboard by the ship's company.

It is quite evident that the birds of the ocean subsist wholly upon fish, when it is obtainable. Their masticating organs are not contrived for herbaceous or granular consumption; their piscivorous habits are attended with little or no labour, for they gorge indiscriminately the produce of their capture with eager voracity. In the Island of St. Paul, in the Indian Ocean, large quantities of sea-birds nestle and breed amid the basaltic rocks, and I feel thoroughly convinced, from what I have witnessed under my own personal inspection, that a valuable mine of guano might be obtained from the above island.

Poems for Recitation.

I.—THE HEART'S CHARITY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A RICH man walk'd abroad one day
And a poor man walk'd the self same way;
When a pale and a starving face came by
With a palid lip and a hopeless eye:
And that starving face presumed to stand
And ask for bread from the rich man's hand;
But the rich man sullenly look'd askance,
With a gathering frown and a doubtful glance,
"I have nothing," said he, "to give to you,
Nor any such rogue of a canting crew.

Get work, get work ! I know full well
The whining lies that beggars can tell."
And he fastened his pocket and on he went,
With his soul untouch'd and his Wisdom content.

Now, this great owner of golden store
Had built a church not long before,
As noble a fane as man could raise ;
And the world had given him thanks and praise ;
And all who beheld it, lavished fame
On his Christian gift and his godly name.

The poor man pass'd,—and the white lips dared
To ask of him if a mite could be spared.
The poor man gazed on the beggar's cheek,
And saw what the white lips could not speak.
He stood for a moment, but not to pause
On the truth of the tale or the parish laws ;
He was seeking to give—though it was but small,
For a penny, a single penny, was all :
But he gave it with a kindly word,
While the warmest pulse of his breast was stirred.
'Twas a tiny seed his Charity shed,
But the white lips got a taste of bread ;
And the beggar's blessing hallow'd the crust,
That came like a spring in the desert dust.

The rich man and the poor man died,
As all of us must,—and they both were tried
At the sacred Judgment seat above,
For their thoughts of evil, and deeds of love.
The balance of Justice *there* was true ;
Fairly bestowing what fairly was due ;
And the two fresh-comers through Heaven's gate
Stood there to learn their eternal fate.
The recording angels told of things
That fitted them both with kindred wings ;
But, as they stood in the crystal light,
The plumes of the rich man grew less bright.
The angels knew by that shadowy sign,
That the poor man's work had been most divine ;
And they brought the unerring scales to see
Where the rich man's falling-off could be.

Full many deeds did the angels weigh,
But the balance kept an even sway ;
And at last the church endowment laid,
With its thousands promised, and its thousands paid ;
With the thanks of prelates by its side,
In the stately words of pious pride ;
And it weighed so much that the angels stood
To see how the poor man could balance such good :
When a cherub came, and took his place
By the empty scale, with radiant grace ;
And he dropp'd the penny that had fed
White, starving lips with a crust of bread.

The church endowment went up with the beam,
 And the whisper of the Great Supreme,
 As he beckon'd the poor man to his throne,
 Was heard in this immortal tone—
 "Blessed are they who from great gain
 Give thousands with a reasoning brain ;
 But holier still shall be his part
 Who gives one coin with a pitying heart !"

A BAY OF SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

FEW things delight me more than to make one of the crowd at our picture galleries and museums on a free day. I love to mark the propriety of demeanour, the attention to personal appearance, the lively interest and expanding curiosity of the visitors, and to overhear the unsophisticated opinions and crude criticisms adventurously hazarded on the pictorial and other works of art, or of the utilities around them, showing at once the refining power and the evolvment of observation and inquisitiveness from the mere presentation of such collections to the eye.

On the first days of the week, individuals of the rudest occupations pass through the National Gallery ; but who has ever witnessed a rude action or heard coarse language there ? Thousands of working men and women wander amidst the flowers and shrubs of Kew without a bud being broken or a leaf torn away, and the same decorum and appreciation marks, as a rule, their conduct at all our national places of exhibition. All this is pleasant to a believer in the progression of humanity, who perceives that side of it now in shade gradually forging up to the horizon, and as certain of basking in the light of a coming day of universal intelligence as he is, that the wondrous scientific discoveries, the various adaptations of mechanical art, the social, sanitary, and educational improvements of our epoch, while benefiting all ranks of life, have a special reference and tendency to this progressive uplifting of the industrial classes. It may be said in passing, that it was not working men and women who lately rifled the state cabins of the *Great Eastern*. It was the vulgar rich, in search of momentos of their visit !

Cheap literature, cheap postage, cheap locomotion, working men's colleges, schools of design, free access to picture galleries, royal grounds, museums, and national gardens, the school of practical geology, with its free lectures to working men, the committee of council of education, science, and art, the doings of the sanitary commissioners, of model building societies, cheap reading rooms, and free readings, these are the levers that are effecting, slowly, but not the less surely, the social and moral elevation of the people of the metropolis.

If we look abroad into the provinces, we shall find kindred institutions, and kindred efforts being made ; and even in isolated districts, without the circle of great towns, where capital and the intelligence of some master mind has created new ones in the course of an industrial career, and there are many such in the modern topography of our manufacturing counties ; the local church, schools, readings, and lectures testify to the interest of the owner in the intellectual improvement of his *hands*, and to a liberality largely in keeping with the tendencies of an enlightened age.

In London, one of the most important, as well as the most interesting of our public educational institutions, is the South Kensington Museum, wholly distinct from every other establishment of the kind—a collection of the common things of daily life, rather than a magazine of rare ones; it creates an interest in every appliance of art and nature in their relation to man, from pictures to building materials, and is not the less full of poetry because abounding in utilities, nor less rich in wonders, because discovering them in all that lies about our paths and in our common homes.

Through the bays and galleries of this Museum, on the Monday and Tuesday of Easter week, more than eleven thousand persons passed; and although the lectures explanatory of the various departments, are not like those at the Geological Museum, absolutely free to working men, a nominal sum being required for admittance to them, they are so well attended that numbers are frequently sent away for want of space to accommodate them, although a walk of several miles, after a hard day's toil, occasionally intervenes between the Museum and their homes.

All this is very full of hope to the philanthropist, who marks with delight the eager interested crowd, and counts so many hours won from mental idleness, inebriety, or household discontent—to say nothing of the visual enjoyment, the active thoughts awakened by the various objects, the new suggestions, and the information to be derived from them, and from the clear instructional labels affixed to wall and table cases.

The lecture evenings are also free evenings, and busy ones to the attendants, who are not as a rule, a thing to be regretted, much personally interested in their surroundings, mere walkers up and down with wooden wands, whose mental vision is too dim and dull to be animated *now* with the "rue and euphrasy" of an informing spirit.

"You see, ma'am," said one in reference to a remark touching the interest of the collection in his department, "it's very like everything else when you're always along with it. We knows everything by heart; them's bones, and that's the manufactured article, and yon's charcoal,—in course our gentlemen knows a good deal more about them than we do, that's their business—they can study; but we sees too much of 'em to be curious; they're just so many bits and scraps in glass cases—and as to reading about them—a *workman does'nt go back to the shop after working hours.*"

On the other hand, in the silk and wool department the interest of the attendant in the living silk-worms in his charge, and his practical experience in the rearing and management of them, gave vitality to the printed information of the labels, and enabled him to illustrate with the recently hatched caterpillars and the cocoons produced in the museum, various interesting particulars relating to them. He only failed, where many a narrator has failed before him, in the chronology of his subject, confounding the use of silk in Persia with its first appearance in England, and apparently obtaining ready credit for the fact that "the manufacture of silk has been invented three hundred years."

Now, we venture to say that this man's days are neither as unprofitable nor as wearisome as his neighbour's, and that, apart from anachronisms, his oral lectures over his cardboard box of silk worms, and twigs and basket of cocoons, are a source of entertainment and improvement to his visitors and himself, and that, in spite of long hours and aching feet, which he complained of as quite an *illness*, he finds pleasure in the occupation, and a certain self-respect in this power to add something to the printed information appended to the objects around him. Indeed, throughout the period of our visit, (having a student's purpose, we had gone thither on a student's day, when the company is less numerous than on others), we seldom saw him disengaged; his natural intelligence and civility made his services in

request in other departments than his own, which appeared to be one of the most popular in this part of the Museum.

In a line with this department the visitor comes upon that most interesting division,* which the intelligence and philanthropy of Mr. T. Twining originally projected, and which has been materially developed by the Society of Arts, under the practical management of Dr. Lyon Playfair, and subsequently by Dr. Lankester—"the food" department of the economic collection.

In Dr. Playfair's arrangement a certain case, to the contents of which I shall presently refer, occupied the centre of the first bay devoted to this department, and riveted the attention of the visitor on the moment of his entrance; a natural and far better arrangement it appears to me than the present one, since its contents afford the key-note to the harmony and connection of the whole, and are calculated to excite in the most indifferent spectator an immediate interest in the surrounding objects. At present the union between it and its surroundings—the very meaning and purpose of its presence—is in great danger of being lost, as it may be from its situation, if not especially sought for—the last object that meets the eye. The contents of this case is that microcosm of the ancients, man, resolved into his ultimate elements, which are represented by so many pounds of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen in well sealed bottles—so many pounds of sooty carbon, of phosphorus, concealed in wax-like candles—so many ounces of chlorine, of sodium, of potassium, and grains of silicon, of magnesium, iron, sulphur, and chlorium, with their proximate principles, the largest quantity of which is water; then fat, gelatine, febrine, and albumen, with phosphate of lime, and the carbonates of lime and soda, with sundry ounces of common salt or chloride of sodium, sulphate of soda, fluoride or calcium, and grains of chlorine, of potassium, of the sulphate, and phosphate of potash, and chloride and peroxide of iron. Such is the compound chemistry of the human body, to the sustentation and building up of which creation is laid under contribution, and yields its daily services in animal substances, in vegetable food-fuel, renovating spices, subtle essences, and vinous fruits.

As the eye ranges round the various cases in this room, with its world of objects gathered from elements, and kingdoms, and provinces to this end, it must be a dull nature that does not perceive more than the making of flesh, and the renewing of blood, and building up of bone and muscle in all this preparation of the earth's produce for man's use; and who cannot trace in its kinds and quantities, the same law of progression which is to be read in the very purposes of the museum itself, and in the spirit of the times which is ranging through its means, and that of other like institutions, a knowledge of the sciences on the popular side. In an instant, as if a flash of electricity revealed how the common things of life are rudimentary to its glory; the enterprise, industry, wealth, science, manufactures, and commerce, represented by these different substances, the representatives in their numbers and varieties, of the most common and simple of our daily wants; occurs to one, and the inductions of intelligence leading on from the hunger enforced meal of crude vegetables and hunted flesh to this present mastery and dominion, this redemption of Adam's inheritance over every herb and tree, and over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth has a new reading and significance.

These cases show me the laws regulating our physical being from the

* A catalogue of the contents of this department has just been compiled by Dr. Lankester.

beginning. The flesh of animals affording zoogenous matter to replace the wear and tear occasioned by our own muscular exertions, and the beatings of the heart.

Plants secreting gums, starch, sugar, with their three elements carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, the food-fuel by the combustion of which animal heat is maintained. For the machinery of the human frame demands a temperature of 98° Fahrenheit, and the necessary carbonaceous matter is cellered in the tissues of the animal as well as vegetable kingdom—fat being of all heat producers the most valuable. A label, close at hand, tells me that in order to burn the daily amount of food-fuel, a man inhales about 3,000 gallons of air in twenty-four hours; but in hot climates less carbonaceous matter being required than in cold ones; Nature, with that nice economy evident in all her works, has provided for this saving, and the foods of tropic countries only contain from 20 to 30 parts of charcoal in the 100, while fats and Arctic blubber contain from 80 to 90. Again, the waste in the solid frame work of our bodies has been cared for, and the means of reparation prepared in various mineral elements stored in different alimentary substances; thus we find from an analysis of the various specimens of animal food that a pound of beef contains 350 grains of mineral matter, veal 312 grains, mutton 245 grains, pork 105 grains, while the various cereals which furnish our daily bread contain an average of two parts in a hundred of mineral matter. These, with their manufactured products, occupy several of the cases in this department, but a portion of another bay has also been assigned to them, the walls of which are tapestried with rich sheafs of wheat in all its varieties, the bearded spikes of the shorter barley, and the graceful panicles of the oat; the very sight of which stirs the imagination with sweet airs, and sets them rustling, conjures up the reapers in the field—the “sunburnt sickle-men” of Shakespeare’s time, the scythe bearers of our own—heaps the oscillating wagon with crops undreamed of in his merry England, and lands it on the thrashing floor, where steam supplies the labour of the flail, and the work of months is done in hours—builds up the topling picturesque old mill, wrestling for ever with the winds upon the weird bit of sour treeless moorland, or the formal many-windowed modern flour mill, with farina dusted walls, and the never ceasing dash and beat and vibration of its great revolving wheel. Bears us to the mart, transports us across the seas, wherever nations find markets for the surplus of their produce; and thus every case contains not the simple story of the growth and purpose of the object exemplified, but the history of nations and of men.

Ranking next to the cereals in order of importance we have the seeds of leguminous plants, the peas, beans, haricots, and lentils of commerce, the last affording the costly food advertised as “revalenta,” the virtues of which date from Scriptural time, and appear to have been first endorsed by Essau, but like haricots they are as yet far from being generally appreciated amongst us, though the latter in their green state is one of the most popular vegetables; in France on the contrary, and by other continental people they are greatly esteemed, and afford a cheap and highly nutritious article of food. Even the lupin figures in the pulse group, and is used in Italy and elsewhere as peas and beans are with us; however Virgil speaks of the plant as *tristes lupinus*, because when eaten without preparation, to destroy the bitterness of the seeds, it gave a rueful expression to the countenance—a proof that however much the ancients prided themselves on the simplicity of their fare, they themselves occasionally made wry faces at it.

In addition to these specimens of vegetable food, with their varieties and preparations, we find them preserved by compression, and otherwise adapted for long voyages and winter use. One of the most tempting cases

in the collection is that devoted to the edible produce of the rose tribe, containing dried apples, pears, quinces, almonds, peaches, nectarins, apricots, plums, cherries, damsons, raspberries, strawberries, and hips and haws, which are found to be useful in flavouring soups; several other fruits might be added which are not in the collection, and especially the common blackberry should not be forgotten.

Some recently received cases from China afford hints of new food substances in the shape of bundles of long sea tangles, shark's fins, which, when reduced by boiling, must afford a substance partaking of all the nutritious qualities of coarse isinglass; various other sea weeds than the ones I have mentioned, some not unlike the Irish moss, except from a difference of preparation, one of which looks as if it were crystalized, and another of the most exquisite purple colour, exceedingly tempting to the eye whatever it may prove to the appetite; the dried shoots and tender succulent stems of the bamboo suggest the probability of enlarging our own somewhat stationary list of edible vegetables.

We shall pass over the birds' nests and sea slugs, one species of the latter looking like discoloured, out-of-date, wrinkled, kidney potatoes, and quite as large, as not likely to lead to any practical results amongst us. Several descriptions of preserved fruits figure in this celestial collection, and present a very *appétissant* appearance. And here again the bamboo presents itself; the carrot also takes a dainty form, disguised in shape and sugar, and stars of the water lily root float in semi-limped syrup. Many of the sweets appear old friends of ours, identical with the bulls'-eyes and sugar balls of our innocence. And amongst these confections a quantity of Chinese cakes appear, all of the primitive tumbler-cut pattern, some stuffed with almonds, and others apparently filled with ripe or preserved fruits, the juices of which have oozed through them, but, though variously designated as "Qua Ho Ping" cakes, "Foh Jin Ping" cakes, "Choo Loo Ping" cakes, "Cho Yon Ping" and "Canko Ping" cakes, the difference must be in their interiors, for on the outside they bear so strong a general resemblance that there is no telling one from the other. These cases lead us naturally to the specimens of the tea plant, by the dried leaves of which the Chinese are for the most part represented in the commerce of nations, and the importance of which to every kingdom in the civilized world, mainly supported in our own, that recently defunct monopoly to which we are indebted for the founding of our Eastern Empire. Here are the simple leaves in their natural state, there the various forms in which they appear when manufactured; and in the bottles of white, silky-looking, fibrous texture we have the *teine*, which forms its active principle, and is at once so soothing, and so subtly potent, that while four grains contained in half an ounce of tea excites the brain to increased activity, and calms the vascular system, if taken in twice the quantity per day, it occasions irritability of temper, tremblings, and distraction of thought, all the dangerous effects, indeed, with which it was stigmatised by learned men on its first popular introduction amongst us.

This arrangement of the simple substantive in proximity with its preparations, has been followed wherever the completeness of the specimens have admitted of it, and wherever the popular use or the ascertained value of the article, has rendered it desirable to enlarge the people's information, with regard to its dietic importance, instructional labels of the clearest description are appended.

It would be a vain task, within the limits of this paper, to touch on any but the most salient points of this interesting section of the Museum, in which the food supplied by the vegetable kingdom offers so many varied forms, and tempts to most sweet digressions.

My object has been not to point out what is so obvious as the things themselves, or so familiar as their daily services, but rather to spring the mine of thought and wonder, involved in the marvellous laws by which these vegetable and other tissues and substances, receive from the elements, and render up to ours, the ones essential to the support and reparation of our bodies. We wed them from necessity and appetite, and they infuse themselves into us, veritable bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and so the relation between human nature and universal nature is day by day renewed. It is right that we should be brought face to face with more than the utilities and externals of those things by which we live, physically and temporarily—and be taught the infinite provision and power that from the grandest to the lowliest object in value, proclaims the undying legend of the night and stars—"the hand that made us is divine."

NODS.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

"For we're all nodding, nid, nid, nodding."—*Old Song.*

As a thorough-blood Englishman I have a wholesome prejudice against many of the street salutations, the low bowing, scraping, and hat-lifting, which have come, with a whole host of similar follies, from Calais across to Dover; and it is to record my preference for the very ancient form of nodding, that I have shaken down from my brow the leaf that now faces the reader.

For this mode of salutation, I claim an antiquity which cannot possibly be maintained for the more formal bow, the head-baring, or oriental salaam. It is a link in that somewhat broken chain, which to an old Greek, with his heart brimful of rich poetic fancies, would afford rational proof of his divine origin and descent. Old Homer, before his blindness was settled and irremediable, had often looked upon the face of nature with reverent and earnest eyes, and marking the golden grain nodding to the zephyr, and the tall trees inclining their heads—not in a stately prostration, but in a graceful nod—could find no more fitting symbol of the recognition and response of a god. So he conceived Jove, and Phidias breathed him into stone:—

"He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook."

Again, Dryden, in his immortal ode, notices the same feature in its assumption by Alexander:—

"With ravished ears
The monarch hears
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres."

And numerous other instances might be cited to show how marked a characteristic this is of divine power, but the point to be shown is the connection between the ordinary salutation, which, as distinguished from

the low inclining bow, is generally called nod, and the great manifestation supposed to be common to mythological divinities. One's best thanks are due to Homer, for having so far penetrated through the haze on Olympus's top as to discern Jove himself and his ways; and, while I make no pretensions to be a scholiast, I may be pardoned a little explanation of this remarkable passage. Jove has just delivered himself of a fine speech to Thetis, and, by way of intimation that such is his will, in respect to Achilles, he dips his head, and reclines once more in all his blessed imperturbable serenity. The nod is therefore another form of saying, "Such is my decree," "I have said, and it is irrevocable." The difference between this supreme action and that of common life is but little. The nod mythological ratifies what has gone before; the nod human recognizes what is before; the former indicates power, the latter pleasure. The one has a simplicity about it that is really admirable and Homeric all over; the other is susceptible of various and complex interpretations,—it not only means, "I see you," "I am delighted to see you," "How are you?" "I will we may ever be face to face," but it may often be construed—"I like an honest enemy," "It is a comfort to think you will soon be out of sight," "I must show you I don't know of that unpleasant affair of yours," and, "I'll take the starch out of you some of these days."

I have no means of tracing the nod in its declination from the glorious heaven of Olympus to the narrow and dusty street of Athens, and the thronged highways and bye-ways of our modern cities and towns. Through a long vista of ages, iron, copper, brazen, and silver, we gaze back, and see the happy golden time; its piping shepherds, cool streams, and delicious groves, and smell the wild thyme groves giving out its scent to the heads of agile goats and loving lambs; and, lost in blissful reverie, we only know that such a nomadic elysium was, but is no longer, and we have little disposition to trouble ourselves with logical demonstration. And why should it not be so, in the matter of this peculiar salutation? Why should we not look back, and see father Jove, as Homer describes him, and, bathed in the ambrosia wafted from his curly locks, dream of fair Olympians giving the nod in primitive simplicity, careless that such beings have long since nodded into their last death-sleep, and that, assuming other forms, the heroic movement has become human and earthly? I hope the reader will do so, as the writer has done, and make himself contented in the matter.

Human nods are of two kinds—common and proper. The nod proper notifies acquiescence or passion; the nod common, as already hinted, means all sorts of things, affirmative, negative, qualitative, positive, and justative. The nod proper, when it assumes the indignant form, a toss of the head forwards and then backwards, or, vice versa, from a haughty coquette, means "I won't," "I shan't," or any other pert laconism used by such individuals in a public or private domestic scene. When it is a gently fall of the forehead, accompanied with a firm but loving expression of countenance, it has a volume of meaning for which no words of mine are sufficiently expressive; only by daintily scented albums and white favours can its eloquence be justly demonstrated. Shakespere's plain honest Speed doubtless saw it in perfection when he conned the letter to Julia, and would have finely described it had not Proteus thus entangled him in his talk:—

"Pro.—But what said she? did she nod? (Speed nods.)

Speed.—I (Ay).

Pro.—Nod, I; why, that's noddy.

Speed.—You mistook, Sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro.—And that set together is—noddy.

Speed.—Now you having taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro.—No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed.—Well, I perceive, I must fain to bear with you.

Pro.—Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed.—Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains."

The nods salutatory, or common, is complex, multiform, and masculine. It is manifest, for the most part, in the business hours of the day, in crowded thoroughfares, on 'change, and at commercial and popular gatherings generally; amongst persons, who have sometimes the finest of exteriors, but the plainest of sur-christian and heathen-names; and its meaning varies with the men, time, place, and circumstances. When the two salutators are *not* friends, it has a sort of subdued, pugnacious meaning, and the fists seem to spring therefrom in airy perspective. When they are friends, and good ones, and have no time for chit-chat, it gives the very air a warm, rhythmic pulsation. In early morning, it is often expressive of wonder and pure good nature; in a place of fashionable resort, when not of surprise or kindness, it often speaks of conventional pride; and when one chances to meet another from whom he dreads a long oration, it is significant of suppressed ejaculations, as "Humbug!" "Dry-as-dust!" or "Spin-a-yarn!" and, moreover, should No. 1 be a few minutes later than usual for dinner, and walking hastily and hungrily, it shows, and I grieve to confess it, that there are yet some traces of cannibalism lingering amongst civilized and enlightened Englishmen. But the nod has other remarkable transformations that deserve notice. It has been known, when well given, to ensure an invitation to dinner and elegant supper parties; and there have been occasions wherein it has produced a resort to weapons, mostly, however, of so thin and slight a character as to inflict only mental injury, or ended in the revival of some obsolete personal right in a lengthy law-suit. No emotion of pain, pleasure, or expectation that is not expressed by this unique inclination of the head; rarely an original man but has a peculiar way of thus recognizing you, and scarcely a keen observer, who is on moving terms with a large number of people, but may find much matter for mirthful as well as serious reflection and speculation, in the different modes and expressions of his friends. One man, and he generally happens to be a dyspeptic, saturnine individual, shuts his eyes, and pulls his mouth, as if in pain in the act of acknowledging your presence; another gives you a stiff, solid nod, moving his head like an engine-bar, as though he would lay you flat on the pavement; a third drops his lower jaw on his breast, and seems muttering an *Ave* or a *Pater*, (the less you have to do with such a man the better); a fourth rises on his toes, and curving his neck proudly, drops down a dubious blessing upon you from some cold Alpine height; and a fifth may perchance move rapidly, and then smile in pure self-complacency, as wtlings do after *bon mots* at dinner parties. Others are hardly so pleasant even as these—I have seen the neck and head jerked forward at the same time, when the recipient seems to get an awful wound near the midriff, and what is generally the case with excessively tall men when they move to friends of inferior statue, a seeming desire to sweep off your hat with a sort of sword-stroke. There are two others I have marked belonging to this class, and these gentlemen, and they are a numerous class, invariably tip at you sideways; and I cannot help thinking that one individual, whom I know to be a pugilist, and often meet, has some serious designs on my left ribs, since he generally manages to get on that side and deliver with effect. Then there is the nod jocular, which proceeds from an individual with his hat stuck jauntily on one side, and in which that article of dress has an

uncertain distressing movement, and a large variety of sporting, legal, clerical, aristocratical, and other nods, far too numerous and complicated for me to mention.

Thus much have I said of nods in some of their aspects; and if I have shown them in a humorous fanciful light, it must not therefore be imagined that I hold with them, as a general salutation, on mere comical grounds, though I must confess there is no more amusing sight to me than to pass along a well-thronged street, and observe the various passengers nodding with all their might and main, as if to keep suspended some invisible shuttlecock. I prefer the nod to the bend of the back, yea, even to the Irish pulling of the forelock, doubtless the invention of St. Patrick himself, inasmuch as we have for it an heroic precedent, and what is more common as well as classic, custom. For my own part, some of the queer sculptures recovered from Nineveh, headless although many are, seem to be nooding cheerfully to each other; and I feel sure that neither Socrates nor Plato, when they met their friends in their promenades, depressed their forms into the shape of a bow, and delivered their salutations like so many arrows, but nodding much as the Smiths and Joneses do now, with a "How dost, Protagoras?" or a "Fine day, Deusippus!" passed on their way. As to its use amongst our British selves, I have not been able to meet with any chronicle or romance that commences early enough to mention its introduction. The Arthurs, Warwicks, Rollands, and Hamp-ton all made free use of this method as a peaceful salute, and hence, in rhyme and roundelay, the "nodding plume" became the symbol of every gentle, fraternal, and chivalric virtue. There are more reasons, however, than mere hoary ones to sustain it. First:—It is more social than the low bow, when not stiffly given, and causes you no inconvenience in the act of rapid transition. Secondly:—It is more honest; a man may make a deep bow, and smile a deceitful smile, show his teeth, thrust out his tongue, or what not, and his hat will hide him; in nodding he must confront you, and cannot practice such deception. Thirdly:—There is no danger of your hat being displaced. Fourthly:—If you take care, your head never nods, except in meeting a friend, there is no reasonable fear any worshipful judicial reverence may ever fine you for disorderly behaviour. And fifthly, and conclusive:—It is more natural. Does not creation generally so acknowledge the wooing winds? And when either bearded grain, poplar, or aspiring palm, really do bow, do they not invariably seem awkward after it, and struggle painfully to regain their former positions? And where can we find, east, west, north, or south, in any mode of mutual interchange, an action in which, while there is so much to amuse and interest, there is so little to condemn and so much to admire, either in the way of use, expression, or brevity.

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

A DAILY newspaper is to a man of my way of thinking one of the most wonderful phenomena of these latter days. It is a crown of glory to our land. It is true, in some quarters, a contrary opinion is held. "The press," Mr. David Urquhart very seriously tells us, "is an invention for the development of original sin." In the opinion of that amiable cynic,

Mr. Henry Drummond, a newspaper is but a medium for the circulation of gossip ; but, in spite of individuals, the general fact remains that the press is not merely a wonderful organization but an enormous power in any land—in ours most of all, where public opinion rules more or less directly. Our army in the Crimea was saved by the *Times*. When the *Times* turned, free-trade was carried. The *Times* has just made a panic, and securities became in some cases utterly unsaleable, and some seventy stockbrokers were ruined. But it is not of the power, but of the organization of the press I would speak. According to geologists, ages passed away before this earth of ours became fit for human habitation ; volcanic agencies were previously to be in action—plants and animals, that exist not now, were to be born, and live, and die—tropical climates were to become temperate, and oceans solid land. In a similar way, the newspaper is the result of agencies and antecedents almost equally wondrous and remote. For ages have science and nature and man been preparing its way. Society had to become intellectual—letters had to be invented—types had to be formed—paper had to be substituted for papyrus—the printing press had to become wedded to steam—the electric telegraph had to be discovered, and the problem of liberty had to be solved, in a manner more or less satisfactory, before a newspaper, as we understand the word, could be ; and that we have the fruit of all this laid on our breakfast table every morning, for at the most fivepence, and at the least one penny, is wonderful indeed. But instead of dwelling on manifest truisms, let us think awhile of a newspaper office and those who do business there. Externally, there is nothing remarkable in a newspaper office. You pass by at night, and see many windows lighted with gas, that is all. By daylight there is nothing to attract curiosity, indeed in the early part of the day there is little going on at a newspaper office. When you and I are hard at work newspaper people are enjoying their night ; when you and I are asleep, they are hard at work for us. They have a hot-house appearance, and rarely octogenarians. The conscientious editor of a daily newspaper can never be free from anxiety. He has enough to do to keep all to their post ; he must see that the leader writers are all up to the mark—that the reporters do their duty—that the literary critic, and the theatrical critic, and the musical critic, and the city correspondent, and the special reporter, and the host of nameless contributors, do not disappoint or deceive the public, and that every day the daily sheet shall have something in it to excite, or inform, or improve. But while you and I are standing outside, the editor, in some remote suburb, is, it may be, dreaming of pleasanter things than politics and papers.

At present there is no sign of life. It is true already the postman has delivered innumerable letters from all quarters of the globe—that the electric telegraph has sent its messages—that the railways have brought their despatches—that the publishers have furnished books of all sorts and sizes for review—and that tickets from all the London exhibitions are soliciting a friendly notice. There let them lie unheeded, till the coming man appears. Even the publisher, who was here at five o'clock in the morning, has gone home ; only a few clerks, connected with the financial department of the paper, are on the spot. But we may suppose that somewhere between one and two the first editorial visit will be paid, and that then this chaos is reduced to order ; and that the ideas, which are to be represented in the paper of to-morrow, are discussed, and the daily organs received, and gossip of all sorts from the clubs—from the house—from the city—collected and condensed ; a little later perhaps assistants arrive—one to cull all the sweets from the provincial journals—another to look over the files of foreign papers—another it may be to translate important documents. The great machine is now getting steadily at work. Up in the composing room are printers already fingering their types.

In the law courts, a briefless barrister is taking notes—in the police courts, reporters are at work, and far away in the city, "our city correspondent" is collecting the commercial news of the hour—and in all parts of London penny-a liners, like eagles scenting carrion, are ferreting out for particulars of the last "extraordinary elopement," or "romantic suicide." The later it grows the more gigantic becomes the pressure. The parliamentary reporters are now furnishing their quota; gentlemen who have been assisting at public dinners come redolent of postprandial eloquence, which has to be reduced to sense and grammar. It is now midnight, and yet we have to wait the arrival of the close of the parliamentary debate, on which the editor must write a leader before he leaves; and the theatrical critic's verdict on the new play. In the meanwhile the foreman of the printers takes stock, being perfectly aware that he cannot perform the wonderful feat of making a pint bottle hold a quart. Woe is me! he has already half a dozen columns in excess. What is to be done? Well, the literature must stand over, that's very clear,—then those translations from the French will do to-morrow, and this report will also not hurt by delay—as to the rest, that must be cut down and still further condensed; but quickly, for time is passing, and we must be on the machine at three. Quickly fly the minutes—hotter becomes the gas-lit room—wearier the editorial staff. But the hours bring relief. The principal editor has done his leader and departed—the assistants have done the same—so have the reporters, only the sub-editor remains, and as daylight is glimmering in the east, and even fast London is asleep, he quietly lights a cigar, and likewise departs; the printers will follow as soon as the forms have gone down, and the movements below indicate that the machine, by the aid of steam, is printing.

We have thus seen most of the newspaper people off the premises. As we go out into the open air, we may yet find a few of them scorning an ignoble repose. For instance, there is the penny-a-liner—literally he is not a penny-a-liner as he is generally paid three-farthings a line, and very good pay that is, as the same accounts, written on very thin paper called flimsy, is left at all the newspaper offices, which, if they all insert, they all pay for, and one short tale may put the penny-a-liner in funds for a week. The penny-a-liner has long been the butt of a heartless world. He ought to be a cynic, and I fear is but an indifferent christian, and very so so as head of a family. His appearance is somewhat against him, and his antecedents are eccentric; his face has a beary appearance; his clothes are worn in defiance of fashion; neither his hat nor his boots would be considered by a swell as the correct stilton; you would scarce take him as the representative of the potent fourth estate. Yet penny-a-liners rise; one of them is now the editor of a morning paper; another is the manager of a commercial establishment, with a salary of almost a thousand a year; but chiefly, I imagine, they are jolly good fellows going down the hill. Charles Lamb said he never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. The penny-a-liners have a similiar weakness; they are true Bohemians, and are prone to hear the chimes at midnight. Literally, they take no thought for to-morrow, and occasionally are put to hard shifts. Hence it is sub-editors have to be on their guard with their dealings with them. Their powers of imagination and description are great. They are prone to harrow up your souls with horrors that never existed; and as they are paid by the line, a harsh prosaic brevity is by no means their fault. Occasionally they take in the papers. Not long since a most extraordinary breach of promise case went the round of the evening papers, which was entirely a fiction of the penny-a-liners. Yet let us not think disparagingly of them—of a daily newspaper no small part is the result of their diligent research.

I would also speak of another class of newspaper people—the newspaper boy, agile as a lamp-lighter, sharp in his glances as a cat. The newspaper boy is of all ages from twelve to forty, but they are all alike, very disorderly and very ardent politicians; and while they are waiting in the publishing office for their papers they are prone to indulge in political gossip, after the manner of their betters at the west-end clubs. On the trial of Bernard, the excitement among the newspaper boys was very great. I heard some of them, on the last day of the trial, confess to having been too excited all that day to do anything; their admiration of the speech of Edwin James was intense. A small enthusiast near me said to another, "That ere James is the fellow to work 'em; did'nt he pitch hin to the hemperor."

"Yes," said a sadder and wiser boy; "yes, he's all werry well, but he'd a spoke on tother side just as well if he'd been paid."

"No; would he?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well, that's wot I call swindling."

"No, it aint. They does their best. Them as pays you, you works for."

Whether the explanation was satisfactory I can't say, as the small boy's master's name was called, and he vanished with "two quire" on his youthful head. But generally these small boys prefer wit to politics; they are much given to practical jokes at each other's expense, and have no mercy for individual peculiarities. Theirs is a hard life, from five in the morning, when the daily papers commence publishing, to seven in the evening, when the second edition of the *Sun* with the *Gazette* appears. What becomes of them when they cease to be newspaper boys, must be left to conjecture. Surely such riotous youths can never become tradesmen in a small way, retailers of greens, itinerant dealers in coal. Do not offend these gentry if you are a newspaper proprietor. Their power for mischief is great. At the *Illustrated News* office I have seen a policeman required, to reduce them to order.

Finally, of all newspaper people, high or low, let me ask the public to speak charitably. They are hard-worked, they are not over-paid, and some of them die prematurely old. Ten years of night work in the office of a daily newspaper is enough to kill any man, even if he have the constitution of a horse; one can't get on without them; and it is a sad day for his family when Paterfamilias misses his paper. Whigs, tories, prelates, princes, valiant warriors, and great lawyers are not so essential to the daily weal of the public, as newspaper people.

MA'AMZELLE JACQUELINE.

How many worlds, diverse in their conditions and manifestations, yet identical in the staple elements of our common humanity, are contained within the limits of a great city!

I had just made the circuit of the huge pile of Notre Dame, bathed in the ruddy glow of the morning sun, admiring the magnificent effects of light and shadow on its noble masses of masonry, its innumerable saints, angels, and devils, its luxuriant vegetation of carven stone, and its delicate lace-like traceries; musing on the peculiarities of the phase of national life which had thus embodied itself, in a mode of expression more lasting than its own existence, and marvelling what would be the character and out-

growth of the world's next phase of constructive belief, when, on passing from the open space in front of the cathedral into one of the narrow streets of lofty houses leading from it, I espied a couple of flaming red and yellow placards affixed to either side of the door of a large but sordid-looking house, and setting forth that the hammer of the auctioneer would that day disperse, to the four winds of heaven, the furniture and graving-properties of Jean Monet, engraver, recently deceased. For particulars you were invited to "enquire within."

Some undefined sentiment led me to wish to see this sale ; and in I went.

"Monsieur is going——?" cried the shrill enquiring voice of the portress.

"To the sale," I replied.

"The sale will not begin until noon," she continued ; "but you can go up and look at the things, if you will. Looking costs nothing ; and there are people up there already. 'Tis on the fourth story ; door to the left."

I went up the dirty, narrow stairs, and entered the door indicated by the portress. The deserted rooms—all their poor furniture in the utmost disorder—offered a melancholy spectacle. The auctioneer was already there, seated at a desk, and busy with his catalogues ; his people were arranging the things in the order of sale, and several idlers, like myself, were moving through the sordid and dingy apartment. Of the three or four rooms of which it consisted, opening one out of the other, the second had evidently been the workshop of the deceased engraver, and his tools, together with some half-finished plates, were lying about, partly on chairs, partly on the floor, in utter confusion. On an old oaken table, black with age and grime, was a little doll, perched on a wooden pedestal. Its hair hung lank and dishevelled over its shoulders, and the colour was gone from its cheeks and lips, and the striped gown of Algerine silk was soiled and limp. Only its black glass eyes had survived the general wreck of former beauty.

The poor little desolate-looking doll had something pathetic and touching about it. I could not help fancying I must have seen it before ; and was quite sure it must have a history.

While this reflection was passing through my mind, a common-looking man, the expression of whose countenance was extremely hard and vulgar, came into the room. I disliked him instinctively. He loitered carelessly through the apartment, cast a disdainful glance on the doll as he went by, and then stooped to inspect a heap of copper plates lying in a corner. As he passed the doll again on his way from the room, he gave it a smart rap on the head with his cane. The noise of the rap on the wooden head of the forlorn plaything sounded to me like a complaint, and I was so much irritated by this cowardly and needless insult to the unprotected doll, that I could have found it in my heart to challenge the aggressor on the spot.

"What unpardonable carelessness," I exclaimed, angrily enough ; "Monsieur, you have thrust your cane within an inch of my eye."

This assertion, by the way, was a most absurd invention on my part, for the man was at least a dozen feet from me ; but I was too much excited to think of probabilities. He turned, however, took off his shabby hat, and bowed very civilly, expressing his regret in most apologetic tones. Then he put his hat on again, and went away.

"How absurd I have been !" was my mental exclamation.

Just then a pale, fair young man, with whitey-brown whiskers and seedy paletot, entered the room, almost running against the vulgar man with the cane, who was in the act of going out.

"Good morning, Varin," cried the former, "what on earth are you doing here ?"

"I just looked in to see what there might be for sale," replied the other.

"I thought some of the plates might perhaps be worth a trifle ; but I see they are mere rubbish. I wouldn't give five *sous* for all the things here put together," he added with a contemptuous shrug, as he went down stairs.

The new-comer walked slowly through the rooms ; he looked about him with a saddened expression, and sighed two or three times as he made his survey. "Poor Monet !" he ejaculated at last, in an under tone.

As he passed the table, he took the doll by the waist and looked at it kindly. "Poor little Jacqueline !" he said, gently, as he replaced it on the block of wood, and patted it softly on the shoulder. He was evidently a friend of the defunct, and I felt that he was a good-hearted fellow. I bowed to him. "This poor forsaken young lady," I remarked, pointing to the doll, and with a smile at the thought of my own folly a few moments before, "has been rather hardly dealt with by the rough personage who has just left the room. Indeed, I was so much offended by his behaviour to her that I was on the point of quarrelling with him."

"If poor Monet were here, monsieur, he would thank you with tears in his eyes," replied the pale young man, earnestly, as he looked down kindly on the doll, and caressed its shabby paintless head. "Old Varin," he continued, "is the print-seller for whom poor Monet used to engrave, and he was perhaps a little too hard on him in the way of prices. At any rate, papa Varin had no great affection for you, my poor little Jacqueline," he added, turning again towards the doll ; "but never mind that. I shall buy you presently, and you shall come home and dine with me. We shall be excellent friends ; and no one shall knock you on the head any more, poor little Jacqueline !"

My face probably expressed both surprise and curiosity at these words, for the pale young man remarked, with a smile, "you do not know Ma'amzelle Jacqueline's history, monsieur ?"

"No, indeed, I do not," I replied, "but I should be very much obliged by your imparting it to me."

"Oh, 'tis but a short story," said he ; "Poor Monet, an excellent, good, kind-hearted fellow, but one of those who seem borne to be unlucky, had married a pretty amiable creature, with no more good luck about her than he had. Two years after their marriage she gave him a little daughter, and died just after its birth. All the affection the father had felt for his wife (and they really were a very attached couple, in spite of their often having nothing better than a bit of dry bread for their dinner,) now centered on his child. He fairly adored her ; and worked away harder than ever, being as usual but ill-paid, for his industry was always greater than his luck. On Sundays he dressed her up like a little princess and took her into the country, carrying her about in his arms the whole day. Two years passed thus.

"I fancy I can see him now, on a cold winter's evening, sitting on the low chair beside the little stove there, undressing his darling, fastening her little nightgown, and smoothing her curls under her cap—for he was father, mother, and nurse to the child,—and then wrapping his cloak about her, and holding her tiny hands in his as she knelt in his lap, making her repeat her prayers before putting her into her little cot.

"One day he came to me—'twas about six months ago—in a state of anxiety and terror bordering on insanity. 'Lili is ill,' said he, 'find me the best doctor in all Paris, my friend ! She does not eat : she is heavy and sad, and her skin is covered with reddish patches. Don't lose a moment, but bring the doctor directly, for the love of heaven !' And away he flew, like one possessed, back to his darling.

"I lost no time in finding him a doctor," pursued the pale young man, "and we came here together with all speed. Lili was pronounced to be

taken with scarlatina; but the doctor thought there was no danger, left her some medicine, and went away, promising to call again in the evening. For four days and nights Monet never quitted the child's couch, never closed an eye, and would probably have died of inanition had we not forced him to eat. At length the crisis was passed, and the little girl was saved. Monet, beside himself with joy, rolled her up in a blanket, and carried her about the room with her head on his shoulder, telling her little stories, and singing her every little song he could think of. Towards dusk I persuaded him to put her again into bed under the care of a good nurse we had found for him, and who would take every care of her, and dragged him out for a turn in the fresh air. The sharp breeze seemed to excite him almost to intoxication; he walked rapidly, talked incessantly, and appeared unable to contain his exuberant joy. 'As soon as Lili is a little stronger,' said he, 'I will take her into Normandy, to my good Aunt Jacqueline's, at Gouais. The country air and the fresh milk will set her up directly. My good aunt, though I have not visited her for some years, will be glad enough to see us; for she was always very fond of me, and looked upon me as one of her own children. *Allons! c'est ça!* I will take my little Lili to her, and the brave woman will love her as she used to love her father in his childhood.'

"Just then we happened to be passing along the quay by the Pont Neuf, and he espied this doll in a toy-shop.

"'What a beautiful doll!' cried Monet, 'I must go in and buy it for Lili. You will see how delighted she will be! We will call it Jacqueline, after my good aunt; *Ma'amzelle Jacqueline!*'

"The doll was bought forthwith; and so impatient was he to give it to his little girl that I could not persuade him to continue his walk, and he ran off to his home at once. 'If I go back directly, I may be in time to give it to her before she goes to sleep,' said he, as he left me.

"The next day, when I entered his room, Lili was sitting in her little chair by the fire, holding her beautiful doll on her lap. But I did not like her look. Her face was pale and haggard, her eyes were heavy, her skin yellow and flabby. I felt startled at the change, but I could not bear to damp Monet's joy by imparting my fears to him.

"Presently the doll fell from Lili's hand, and her head drooped on the back of her chair. Her father took her in his arms and walked up and down the room with her, singing to her, and trying to rouse and amuse her. But she was weak and in pain; evidently ill. Monet was distracted. The doctor was sent for immediately. They had taken her too soon out of her bed; she had caught cold; and two days afterwards, when I came in here, a little corpse was lying in Lili's bed, with the doll beside her. The two little faces seemed to be smiling at each other; but one of them was as white as the pillow on which it lay. Monet had thrown himself across his graving table, where he lay quite still, weeping, and gnawing his handkerchief in a sort of stupor of sorrow. His grief was terrible. We did all we could to comfort him, but in vain, for he had lost everything in losing his child.

"He purchased a grave in the Cemetery of Mont Martre, and the little girl was buried there; and he worked day and night to pay for it, talking of Lili for hours together to the doll, which always stood before him on his table as he worked; and the doll, with her bright starry eyes, seemed to listen to him as he talked to her of his lost darling.

"His sole aim in life appeared to be the payment for that bit of ground and the expenses of the funeral. When this had been accomplished, he laid down his burin; he seemed to have no idea of self-preservation left, his thoughts were with his child, and he spent his days in nursing Ma'amzelle Jacqueline and talking to her of what they were going to do.

"One day Varin came in, bringing him some copper-plates, which he told him he was in a great hurry to have finished. Monet began to dance Ma'amzelle Jacqueline up and down on his knee, and said to her,—'Tell him we are not going to do any more work for anybody. All is paid for, and we are going to Normandy, and we shall play in the churchyard at Gouais, and that is better than engraving.'

"Varin was very angry at getting no answer. He gathered up his plates, called him a fool, and went off in a passion.

"After this," continued the pale young man, "you will hardly need to be told the sequel. A few days afterwards, when we had taken him to our hotel, where we had used to get him to dine with us, he was seized with a fit of raving madness, and we could do nothing more than send him to a suitable asylum. Poor Monet! Everything was done for him that could be done; but it was all in vain. One day, as I was going in with a friend to see him as usual, two of the infirmity servants met us, carrying a long, narrow deal box, that was about to figure in a pauper funeral. The corpse of poor Lili's father was in that box. We had fortunately arrived there in time to take possession of the body, which we had buried beside that of his little daughter.

"You see, Monsieur," he added, as he turned away his head to wipe away a tear, "the history you have asked for is a very simple one."

An hour or two afterwards, when the greater part of the things had been disposed of, Ma'amzelle Jacqueline was put up for sale amidst the jeers and laughter of the assembled crowd; and, after a solitary bid of ten *sous* by a little girl, whose pecuniary resources probably did not admit of her going any higher, was knocked down at one *franc* to a pale young man with whitey-brown whiskers and seedy paletot.

A. B.

FELLOWSHIP.

BY J. H. ECCLES.

"To diffuse useful information, to further intellectual refinement, and to hasten the coming of a brighter day, is indeed a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward."—*Eliza Cook*.

'Tis sweet to hold communion with deep and earnest men,
Who stir the world by eloquence or aid it with the pen,
Whose great hearts beat with sympathy, and yearn to aid and save
The poor and weak and tempest-toss'd upon life's troubled wave.

'Tis sweet to hold communion with all who feel desire
To make the world a place of love and raise life's standard higher,
Who seek to cast out prejudice and moral worth impart,
And ever find some traces left of Eden in the heart.

'Tis sweet to hold communion with men whose thoughts are pure,
Who for the love of principle will suffer and endure,
Who stand erect in self-respect, unbiass'd, kind, and free,
Yet live not for the present time, but that which is to be.

'Tis sweet to hold communion with each and everyone,
Who in the bonds of Fellowship have faithful duty done,
Whose zealous minds have lent their aid, in any shape or way,
To elevate and dignify, and bring a better day.

THE REJECTED CANDIDATE.

"It was a glorious summer's evening!" A tide of long pent-up memories swept through the desolate heart of the writer as she penned these words, a mist gathered in her eyes, and her hand trembled; so she leant back in her chair to be idle for a little while, whilst her heart was still busy with the thoughts those words had awakened. "A glorious summer's evening!" such were the evenings of her merry childhood, when a romp in the hay field, or a ramble through the fragrant country lanes, was an excuse for postponing the ever unwelcome hour of bed. And glorious too were those evening hours in later life, ere yet the girl had tasted of a woman's trials, when the happy tryst was duly kept, and the sweet incense from the honeysuckle bower blends and mingles with the still sweeter incense of loving words from loving lips,—lips which will never now speak to her as in that dream of "auld lang syne."

"Oh happy summer evenings of long past years, will ye never come again! is memory to be the only sweetener of the present?" such was the murmur which arose unbidden to the writer's lips, as she pushed aside the MS., sighing for very weariness, and yearning with an inexpressible yearning for one more taste of the "*glories*" of a summer's evening,—one breath of the pleasant soul-reviving country air, of which she, cooped up in a second-rate London lodging, had now but a memory only.

The room in which she sat was meanly furnished, everything was shabby, depressing, and uncomfortable. The colours of the scanty curtains, and still more scanty carpet, never of a cheerful hue, were faded, and the pattern of the chintz sofa cover had long since vanished in the wash-tub. The occupant of the apartment did not look in unison with her surroundings; she was neither young nor pretty, nor what is commonly called *distingué* in appearance, but she looked unquestionably the lady, despite the homeliness of her dress, and there was a certain air of refinement in the worn and suffering face which told of better days long gone by.

She threw down her pen, more sadly than impatiently, and moved slowly to the open window, but the view it commanded of an untidy mews, a noisy public-house, backed by a stack of grimy chimnies, was not more inspiriting than that within doors; there was, indeed, a streak of rosy light faintly tinting the distant horizon, but a recollection of the splendid sunsets she had been wont to watch from a mossy hillock, in a far distant garden, made that dim light a ghastly mockery, and once more reseating herself, she prepared to resume her labours.

Her pen had just been redipped, when the door was pushed partly open, to exhibit a card, unmistakably soap-sudded, and fingers to match; the card was thrown into a chair conveniently near the entrance, as a harsh ungentle voice announced "Mrs. West," and a lady, rustling in ample skirts, entered the room, and stood for a moment irresolutely near the doorway.

The new comer was tall and graceful in figure, and did ample justice to the studied beauty and elegance of her attire. There was a freshness and health in her clear brilliant complexion and sparkling eyes, which often caused her to be taken for younger than she really was, for no trace either of mental or of physical suffering, had as yet been stamped upon her frank and beaming countenance. After a momentary hesitation, she advanced

towards the solitary occupant of the dingy room, who moved slowly forwards, with a puzzled look, to greet her visitor.

"Excuse my intrusion, I came to see Janet Hill, an old school-fellow of mine; I understood that she lived here, but I see there is some mistake," and Mrs. West, with some trepidation, was about to retrace her steps, when arrested by a frail thin hand placed upon her arm.

"It is not Janet but Lucy who is before you," was the rejoinder, in a low sad voice, which, although changed by sorrow, was still sweet to Mrs. West's ear, and by no means unremembered, although that good lady still looked dubious as to the identity of the speaker.

"Why, Lucy, dear Lucy," she at last exclaimed, grasping the thin hand in both of hers, "I thought you were now no longer Miss Hill any more than I am Marion Harvey; you recollect me, do you not? How is it you are not in Australia? I thought you were married, and settled there years ago."

"It was my sister who married, not I."

"And have you been in England all these years, perhaps even in London, and I have known nothing about you, and have now found you out by a mere chance? Dear, dear, what trouble you must have known since our happy school-days. Poor Lucy," she added, as she looked round at the unattractive poverty-stricken apartment, and then at the shrunken care-worn figure now seated beside her on the sofa.

"Yes, I have had my full share of suffering, both physical and mental, though doubtless no more of either than was good for me, that is the one thought which enables me to bear up through all, and still struggle on."

"Will you mind telling me something of your past sorrows and present difficulties, or is my visit ill-timed just now? You were writing when I came in; is not that an author's MS.?"

"Yes; but not mine, I am only copying for a publisher; it is, just now, my only means of living, till I am once more strong enough for a governess's situation."

Tears of compassion sprang to Mrs. West's eyes; she remembered the time when the worn and wasted woman beside her had known a luxurious home, and had been educated with the expectation of inheriting a considerable fortune.

Lucy Hill had been too long unused to sympathy not to respond readily to that now offered her, and by degrees the long sad story of her family and personal trials was elicited from her; and Mrs. West discovered that she was indeed entirely dependent upon her own exertions for a bare maintenance, without a friend or relative to whom she could apply for assistance. Her father had been compelled to fly the country, having brought ruin and disgrace upon himself and children by some transaction which Lucy did not care to detail; and at first she, with her sister and a young brother, found a second home with a half-brother of her mother's, till that gentleman married, and was induced to withdraw his protection from them. Lucy then entered upon the governess career, working hard but saving nothing, for there was her brother to support and educate, and her father to assist in his poverty and exile whenever it was in her power to send him a remittance.

"But how did the mistake about your marriage originate?" inquired Mrs. West, when the narrative of her old friend's early trials had been concluded. "I thought you were engaged to a Mr. Cooper, the only thing I did hear about you whilst I was abroad; and being told of the marriage of Miss Hill to a gentleman of that name, of course supposed it to be you."

"Very naturally," was the smiling rejoinder, "if you did not see the Christian name in the paper—I was engaged to the gentleman who is now my brother-in-law."

"May I ask how that happened, or is it a painful revival of an old grief?"

"Nay, I have outlived worse sorrows than that. It all came about in a very matter-of-course way. I had a severe illness, small-pox, in fact, during the time of my engagement, shortly before my uncle's marriage, and was for a long time in danger. My recovery was very slow; when I at length left my room, I was, as you may imagine, no longer what I had been while fortunate enough to attract Henry Cooper's admiration. The altered feelings with which he regarded me were neither disguised nor unperceived. My sister had been safely removed from infection; she remained unaltered in appearance, and not unwilling to encourage the transfer of affections, which, certainly, could not have been very firmly rooted, also my sister had the advantage of a wealthy godmother, which I had not, and a legacy came in opportunely enough to enable them to leave England immediately upon their marriage; Mr. Cooper having been offered a very lucrative situation under government, in Australia."

"And then it was that you first went out in life?"

"Yes; I changed about from one family to another, with no settled home of my own to go to, and with perhaps too haughty a rejection of the hospitality of the friends who would then have welcomed me as a guest. I was very proud and felt my position keenly; but I could, at any rate, earn a living, and was fortunate in procuring situations, where my salary was not niggardly; but illness came at length in a most distressing form—paralysis, which, for a time, unfitted me for all exertion, and even now sadly impairs my usefulness. I tried daily teaching in London for a time, being incapable of undertaking all the duties of a resident governess; but I found coach hire too expensive, and walking in all weathers impracticable; so that, as I have already told you, I subsist for the present upon the little I can earn in copying either for lawyers or publishers."

"I must try to do something for you," said her old friend eagerly. "I heard your name quite by accident in a shop, and, on making enquiries, supposed it might be your sister living here, so I came hoping to be of use, and I mean to be, if possible, so do not look upon yourself as utterly destitute any longer. By-the-bye, have you ever applied for relief to the Governess's Institution; you are fairly entitled to a share in the fund set apart for the benefit of such as are in temporary distress?"

"I have never yet received any assistance from a public charity," replied Miss Hill, somewhat proudly, "nor will I till my own exertions are powerless to procure me a subsistence."

Mrs. West was sorry to have wounded the sensitive feelings of the poor governess; but the haughty mood was of brief duration, and all trace of it had subsided, when, remembering that her husband would be expecting her to call for him at his club, Mrs. West rose to take her leave, and with many promises of coming again soon, made the best of her way down the steep, dark staircase, and along the narrow by-street to the carriage, still waiting for her at the corner of a wider thoroughfare.

Poor Lucy Hill had been too accustomed to kind words meaning nothing, and promises unperformed, to depend much upon the prospect of assistance held out to her by her former school-fellow, yet still there was a possibility of some good resulting from the unexpected visit—a hope sufficient to stimulate her in her daily toil, and to soothe her weariness when the day's work was over. Week after week dragged painfully along, however, without bringing any communication from Mrs. West; and the "glorious summer evenings" had given place to autumn's chilly twilight, and hope was fast dying out of the desolate heart, ere that lady again found her way to the cheerless "two-pair back."

"You must have doubted my sincerity, many a time and oft, I am cer-

tain, I see it in your wan untrusting face," she remarked, once more seating herself upon the hard sofa beside Miss Hill. "But I will explain my seeming neglect; in the first place, I was summoned unexpectedly to the country to nurse a sick relative, and could not write as I had not your precise address and had no means of obtaining it; secondly, I would not come till I had consulted and arranged with my husband; but now that I am here it is for a definite purpose, to carry you off with me immediately, so the sooner you pack up your property the better."

Miss Hill's remonstrances were in vain, her energetic friend had arranged everything with the landlady, and would take no denial. MSS. could be completed far better in a comfortable home than in that wretched apartment, and all business that there was to transact could be accomplished quite as well elsewhere as there, and so, before many days, Lucy Hill found herself perfectly established in Mr. West's most agreeably located residence, nominally as governess to his two little girls, but in reality as the friend and companion of his wife.

For a few brief years this easy and happy life continued, and her health, although not altogether restored, was very much benefited by the careful tending and consideration she met with from her kind and liberal patrons. Not only had she the advantage of first-rate medical advice, but the means and opportunity provided her for following out whatever was recommended as likely to benefit her. Mr. West was not one to do good by halves; he was a wealthy man, and disposed to use his wealth liberally and wisely. He had consented to Miss Hill becoming an inmate of his house for a time for his wife's sake, but it was not long before he became personally interested in the friendless and delicate governess, whose trials had been so varied, and whose life formed so sad a contrast to the happy lot which his wife enjoyed. Marion rejoiced to see how Miss Hill's judgment was deferred to, and her opinion asked, in many ways, which showed that her husband regarded her rather as a member of the family than a salaried dependent, and had quite made up her mind to retain her beneath her roof for life, unless a better home should be offered her. But these schemes were doomed to be frustrated. Lucy Hill's halcyon days were of brief duration. The brother, already alluded to as dependent in former years upon her exertions, who through all her trials had been but an additional sorrow to her, draining her scanty purse to minister to his reckless extravagance, became hopelessly imbecile, needing careful nursing, such as his sister alone could give, not having the money to procure a more suitable attendant.

Once having recognised it as her duty to undertake this charge, her friends' remonstrances were of no avail in dissuading her from her purpose; her comparatively luxurious home was abandoned for a small cottage in a quiet country village, to which her brother was removed. At first she tried to support herself by her needle, but the occupation was distasteful, and she did not succeed in making it answer; so, at the suggestion of some who promised to befriend her, she opened a small day-school, dividing her time between her pupils and the invalid, who rarely left his room, but, being perfectly harmless, was often visited by some friendly neighbour when Miss Hill's presence was most needed in the school-room. Mrs. West still assisted her as far as it was in her power to do so; but death, sudden and unexpected, deprived Miss Hill of this staunch and valuable friend within a year after they had parted, and, as the sorrow-stricken family left England soon afterwards, she was altogether deprived of the sympathy and support she had so long enjoyed.

It would be tedious to chronicle the daily trials which were combated, endured, or overcome, by this brave hearted woman, during the years

which she struggled with poverty and privation, eking out but a scanty subsistence by her ceaseless toil; the invalid still lived on, a burden to himself and a constant trial to his unselfish attendant.

We will pass over a few years, till we find her no longer able to carry on her little school, being herself prostrated by a debilitating fever. The neighbours are very kind, for she has gained an entrance into many a heart in that quiet spot; and the doctor, although he looks for no fee, is unremitting in his visits, but how little can his kindness or his drugs avail, to chase the racking thought of debts accumulating upon her with every day's inactivity, and the unsatisfied demands of the querulous invalid, whose mental perception is not acute enough to understand the stern necessity of foregoing comforts which a sister's love has hitherto provided for him, he knows not at what cost. She, who once scorned the idea of depending upon charity, would now be only too grateful for a donation, however trifling; and the clergyman of the district collects a small sum for her immediate need, but his congregation, though benevolent, are neither wealthy nor influential. Then efforts are made to obtain an annuity from the institution mentioned to her long ago by Mrs. West, but, alas! the candidates are numerous, hers is no solitary instance of penury and distress, other cases, equally painful, are more ably advocated, and election after election takes place, leaving her still amongst the unsuccessful—unsuccessful in a struggle for a certain income of £15 per annum!

Her friends would like to secure her a home in the asylum, for she, poor thing, is old enough now in years and trouble to be admitted; but such is not her desire, she cannot leave her brother till death shall part them, and for his sake she prays that she may not be the first taken.

At length, when all other resources have failed, she writes a bare statement of the facts to the sister in Australia, whose path has been so much smoother than hers; but from whom she has never received either assistance or sympathy. A five pound note, and a request not to repeat the application, is the only response.

Seven years go slowly by, and one of the sufferers has entered into rest; but Lucy Hill still lives on; she is very aged and infirm now, for her sight is almost gone, and another stroke of paralysis has crippled her hopelessly, she is still cheerful, patient, and enduring, grateful to the many friends who do what they can to alleviate her sufferings; but, she is still a rejected candidate. Her case has been again brought forward, and more influentially advocated than at first, and she no longer objects to the prospect of a home in the asylum, for she has been for some time an inmate in the family of a benevolent medical man, who can scarcely afford to keep her long as their guest, and other home she has none. She has, however, succeeded in obtaining a regular annuity from the charity which she had so long tried for in vain. And now the election day comes round again, a dull, depressing, foggy November day, and the good doctor's wife is early at the Hanover Square Rooms, in the hope of securing a few more votes at the very last.

She is a bustling, active woman of business, and canvasses eagerly right and left; but not, alas, with the success she deserved. Her friend stands high on the poll, high enough to receive the £10 now awarded to the five next in rotation to two successful candidates; but not high enough to be one of those two. Tears came to her eyes, it would be May before the next election. The long, dreary winter lay before them, an increasing family and increasing infirmities for the aged guest, who had suffered so much during the previous winter, demanding so many comforts which it would be now still more difficult to afford her.

"You were very nearly in, if it had not been for the ten votes I secured

yesterday from my friend Sir John, you would have beaten my candidate," said a jovial, facetious-looking man at her elbow,—“By George, it was a close shave; you are sure to be all right in May tho', you shall have my interest," he added more considerably, on noticing how really pained his neighbour looked as she prepared for her comfortless walk home. “Let me see the particulars on your card. Dear me, a very distressing case indeed; I think I've heard her name before—knew something of her brother—ah, well you may depend on me in May.”

May came at last; the winter had been struggled through, and old Miss Hill had not been deprived of the hospitable shelter of Dr. M's roof—it would only be till May, they would make the best of things till then, when she was sure of becoming an inmate of the Home in Kentishtown. A lovely, genial day it was, when, in company with the gentleman whose interest had really been devoted to Miss Hill, Mrs. M. once more found herself in the election room. She had left her old friend with considerable reluctance, finding her weaker than usual and somewhat agitated, probably from anxiety as to the result of the election. However, there was no cause for apprehension—no fear of disappointment now. She was returned at the head of the poll, her election was secured at last, and with beating heart and bounding step, Mrs. M. hurried home with the good news. Her husband was out; but one of her daughters, who had been sitting all the morning with the old lady, said she was then quietly asleep, so the doctor's wife had to restrain her impatience, and took up her station by the bed-side, to be the first to give her the welcome tidings on her awaking.

The sleeper's face was turned from her, but she was perfectly tranquil, and, bending over, she saw a half smile upon the aged lips. Her dreams were certainly not of failure; so Mrs. M. sat quietly down to watch her; but, ere long, fell into a half slumber herself, from which she was aroused by her husband's hand resting on her shoulder.

“William!” she exclaimed, starting up, “it is all over, she has a home at last, she is successful!”

“Thank God!” was the fervent rejoinder.

Both turned towards the sleeper; their voices had not aroused her, for she was very weary, the husband and wife drew nearer, and bent over her with hushed breath and a strange undefined feeling of expectancy. It was true, she was indeed no longer a rejected Candidate; but the home she had entered into was eternal in the heavens!

Y. S. N.

The Lodge Room.

SOIREE IN HONOUR OF OUR GRAND MASTER.

ON Monday evening, August 8th, the members of the Order, in the Stockport District, held a tea party and soiree in the hall of the Widows' and Orphans' Institute, Wellington Street, for the purpose of celebrating the honour conferred upon the Stockport District by the appointment of Mr. William Hickton to the high office of Grand Master of the Order. The room was very tastefully decorated with flags and banners of different devices, the flag of the Order being in the centre. On the front of the

gallery, the fundamental principles of Odd-Fellowship were inscribed on white banners—Faith, Hope, Charity, Friendship, Love, and Truth.

An efficient company of singers was engaged, who added not a little to the enjoyment of the company by the tasteful manner in which they “discoursed sweet music” during the evening. Mr. Henry Collier presided at the pianoforte.

On the platform were—The Rev. E. D. Jackson, rector of St. Thomas’s Church, Heaton Norris; Henry Coppock, Esq.; Ralph Howard, Esq., president of the Widows’ and Orphans’ Institute; P.P.G.M. Councillor H. Saunby; Mr. Councillor Heginbotham; P.G.M. Schofield, of Bradford; P.G.M. Alexander, of Leeds; P.G.M. Street, of Wirsbworth; G.M. Wm. Hickton, Stockport; D.G.M. Buck, of Birmingham; P.P.G.M. John Gale, of Liverpool; Rev. John Allen, Long Sutton; P.P.G.M. J. Woodcock, Glossop; C.S. Burgess, South London; P.P.G.M. John Harper, Stockport; P.P.G.M. — Webb, of Hyde; Mr. Sykes and Mr. Stanton, of Birkenhead.

In responding to the toast of the evening—the G.M., D.G.M., and C.S. of the Order, proposed by Mr. Councillor Saunby,—Mr. W. Hickton spoke long and feelingly. Stockport, he said, could not boast of its dukes, its lords, or its squires, like some districts, but they could boast of having working men among them who had the honesty to carry out those important principles, “faith, hope, charity, friendship, love, and truth.” He was sure the gentlemen of Stockport would not be ashamed of joining the Odd-Fellows, if they would only become acquainted with the principles that guided them. Their society now extended to every part of the world where civilization had already gone; and he was proud to say that last year they initiated 24,907 persons into the Order. (Applause.) Stockport, although progressing favourably, might not have increased so rapidly as other districts had done of late years, but still he was proud to belong to it, for he believed in no district would they find greater attention paid to those high principles to which he had alluded, than in this.

Various other toasts were proposed and responded to—by P.G.M. Alexander, the Rev. E. D. Jackson, P.G. Schofield, Mr. H. Coppock, Mr. J. Gale, the Rev. J. Allen, Mr. H. Heginbotham, Mr. A. Lomonte, Mr. Ralph Howard, and others. We regret that want of space prevents us giving a full report of this interesting meeting.

INAUGURATION OF AN ODD-FELLOWS’ BURIAL GROUND.

THE ceremony of opening the burial ground of the Pimlico District of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity Friendly Society, took place on Monday, September 5th. The proprietors of the Great Necropolis having presented the district with a plot of freehold land, about three hundred members and friends went down to Woking Cemetery, by special train, in order to take legal possession of the gift, and formally inaugurate the monument, erected to commemorate the event. Among those present on this interesting occasion were Mr. Stiff, G.M. of the Pimlico District; D.G.M. Jones, P.P.G.M. Yates, P.G. Rickards, and Mr. Goodchild, secretary; Mr. Filsell and Mr. Roe of the North London District, P.G.M. Fisher of the South London District, Mr. Walker, D.C.R. of the Ancient Order of Foresters, Mr. G. F. Pardon, and various members of the metropolitan press.

On arriving at the ground the company formed into procession and proceeded to the chapel, where the Rev. R. G. Lemaire delivered a short but impressive discourse from the 133rd Psalm, applying the text, “Behold

how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," to the purpose for which his audience had assembled, and concluding with an appropriate prayer.

The rev. gentleman then proceeded from the chapel, followed by the members, in procession, to the monument erected in the centre of the space assigned to the Pimlico District as a burial-place. On arriving there Mr. Churchill, the secretary of the company, read the deed of assignment, and then handed it over to the trustees. Mr. Stiff, G.P.M. of the Pimlico District, then read, in an impressive manner, an eloquent and appropriate address written for the occasion by Mr. Stuart, the well-known tragedian and Odd-Fellow, who was present during the ceremony.

Dr. Pettigrew then made some appropriate remarks, pointing out the benefits which the establishment of the burial-ground would confer upon the members of the Pimlico District, and more especially on their widows and families, by diminishing the cost of funerals, and thus leaving a portion of the fund set apart for the purpose to be applied to their maintenance, or to help them in commencing some branch of business or industry.

The monument was then unveiled, and the burial-ground was declared to be duly inaugurated. The monument, which is about seven feet in height, is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. It was executed by the sculptors of the company, and represents by allegorical figures the three evangelical virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity; together with the symbol of the Order—Friendship, Love, and Truth. At the base was the following inscription:—"Burial-ground of the Pimlico District of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, inaugurated the 5th of September, anno Domini, 1859. Erected by voluntary subscriptions."

The members and their friends then returned to the railway station, where they partook of refreshments, and afterwards enjoyed themselves in walking over the common, till the railway bell recalled them to the train in which they returned to town. An excellent *dejeuner* was provided by the Necropolis Company for the committee and the members of the press.

LORD ASHLEY A SUBSCRIBING MEMBER.

It having been intimated that Lord Ashley, M.P. for the Borough of Cricklade, intended joining the Widows' Hope Lodge, Swindon, his Lordship was met at the station on Saturday, the 6th of June, by many of the past officers and brothers of the lodge. Lord Ashley, with the officers and brothers in full regalia, proceeded to the lodge house, where his Lordship was duly initiated as a subscribing member. A copy of the rules, handsomely bound, was then presented to him by Past Grand John Gray, with an appropriate address; to which his Lordship responded in eloquent and touching language.—After the closing of the lodge, his Lordship was escorted to the station by the officers and brethren, attended, as before, by the excellent band of the Great Western Railway.

INITIATION OF TWO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

A large and influential meeting of officers and members of various lodges in the North London District took place on the 10th May, at the Marc Antony Lodge, under the presidency of N.G. Pardon, for the purpose of

initiating Mr. Edwin James, M.P. for Marylebone, and Mr. Acton S. Ayrton, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets.

After the initiation and usual lodge business, Prov. G.M. Filsell, in a brief but eloquent speech, proposed, "Health and prosperity to the newly-initiated members."

Mr. Edwin James, in acknowledging the compliment, observed that, but for his attention having being drawn to this great and useful association, he might have passed through life without having added to his knowledge the fact that there existed a society numbering, as he was told, near 300,000 members, whose duty and business it was to aid each other in manfully fighting the battle of life. It was by prudence and forethought alone that the working man was enabled to raise himself in the scale of society, and become an actual power in the land. If working men were true to each other they would find that not only must legislatures accord to them that independence and that legal protection so necessary to the proper working of societies like this; but they would materially assist in the amelioration of the disabilities under which they, as working men, had so long and so patiently laboured. He had listened with admiration and no small surprise to the noble and even pious sentiments expressed in the initiation charge, and he must say that he no longer wondered to find the Manchester Unity was increasing in numbers and importance. He cordially thanked the members of the Marc Antony Lodge for the honour they had done him in making him a member, and esteemed himself happy in being useful in bringing before Parliament the great living truths and philanthropic principles advocated by the society known as the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows.

Mr. A. S. Ayrton expressed himself happy in endorsing all that had been said by his honourable friend the member for Marylebone; but he must say something more. He had the honour of representing the largest and perhaps the most important constituency in the kingdom. Now, however, since he had become an Odd-Fellow he had the additional responsibility of representing in Parliament, with Mr. Edwin James, the members of the metropolitan section of the most important Friendly Society in the world. A new chapter had this night been opened in his experience. He saw before him a great number, many of them young men, whose future could not but be influenced by the lessons of prudence, forethought, and integrity inculcated in every act and deed of this most useful Society. The world was apt to sneer at the assumption of scarfs and other emblems of authority by members of associations like this, but he was assured that so far from the use of regalia having a bad tendency, it gave a gravity and purpose to working men's assemblies which nothing else could so well effect; the red scarf of the Chairman was indeed but as the robe of the Speaker in "another place," or the collar of S.S. and garter of the Peer. It would be his duty and pleasure at all times to attend to the interests of the working man, and he knew no better way of effecting that great object than by making himself thoroughly acquainted with the principles and practice of Odd-Fellowship.

The healths of the District Officers and Visiting Officers and Brothers, together with that of the Chairman, concluded the proceedings of the evening.

[A more full and complete account of the above initiation was among the "lost" MSS. of last quarter.]

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.

Financial statement of the Sick and Funeral Fund of seventy lodges in the North London District, from their last audit in 1857, to their last audit in 1858.

	£	s.	d.
Amount of capital at the audit in 1857	42,718	2	4½
To which add cash received during the year:—			
For admission fees	396	4	7
For contributions	8,142	16	7½
For interest	1,316	2	10
	9,855	4	0½
	52,573	6	5½

EXPENDITURE.

For sick allowances	4,419	0	9½
For funeral levies	1,697	1	3½
Then subtracting expenditure.....	6,116	2	1
Left the total capital at the last audit, in 1858.....	46,457	4	4½
In sixty-four lodges the income exceeded the expenditure by ..	3,803	12	11½
In six lodges the expenditure was more than the income by...	64	11	0
Which shows the net increase of capital to the Sick and Funeral in the year 1858, to be	3,739	1	11½

The returns, of ages, from two lodges being incomplete, are omitted; but the number of members in sixty-nine lodges is 7,047, and the number at each age as follows:—

Age.	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Members.	16	70	119	172	198	223	264	268	263	256	322	295	277	230
Age.	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
Members.	250	234	247	256	253	280	251	220	219	203	233	204	184	140
Age.	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59
Members.	126	141	151	116	87	64	59	37	28	19	18	8	12	9
Age.	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69		—	—	74
Members.	11	2	3	4	...	1	..	1	2	1

We congratulate the lodges in the North London District for giving in their returns the number of members at each age. The *average age* of the members may be very well as a matter of curiosity, or as a measure by which one society may be compared with another. But the Actuary requires the *number of members at each age*, as a solid basis upon which to calculate the present value of an assurance at death, an allowance in sickness, or an annuity.

ANNIVERSARIES, PRESENTATIONS, &c.

ALBY, NORFOLK.—The thirteenth anniversary of the Loyal Lord Suffield Lodge was held on Wednesday, July 27th. The members met at the lodge house at one o'clock, and proceeded, in procession, to church, headed by

Tuddenham's brass band. An excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. H. G. Griffith. They returned in the same order to the Horse Shoes Inn, where an excellent dinner was served up in a spacious booth, which was gaily and appropriately decorated with flags and evergreens. About 110 sat down under the presidency of J. Shepherd, Esq., surgeon; supported by the Rev. H. G. Griffith, P.G.M. Daynes, J. Cook, J. Shepherd, sen., and V. Colman, Esqrs., with Messrs. Richardson, Hicks, Pedgrift, Pratt, Gay, and Burrell. The Rev. G. Griffith, in responding to the toast of "the Clergy," took a general view of Odd-Fellows' societies, and commented upon the great benefits derived therefrom. On the health of the G.M. and Board of Directors being proposed, P.G.M. Daynes, the respected C.S. of the District, responded in a very able speech. Several other toasts having been proposed and responded to, interspersed with some excellent songs, dancing was kept up with great spirit till the company separated.

ATTLEBOROUGH, NUNEATON, WARWICKSHIRE.—The members of the Loyal Howard Lodge met on Sunday evening, 14th Sept., as is their custom every year previous to their anniversary dinner, about 70 walked in procession to church. The service was conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Mackie, of Chilvers Caton, and a most excellent sermon was preached by Bro. Rev. J. R. Quirk. On Wednesday, the 19th inst., 96 of the brethren and friends sat down to an excellent dinner; the chair being occupied by Bro. John Estlin, solicitor, and on one side by the Rev. Dr. Mackie, the Rev. J. R. Quirk, R. B. Nason, surgeon, H. Smith, and John Powers, Esqs. The vice-chairs by P.P.G.M. Charles Lilley and P.G. Henry Clews, supported on each side by past officers. After the usual loyal, patriotic, and complimentary toasts, Mr. W. Taverner, the secretary, said—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I told you at our last anniversary meeting that our funds amounted to £300; now I have the pleasure of informing you that they amount to more than £1300, so that beside paying sick payments and all other charges we have added more than £100 to our stock. I think this will tell for itself the prosperity of the lodge. Our number on the book is 119, and the last eight months we have declined making any more members, upon these grounds: we, who have braved the storm for 16, 17, 18, and 19 years, and paid our £1 ls., or more, at entrance, think there is no reason in initiating others for five shillings or seven and sixpence, who are immediately partners in the said £1300; and now we shall initiate any approved person up to 27 years for £1. ls., and the annual or additional payments according to the 145th General Law, according to age." Several other toasts, interspersed with some good singing, concluded the evening's proceedings.

CHESTERTON.—On Tuesday, July 19th, the members of the Loyal Miners' Lodge celebrated their anniversary. The lodge assembled at eight o'clock A.M., at the Red Lion Inn, when a number of new members, one of whom was L. L. Haslope, Esq., were initiated, the ceremony being performed by P.G.M. Glass, P.G.M. Alcock, C.S. Bowers, and P.G. Bennett. At the conclusion of this business the brethren and a number of friends, altogether about 200, headed by their banner and two bands of music, marched in procession through the village to the residence of Mr. Haslope, by whom they were most kindly received. After making a short stay at this pleasant spot, the party proceeded to church, where divine service was held, prayers being read and an excellent sermon preached by the Rev. W. H. Jackson. At the conclusion of the service the brethren repaired in procession to Apedale Hall, the residence of J. E. Heathcote, Esq., who briefly and appropriately addressed his visitors, congratulating them upon the satisfactory condition of the lodge, and wishing it every success. The party remained on the grounds about half an hour, which

was very agreeably spent, the performances of a party of glee singers and the bands materially adding to their pleasure, after which they adjourned to a tastefully decorated tent, near the Red Lion Inn, where a bountiful and excellent dinner was done ample justice to; P.G. Bennett officiated as chairman, supported by the Rev. W. H. Jackson and L. L. Haslope, Esq., and several officers of the lodge. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were duly honoured, the Rev. W. H. Jackson responding to the "Bishop and Clergy." Other toasts, including "The Order," responded to by Brother Glass, "The Health of Mr. Haslope," responded to by that gentleman, &c., were cordially drunk; after which the guests adjourned to the field adjoining, where a variety of sports were heartily entered into. At six o'clock the members with their friends, numbering altogether about 400, again entered the tent and partook of an excellent tea, kindly provided by Mr. Haslope, the new member. The party then returned to the field, and in a round of gymnastic amusements pleasantly whiled away the evening hours, until "darkness spread its mantle o'er the earth," when they repaired to their homes invigorated in health, and with agreeable remembrances of one of the happiest days of their toiling lives. We are glad to hear that this lodge is in a most prosperous state, its members now numbering 160, and its funds amounting to £900.

DEVIZES—The Loyal Independent and Providential Dolphin Lodges in this town held a festival on Monday, August 29. A large proportion of the members assembled in the morning and formed in procession, in "full regalia." We understand the banners and flags were purchased by voluntary subscription by the members of the two lodges. A very interesting feature in the procession was the number of children carrying little flags. At eleven o'clock, preceded by Messrs. Moulton's excellent brass band from Bradford, they walked to St. James's Church, where divine service was performed, and a very suitable sermon was preached by the Rev. B. C. Dowding, the incumbent, from the words, "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" (Amos iii. 3.) The choir, under the direction of Mr. D. Greenland, the organist, performed the choral service. After service, the procession paraded the town to the merry strains of the band, accompanied by the ringing of the bells of all the churches. Between three and four, at the Rising Sun Inn, a very large company sat down to dinner. So numerous were they that the lodge room, which has been considerably enlarged, was unable to contain them, and many were obliged to dine separately. The party consisted chiefly of the Order, with a few visitors, and was presided over by Brother C. Darby Griffith, Esq., M.P., who appeared to enter very heartily into the proceedings. Brother James Pyke, the D.G.M., occupied the vice-chair. The room was gaily dressed with flowers and evergreens, and the usual mottoes. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Br. Jones, secretary of the Providential Dolphin, gave some particulars of the progress of that lodge, which he said was in a most flourishing state. In 1857, the year of their last procession, it had 154 members, and the income exceeded the expenditure by £96. 2s. 10d. For the year 1858 the income was £274. 0s. 6d., and exceeded the expenditure by £174. 14s. 2d., the number of members being 173. The funds of the lodge now exceeded £1,500, and as it had been in existence about seventeen years, he reckoned the savings at an average of £90 a year. The lodge was started by eight members, and now numbered 189.—Brother G. T. Gregory, secretary of the Loyal Independent, said that their numbers had been increased by 30 during the half year. The books of the Independent Lodge show the following results:—Total capital, £1,133. 5s. 9d.; receipts for the half year ending June 26th, £102. 14s. 10d.; expenses, £72. 9s. 5d.; giving an increase during the half year of £30. 5s. 5d. The number of members at present is 141; giving an increase of 14 since the 31st

of December 1858, after allowing for one death, emigration, seceders, &c.—More toasts followed and concluded the festivities.

EDINBURGH.—On Saturday, the 23rd July, a large party of members and friends left the Waverley Station on a pleasure excursion to Perth and St. Andrews. The weather was cloudy, with drizzling rain at starting; but as the steamer approached Burntisland the sky began to clear, and continued bright throughout the day. At Burntisland, where two trains of railway carriages were awaiting, the large party separated, the greater portion going to Perth, where the excursionists enjoyed themselves in visiting the North and South Inch, the Hill of Kinnoul, and other objects of interest in and around the "Fair City." By the kind permission of Archibald Turnbull, Esq., the beautiful grounds of Bellwood were thrown open to the whole party. The other portion who went to St. Andrews were equally gratified with the kind reception they met with in viewing the many places of historical interest in that ancient city. A number of the excursionists, headed by Dr. John Middleton, P.P. G.M., on reaching Perth, started for Dunkeld, leaving, however, the train at Murthly Station, for the purpose of paying a visit to Murthly Castle and grounds, the property of Sir W. D. Stewart, who, in the most courteous and handsome manner, granted them free access to the splendid walks and scenery around his magnificent mansion. The old castle, with the beautiful chapel and gardens, would of themselves well repay a journey from any part of Her Majesty's dominions. The arrangements of Prov. G.M. William Scott, Prov. C.S. Hugh Cameron, and other members of the committee were most excellent, and reflected great credit on these worthy brethren. After passing a very pleasant day, the excursionists returned home, reaching the Waverley Station, Princess Street, in safety at 10 P.M.

EGHAM, SURREY.—The beautiful and romantic village of Egham was, in August, the scene of gay festivity among the brethren of the Manchester Unity celebrating the nineteenth anniversary of the Lord Portman Lodge, North London District. The train from London containing the brethren and their friends arrived about twelve o'clock, at which time the church bells struck up a merry peal; the members of the Magna Charta Lodge, accompanied by the Egham Band, were in attendance at the station, and gave a hearty welcome to the London party. At half-past twelve o'clock, the procession was formed by P.G. Gardener and P.P.G.M. Phillips, and, led by the band, proceeded through the village in regalia, with handsome banners and flags. At this time the scene presented the most gay and animated appearance; all Egham appeared in a state of excitement. The procession moved onwards until it reached the Catherine Wheel, now kept by P.G. Channing, of the Lord Portman Lodge, at which establishment, shortly after two o'clock, about 80 members and friends sat down to dinner, presided over by P.P.G.M. Wearing, assisted by P.G. Treacher, as vice-chairman; supported by Mr. W. Gardener, jun., and other members of the Magna Charta Lodge, Captain Brown, Mr. Wye, Mr. Braddock, Mr. Thwaites, and Mr. Durrant; Messrs. Funnell, Flint, W. Stone, Harrison, Phillips, R. Adams, Graves, Chettle, Weaver, Newman, Millage, Drayton, Meller, Robinson, and Diprose, and a number of the members of the Windsor and North London Districts. After the usual loyal and complimentary toasts, Mr. Diprose stated that the Lord Portman Lodge comprised about 200 members, and after paying nearly £3,000 they have a capital of £2,000 belonging to the sick and funeral fund; the Lord Portman Lodge was but a humble branch of the Manchester Unity, yet he believed he was right in saying that they had endeavoured to carry out the noble principles of that important and valuable institution—the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows—

consisting of 300,000 members, and possessing a capital of nearly two millions of money. During the last twelve months the lodge had done a vast amount of good in cases which were beyond the jurisdiction of the funds. One, he might mention, where a brother died suddenly, and not being entitled to the benefits of the Widow and Orphan Fund, left his family in a helpless condition; but he was proud to say that, by a little exertion on the part of the members, they realised the sum of £30, thus enabling the family to obtain their own livelihood. Several other toasts having been proposed and duly responded to, the company broke up to enjoy the remaining portion of amusements prepared for them.

LEISTON.—On Wednesday, August 10th, a new lodge was opened at the White Horse Inn by J. Pitcher, Esq., Prov. G.M., Mr. H. Stevens, Prov. D.G.M., and Mr. John Crispin, Prov. C.S., Ipswich District, and other members, under dispensation from the G.M. and Board of Directors. About 22 members were initiated, and Mr. J. Birch, having been appointed N.G. of the lodge, received the dispensation, books, &c. After transacting other lodge business, the members and friends, upwards of 50, partook of a bountiful repast, P.G.M. J. Pitcher occupying the chair. From the enthusiasm which pervaded the meeting, and the number of persons waiting and anxious to join this lodge, it cannot be doubted that a successful and profitable career will attend this branch of our useful and honourable institution.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT AND DISCUSSION SOCIETY.—On Wednesday evening, August 3rd, the first meeting of this recently-formed society was held at the Worsley Lodge-room, on which occasion the Law of Clearance was the subject of discussion. It was introduced by Prov. G.M. Ball, and after an animated debate, in which several members took part, the meeting adjourned to that day fortnight. The object of this society is to render its members more fully conversant with the working of the Order, and of the system of laws to which Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity are subject. Since then the society has progressed in the right direction, and at the present time numbers about 40 members. The meetings are held at the various lodge houses in rotation. The small entrance fee (6d.) will, it is hoped, induce many more of the members of the Order in Lincoln to enrol themselves. Brother the Rev. W. N. Jepson has kindly consented to become president; P.G. Holmes, vice-president; C. S. Gadd, treasurer; and Brother J. H. Perkyns, secretary.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—NAPIER LODGE.—This lodge celebrated its anniversary on Tuesday evening, September 6th, at the Macclesfield Arms, City Road; Prov. G.M. Filsell presided, and V.G. Ratcliffe occupied the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the "Manchester Unity and Board of Directors" was received by the 80 members and friends present with much enthusiasm, and P.G.M. Roe, one of the Directors, responded. In proposing the "North London District" the chairman, as its Grand Master, took occasion to explain its working as the largest branch of the society, and stated its exact financial position, the figures of which will be found in another page. "The Widow and Orphan Fund" was responded to by P.G. Harris, who stated that upwards of £19,000 had been paid for benefits, and that there was now in hand £8,800, and 300 widows and 490 children were receiving the pensions. P.G. Jones, in acknowledging the toast of the Napier Lodge, said it had now 114 members, of the average age of 28 years, and its own capital, carefully saved and kept, of £720. Mr. J. Cornelius, the surgeon, stated the members to be not only youthful but healthy. "The Press" followed, representatives of the *Daily Telegraph*, *Friendly Societies' Journal*, &c., being present, and wa

acknowledged by Mr. G. F. Pardon. "Mr. Notting, the secretary," and other toasts succeeded, and it was late ere the company rose. The musical department was in charge of Mr. T. Howard Harris, who sung an excellent patriotic song of his own composition, called the Watchword of England, published by Williams, of Cheapside. Among the visitors were Prov. G.M. Cook, Great Marlow, and members of the Marc Antony, Lord Portman, Pride of Islington, Duke of Cornwall, and Trafalgar Lodges.

NORWICH.—On Monday evening the 11th July, a presentation was made to Mr. John H. Piggott, P.P. G.M., for the very satisfactory manner in which he had filled the offices of Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master of the Norwich District during the years 1857 and 1858. The presentation took place at the Anchor of Hope Lodge Room, and consisted of a very handsome Silver Goblet, bearing a suitable inscription. After some introductory remarks by Mr. Samuel Clarke, Prov. D.G.M., the presentation was made by Mr. S. Daynes, P.G.M., who bore his willing testimony to the energetic, able, and straightforward manner in which his friend, Mr. Piggott, had discharged the duties of district officer. Mr. Piggott made a suitable reply, expressing his determination to continue his best exertions to forward the interests of the Manchester Unity.

OAKENGATES, WELLINGTON DISTRICT.—The anniversary of the Earl Grandville Lodge was celebrated on Monday, July 25th, when about 70 members and friends dined together at the lodge-house, Mr. Henry Onions's, the Bull's Head Inn. Mr. J. Tarbett, of Oakengates, presided, with Mr. J. P. Shepherd, of Wombbridge, in the vice-chair. The lodge was opened about eighteen months since, and has, under good management, been very successful, it now numbering 56 members.

PRESCOT DISTRICT, LANCASHIRE.—The members of the Earl of Derby Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Monday, August 1st, when about 40 sat down to dinner. The above lodge has been established upwards of 30 years, during which time it has experienced many fluctuations. At one time it numbered more than 150 members; but the unpleasantness that arose in the Order about 12 years since many seceded and left the Order, taking with them the funds and all available property. About 20 remained faithful to the lodge, and, though having no funds, they were determined that the lodge should not pass into obscurity; consequently, the whole matter was laid before the A.M.C., and £20 were granted them; and from that time to the present the utmost harmony has prevailed, the funds have increased to their present state, having now nearly £300. The lodge numbers 70 members, most of whom are young men; whilst the discontented party, both as regards members and funds, has almost passed into oblivion.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Tuesday, August 16th, the members of the Loyal Ruypersley Lodge held their twelfth anniversary at their hall, Bradley Green, and after the usual business had been transacted, proceeded, in procession, headed by the Sandbach brass band, and banners bearing suitable inscriptions, to view the beautiful gardens belonging to James Bateman, Esq., at Biddulph Grange; after which, according to custom, they paid their usual visit to Ruypersley Hall, a visit which is always looked forward to with the greatest pleasure. The members were received with a hearty welcome by R. Heath, Esq., and family. Returning from the hall, they repaired to church, where they listened to an admirable sermon by the Rev. J. Metcalfe, on the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens." They afterwards partook of a substantial dinner. The chair being taken by R. Heath, Esq., the toast of the evening, "Success to the Loyal Ruypersley Lodge of Odd-Fellows," proposed

by the worthy chairman, was most enthusiastically received. P.G. Gaskell responded, and read a statement of the accounts of the society. The present capital of the lodge is upwards of £750, belonging to about 70 members. A very agreeable evening was spent in the spirit of good fellowship, enlivened with songs, and with music by the band.

PRESTON.—On Saturday evening, July 11th, a pleasing event took place in the Travellers' Rest Lodge of the above district, on P.G. Henry Wilkinson and Brother John Welch stating that they had been members of the said lodge for the respective terms of 21 and 23 years, during which time fortune had so smiled upon them that they had never had occasion to require even the slightest assistance from the lodge. Further, that they then were in prosperous circumstances, and, with the assistance of Providence, they hoped never to be in want of such assistance as the lodge gave. The whole period of their membership had been marked with nothing but harmony and good feeling towards each other and the lodge, which, it was hoped, would continue until the determination of their membership by death. P.G. Henry Wilkinson had always promised, that should he ever attain his majority in the lodge, under the circumstances before recorded, he would treat every member present on that occasion. Accordingly, a brimmer of Hostess Wood's best brown ale was ordered, and the evening passed over with mutual good feeling, and the hope that many more members of the lodge and Order should have the same uniform good fortune as P.G. Henry Wilkinson and Brother Welch.

SEATON DELEVAL.—On Saturday evening, August 13th, the members of the Loyal Astley Lodge celebrated their nineteenth anniversary; Mr. John Burlinson in the chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. Thomas Ross, P.G., responding to the "Manchester Unity," gave some very interesting statistics of the Order; but the most pleasing event of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful patent lever watch and chain by the members to Mr. William Darling, who had been a member from the first opening of the lodge, for the meritorious manner he had performed his various duties in the lodge. The chairman made the presentation in a few eloquent words. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Wm. Darling, by the members of the Astley Lodge, M.U., as a token of respect, August, 1859." Mr. Darling was almost overcome by emotion, but he at length said, the lodge was but a frail bark when he first became a member, sailing a long time in a sea of difficulties, but he was now happy to say it was safely moored in the smooth water harbour of prosperity and success. The secretary read the accounts of the past year, showing the society to be in a prosperous condition. Several songs were sung and various speeches made; the conviviality of the evening closed with "Auld lang syne."

ST. IVES, HERTS.—On Wednesday, July 20th, the eighteenth anniversary of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, and the sixth anniversary of the St. Ives District Branch of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity Friendly Society, was celebrated by a public dinner, in a spacious tent erected for the occasion on premises adjoining the Dolphin Inn, St. Ives. William Adams, Esq., one of the surgeons, presided; and upwards of 200 members and friends of the society sat down. On this occasion, a presentation was made to P.Prov. G.M. George Staffurth Clarke, their late treasurer, on his retiring from office on account of ill health. Mr. Ginn said, "I have for the last fifteen years been a careful observer of Mr. Clarke's actions at our lodge meetings, and I am bound to say that my firm belief now is, as it always has been, that he is a thoroughly honest and true Odd-Fellow." An elegant rosewood writing desk was then produced, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to

P.Prov. G.M. George S. Clarke, by the members of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, 2,758, M.U.I.O.F., as a token of esteem, 20th July, 1859." Mr. Clarke returned thanks in some brief but eloquent expressions of gratitude, and resumed his seat amid continued applause. Various appropriate toasts followed, and at an early hour the meeting separated.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The members and friends of the City of London Lodge celebrated their twentieth anniversary at the Old Rye House, Hoddesdon, Herts, on Monday, August 22nd, in connection with the Town of London and Pride of Walworth and Philanthropic Lodges. A special train was provided and a goodly number of Odd-Fellows and others interested in the success of Friendly Societies, proceeded to the spot rendered historical by association with one of the most remarkable events in English history. In the grounds the company enjoyed themselves in cricketing, boating, archery, and dancing, till dinner-time, when an excellent collation was discussed. The profits of the excursion were devoted to the relief fund of the lodge.

SWINDON, WIDOW'S HOPE LODGE.—On Saturday evening, February 12th, at the usual meeting of the members, it was resolved that £5 be presented to P.G. John Gray, as a reward of merit for his constant attention and great services rendered to the lodge. P.G. Gray, in a feeling manner, acknowledged the gift which had been so voluntarily awarded him.

WISBECH, NEPTUNE LODGE.—The twenty-second anniversary of this lodge was celebrated on Tuesday, the 5th of July. The members attended divine service in the church of St. Peter at eleven, a.m.,—the Rev. J. S. Brown, in the absence of the vicar, preaching a very appropriate sermon from Romans xii. 9, "Let love be without dissimulation." At two, p.m., the members and their friends assembled in the New Corn Exchange, where a sumptuous dinner was provided. W. S. Ollard, Esq., occupied the chair, supported on the right by Mr. Balding, C.S. of the District; and on the left by the Rev. J. S. Brown. The vice-chair was filled by P. S. Ship, Prov. D.G.M., supported by officers of the lodge. There were present—S. Burman and W. Groom, Esqrs., surgeons of the lodge; Messrs. Healy and Banham, honorary members; W. P. Bays, Esq., Mr. J. Gardiner, &c. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman proposed "Prosperity to the Loyal Neptune Lodge." He said he was connected with the members not only as a friend, but as an Odd-Fellow; and he felt a great deal of pleasure from the connection. He believed the Order deserved the patronage of men of wealth and influence, and he had become a member with the full determination of aiding it all he could. He was a practical Odd-Fellow, he had filled the highest offices in the lodge, and he hoped to attain to still higher honours by-and-bye. He had had many opportunities of seeing the good which the society had effected; he had seen the declining days of many of the members soothed, and their last hours cheered by the funds they had helped to accumulate. He felt therefore a deep interest in the prosperity of every lodge in the Unity, and more especially in that of the Neptune Lodge, because his own lodge had sprung from it.—The secretary responded at some length. He said the lodge was in a very prosperous condition, both as regarded its members and its funds. During the year 18 subscribing and 2 honorary members had joined the lodge, the Rev. W. B. Hopkins, B.D., being one of the latter. The funds during the same time had increased upwards of £70. Present number of members, 160.—Several other toasts were given and responded to. The Wisbech brass band was in attendance. Mr. James Groom presided at the piano, and Messrs. Shepherd, Smith, Brackenbery, and Groom, contributed greatly to the enjoyment of all present, by their excellent singing.

WISTANSTOW, CHURCH STRETTON DISTRICT.—On Wednesday, July 27th, the members of this district held their triennial meeting, on which interesting occasion presentations were made to the Rev. W. Edson Lumb, M.A., for his valuable services to the district, which consisted of three lodges and about 250 members. The presentations consisted of "Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible," 5 vols., 4to., from the members of the Wistanstow Lodge; and "Bagster's Hexapla: the six principal English versions of the New Testament, in parallel columns, beneath the Greek original text," in one vol., 4to., from the Corvedale Lodge. In presenting the testimonials, Mr. T. Dappa dwelt eloquently on the great services rendered by the reverend gentleman, who had been the means of introducing the blessing of Odd-Fellowship to the village and neighbourhood.

WITHAM, ESSEX.—The members and friends of the Guithavon Lodge celebrated their fourteenth anniversary on Monday, July 11th; A. G. Procter, Esq., in the chair. After doing ample justice to the good things provided, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to with enthusiasm. Mr. S. T. Davies, the secretary, gave a full and interesting account of the present condition of the Unity, and took occasion to speak in highly laudatory terms of the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine*. With regard to his own lodge he observed, that though the past year had not been marked by any very large additions to its numbers, yet he congratulated the members upon that which is of far greater importance, viz., its financial prosperity. The accounts for sickness and funerals, including contributions, fines, interest, &c., during the last fourteen months has been £112. 10s. 10d. Expenses in sickness, £38. 6s.; for funerals, £20. 1s. 6d.; total, £58. 7s. 6d.; giving a clear saving of £54. 3s. 4d.; expended in sick-pay during the 14 years the lodge has been established, £198. 6s.; funds now in hand, £463. 13s. 1½d. During the year, 18 members have received sick pay to the amount, on an average, of £2. 3s. each; and comparing this with the experience of the Unity, there is cause for congratulation in the fact that we have experienced one-fifth less than the average sickness.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The 15th anniversary of the Terra Firma Lodge was celebrated on Tuesday evening, the 19th of July last, at the Railway and Commercial Inn, when about 70 of the members and friends partook of an excellent repast, Mr. Thomas Collins, P.P. G.M., presiding (for the tenth time), as chairman, and Mr. J. Dolman, officiating as vice-chairman. The chairman in proposing "Prosperity to the Terra Firma Lodge," observed that it gave him great pleasure to state that the lodge was now in a very flourishing condition, having increased during the past year not only in numbers but also in the amount of their capital. Mr. Edward Lockett, the secretary, responded, stating that the lodge now numbered 86 members, with a capital of £507. Other toasts followed, the evening's proceedings being enlivened by several excellent songs, accompanied by Mr. Shepherd on the pianoforte.

WORTHING, SUSSEX.—The officers and brethren of the Loyal Victoria Lodge celebrated the 14th anniversary on the 12th of July last, at the Spaniard Hotel, when about 150 members met at ten o'clock and formed a procession, headed by the Brighton town band, and proceeded to Broadwater Green, where booths were erected, when cricket and other amusements were provided. The members returned at six o'clock, calling at the residence of P.G. Wm. Harris, Esq., the lodge surgeon, where the band played, and thence to the lodge room, when about 180 persons sat down to dine. Mr. William Verrall presided, supported by P.G. James Swan and P.G. Harris.

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. XIII.

JANUARY 1st, 1860.

Vol. II.

PAST G.M. GREEVES, OF VICTORIA.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK ADOLPHUS GREEVES, the subject of this notice, became connected with the Manchester Unity by initiation, in 1830, in the Loyal Mount Gilead Lodge, No. 1, of the Nottingham District, to which those eminent members of the Order, P.P.G.M. Tunstall and P.P.G.M. Elsam then belonged.

The Manchester Unity was then a very different association to what it is now. It was a body existing without the sanction of the law; its members were comparatively few; its own laws were crude and undigested; and, what especially attracted the attention of Past G.M. Greeves, its financial condition was both unjust and unsafe;—unsafe, because the law afforded no protection against the waste or embezzlement of its property; unjust, because members of all ages were admitted upon the same terms, and with small regard to health and constitution.

To the precarious condition of the Order, from these causes, he called the attention of the Unity, in his paper published in the Odd-fellows' Magazine for July, 1839, "*On Comparative Payments*;" and we believe that this was the first occasion on which the members had their attention drawn to the necessity for a consideration of this subject. At all events, the matter was taken up immediately by influential members, and those great financial and registrative measures were passed which at once gave to our admirable Institution the stability afforded to its financial position by statistical science, and the security derived from the protection of the law.

With this legacy to the brethren in Europe, and after serving the chief offices of his lodge, the subject of this sketch emigrated to Victoria, in the year 1839. He had not forgotten his old predilections, for, on the 5th of November, 1840, he opened the Loyal Australia Felix Lodge, in connection with the Manchester Unity, under a dispensation from the then existing Sydney District, professing to be a Branch of the Manchester Unity.

The following are the names of the Past Officers and Brothers present at the inauguration of the Order in Victoria:—P.G. Greeves, P.G. Hayes, P.G. Cooper, P.G. Sugden, P.G. Hill, P.G. Sheppard, and Brothers Mazagora and Strode, who advanced five pounds each towards the expenses attendant upon the Opening.

From this nucleus has grown an important Society—now recognised as one of the Institutions of Victoria. It has available funds amounting in the aggregate to £13,600; it has given existence to thirty-two Lodges, five Districts combined, in which are two thousand three hundred and thirty-three Members good on the books.

Although immediate steps were taken to procure a Dispensation from Manchester direct; yet such was, at that time, the difficulty of communication between Manchester (and, indeed, England) and Melbourne, together with the disorder of the Unity's affairs, that this Dispensation, applied for in 1840, was not granted at Manchester until the 12th February, 1845. When it was sent, however, it was not forwarded direct to Melbourne, but to the Odd-fellows' Lodge in Sydney,—just as if a parcel from Melbourne to Manchester were sent to Quebec—and, meanwhile, the Sydney Lodge having resolved to sever its connection with the Manchester Unity, difficulties occurred which prevented the Dispensation being received in Melbourne until the end of the year 1846.

But, notwithstanding this delay, on the 4th of October, 1846, the Dispensation was formally presented to the Loyal Australia Felix Lodge, and from that time till the present, the Order has gone on progressing in a most gratifying manner. Its numbers and financial position will be seen by our quotations from the last returns; and we are justified in saying, that not only as regards the manner in which the Order is worked, its ceremonies observed, and its principles adhered to, will the Order in Victoria bear a favourable comparison with the best districts at home; but, in regard to its social position, it is at least equal to any. These cheering results have not been arrived at without the exercise of great intelligence, perseverance, and well-directed exertion. Every member, at all acquainted with the history of Odd-fellowship in Victoria, will therefore readily award so Past Grand Master Greeves the merit of having assiduously laboured towards the advancement of the Order in every way that his great talents, and his honourable position in society, could be rendered serviceable.

However much Odd-fellowship may have claimed of the time and attention of Past G.M. Greeves, he has meanwhile been most honourably associated with almost every public institution of his adopted land; and whenever Victoria may have her history chronicled, his name will appear, not only as Councillor, Alderman, and Mayor of Melbourne, but also as a distinguished member of the Legislative Assembly.

Past Grand Master Greeves is still in the summer of life, and long may he live to enjoy the competence at which an extensive practice of his profession in earlier days enabled him to arrive.

ODD FELLOWSHIP: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE.

IV.—LECTURES, DEGREES, AND EMBLEMS.

In attending lectures, you tell me you have never felt easy—there appeared such an awful effort to be solemnly decorous, you were tempted to laugh outright; however, you did not, but on each occasion listened attentively, more attentively, you say, than ever you did to anything else before; and you have been somewhat annoyed to hear afterwards a member (who was always there when you were) invariably begin another lecture of his own, addressed to everybody generally, and no one in particular, upon the nature, necessity, and utility, and, at last, as he said, the “absurdity” of the lectures.

As to the solemnity, that is a fault of the officers, not the lectures. Those who have to give them have of course heard them before; and you will generally notice they keep an air of mystery, and insist upon trifles, regarding position in sitting and standing, through which a sort of oppressive silence reigns, and in the minds of those who are not *quite* weighed down, some ludicrous ideas arise about mock gravity. Some few may depart impressed with a conviction they have heard something of the highest importance.

Now it may not perhaps be of much service to express such an opinion, but I think you will agree with me that, if officers were to communicate the lectures in a kindly and familiar manner, in fact, if they breathed more of their *spirit*, treated their hearers as equals, and with frankness explained, as they best could, what in the lectures seems strange or obscure, the meetings would be more attractive, and therefore better attended. I do not mean we should have these things done in the unceremonious way they are occasionally. “Here you are; come and take your turn; we shan’t stop to read lectures. This is the pass word, now don’t forget it. You’ll come with us, we’re going to a visit;” but, as I said before, in such a manner as so show they who deliver them have partaken of their spirit, believe in their utility, and desire that all they have learned shall be known and understood by their fellow-members. There may be officers who cannot accomplish this in the way to please others and satisfy themselves; not that they are unwilling, but because they have not received what is called a decent education. This is the reason why it is well we should discuss these subjects, and offer some remarks, through the Magazine, to our brethren.

Some excellence can be attained, by steady application, if a man comes to a firm determination about it; and, remembering there are few of us perfect, he may forgive himself should he make any little slip in the outset. I do not hesitate to say, that even a “raw countryman” (without offence let me use the phrase) may soon discover, if he thinks at all, that our lectures are necessary and useful, and not quite so absurd as some think. It is plain that the projector thought upon the subject, as a good father would of the training and welfare of his children; and if at home it was thought well to instil the same teachings into the minds of all, and with a proper insight of their public and private rights and duties, incite them to a noble and useful life; so in our lodges it was evidently good that our members, by some universal teaching, should be drilled to be as like each other as possible; indeed, we might compare them to the minute particles of sand in the hour-glass on our emblem, each perfect, but all running together in the great race undertaken by the Unity, on the high road of progress. I put it to you

as a townsman, and a thinker, to answer if the lectures were not exactly what was wanted. You agree they were, but that they might have been of a better character. I grant it, but recollect they were written many years since, at a time when there was not so much cock-crowing as in these days, about the glorious Nineteenth Century, or, it might be said, the galloping age. You find, even now, that the *old* lectures are better liked in the country, and why? Because they are suited to what we may call the universal intelligence. I question very much whether the march of intellect has made such rapid strides as our dandy parlour philosophers preach. The appearance arises from nearly every man setting himself up for a critic in his own peculiar way, or, as they express it in the workshops, he shows himself to be "sharp." Of course you would not like to maintain now (though some steadfastly believe it) that "Adam was the first Odd-fellow," in the sense the generation before us understood it. That belongs to our *past* history. Again, you have heard the old joke about lectures: "Why do Odd-fellows wear aprons?" "Because they are made in Manchester." *That* notion has exploded. The cotton city has no more to do with the Order now than Glasgow, Dublin, or Southampton; but it gave the name to the Unity, and by common consent we have Manchester for our headquarters.

Passing these matters, we insist that the moral and social principles innate in man are the same, in degree, in all time. We said on a former occasion, that these principles impelled us to join in Friendly Society combination, and in our Lodges we endeavour to *practise* all the good we can. In common life we well know how *all*, from the highest to the lowest, have Christian teaching in some commonly accepted form, to keep us up to the mark. It naturally follows that our members also require some provision to keep them up to the mark. Thus, then, when the weaver leaves the loom, the carpenter his bench, the labourer the fields, the miner his toil below, the mariner his ship, the clerk his desk, the manufacturer his counting-house, the minister his pulpit, and the lord the senate-house, all meet on lecture nights, on equal ground, to be reminded of the *theory* of our common practice, the high and lofty principles which actuate us in our union, and, it is to be hoped, to become better and wiser men, if, as you have said, they "listen attentively." You have thought this, and that with the scriptural allusions in the old lectures, and the moral and philosophical disquisitions comprised in the new, we have a very useful library of instruction for our common use. Really there is no reason for calling them secrets, for they are simply plain truths, lying open before all the world, but to the majority of our members, doubtless, new in the shape they are presented. Could we hear of a magistrate exercising his right to have them produced to him, (as, under the Friendly Societies Act, he can do from any legal Society,) we may be certain he would not say they must be laid aside as dangerous secrets, but rather praise them, and advise us to increase our stock. Nay, he would possibly also say they might be in print in the home of every member. Here we should have to suggest to him our objects would not then be achieved; for by stimulating the curiosity of members, we keep them in a state of suspense until they have heard all the lectures, and at the same time we ensure (in their progress upwards) the discharge of the necessary offices and duties in Odd-fellowship. Those who refuse or neglect to take the labours of office do not deserve the honours, and therefore to them the *entire* lectures and degrees remain a sealed book and secret, whilst those who exercise common industry have had them unlocked and explained. I need hardly say to you that the *Lodge* lectures and degrees are open to all, even without taking office. It is a member's own fault if he does not attend, and receive them, within about six months after his initiation, and if he be a

sensible man he will not think his time lost. If beyond the White, the Blue, the Scarlet, and the Gold, he would know more, he applies to the District (when he has served the offices) for the signs and pass-words of Past Secretary, Past V.G., Past N.G., and the Purple Degree, and, it may be hoped, "for his own advantage and the credit of the order," he may also in time be able to claim the distinguishing secret of a P.P.G.M. and P.G.M.

Now, upon this plain statement, do you think we shall ever be able to get our member to "reason" who talks about "absurdity?" Why, he has prejudged our arguments, and we must consider ourselves effectually clinched if he says—"Oh, it's all nonsense—rubbish; it's treating men like children; it may be all very well for clodhoppers, but in these days, for intelligent people in a city, it is almost insulting. The fact is we don't want them, and country folks don't care about them, therefore we can do without them, and we shall do away with them."

We remember it is a saying of great thinkers that a man with little knowledge assumes airs, and jumps at conclusions, of which he is ashamed when he has learnt, and thought, more. Our friend lets his "little knowledge intolerance" peep out—we must try to get him to reason with us—not be angry with him—but if he can't, or won't, feel what we think the truth within us, we must leave him with the remark that "time works wonders," and, perhaps, will in him. He may retort "very little time will swamp the lectures and degrees." It is not "Friendship, Love, and Truth," we may be certain, prompts this remark. We may be pardoned if we reply that the swamping will not be such an easy matter, whilst we have leading patriarchs among us, and steady-going, thoughtful majorities, to oppose a few seemingly discontents. If any one who may don the purple or any other sash, does not choose to do so, he can let it alone. There are few members who think it absolutely necessary to the proper discharge of duty to inconvenience themselves with the broad emblematic band of their position, though we sometimes hear strong jokes about the persistence of certain brothers "carrying out the principles of the order." If they were right, it would follow that, in a procession to church, the broader the sash, and the bigger the apron, a member wears, the more "principles" would he "carry out." Even this subject deserves some consideration, although the "*Times*" sneers very pleasantly upon it. How strange it is the great guns don't sneer at Freemasons with their tools and trappings—the tavern feast—and "tottering steps, and rosy faces all about the streets" (which is quite as true of them as it is concerning Odd-fellows, that is—not true at all). And the horse-hair gentlemen at Westminster, with their ermined blue and scarlet smocks—the train bearers—sword bearers—and other wonderfully sensible accessories; not to speak of the javelin-men, and "Bumbles," at assize time! What boobies indeed must the City Artillery be to wear uniform. And the Rifle Volunteers! Surely there is no special reason why our members should not wear simple distinctive "regalia," and who has any right to interfere with them, seeing that only those who like them pay for them? Besides, these things have proved serviceable in saving the cost of other advertisements, and there seems to be inherent in mankind a deep craving for, and resolve to assume, such decorations; or how shall we account for new model societies fostered by that "aristocracy" which the leading paper says must "show itself worth its salt," following exactly in *our* footsteps.

To explain:—I saw, one evening in November last, a long procession of members of the various benefit clubs of the Sons of Temperance League parading the streets of London, with Bands and Banners, and each wearing an Odd-fellows' sash, as also a sort of naval cap with gold band! "Going to Exeter Hall," they said, at the expense of their patrons! Couldn't they adhere to the principles of cold water without wearing that particular dress?

The truth seems to be that this aristocracy is being lashed into indirect interference with us ; and the general population prejudiced (if it can be) against the Unity, because we have hitherto, for working men, been too successful. But we need not fear. We have borne the brunt of insult from Actuaries, Earls, and other disinterested (?) people, and have yet progressed ; and we shall progress ; not by favour of, but in spite of the "*Times*" and other "Organs." We shall teach those who will hear us, to practise Charity, Truth, Benevolence, Purity, Justice, Gratitude, and Patience, and, if they do so, they will be good "Odd Fellows."

Have you noticed (in the country particularly) how members not only take care of their sashes and aprons, but that the two best pictures in humble homes, are "The Emblems?" You have heard the "youngsters" want to know what they mean, and not at all satisfied with the account Father gives them in his simple way. If we look at that of the "Order" we cannot mistake the Figures—Faith with the Cross ; Hope with the Anchor ; and Charity, tending children—supporting "the Arms," whereon are quartered, in the Christian Cross, the Hour-glass, plainly typifying Time—the Bees, Industry—the Keys, Knowledge—and the Lamb, Innocence: the centre having the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle on a minor shield. The significant Hand and Heart in the Globe, resting on a mural wreath, and circled with Laurel, appropriately surmounts the Arms ; and below are seen the Dove, with Olive-branch, for Peace ; and the Horn of Plenty. Some say the base is allegorical, showing natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, acknowledging submission to Britannia ; but this is not correct ; for the representation is intended of Britain presenting a Dispensation (which you know is for opening a new branch) to America, in presence of the others on the shore, a ship standing off to bear the red warrior to his home, and on either side are the Arms of Manchester and Great Britain, whilst above, the beams of the All-seeing eye of the Great Architect of the Universe compass the whole. This Emblem was first used in 1838, having been resolved upon by the London A.M.C., 1837. The American Dispensation was granted about 1820, and confirmed by the Annual Meeting in 1826.

On the motto, "*Amicitia, Amor, et Veritas*," or Friendship, Love and Truth, we will converse again.

The Quarterly Report for April, 1852, announces the Widows' and Orphans' Emblem to be ready for delivery, and thus describes it : "A sorrowing widow, with her children, is seen flying in terror from a wretched and ghastly figure (the personation of Want), who threatens them from beyond the grave of the lost husband and father. At this crisis, a graceful female form, the benevolent Genius or principle of the "Order," interposes, forbidding the approach of "Want," and protecting the unfortunate family in their distress. Below the group are arranged the Arms of the Order, and those of England and Manchester surrounded by the emblems of Peace and Plenty, Above the design floats a silken flag, inscribed with the designation of the Order, and surmounted by the bow of Hope and Promise." It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add, that the "ruined arch," a prominent feature in the Emblem, is also as fitly expressive of the occasioning circumstances, as the Dove of Peace and the Horn of Plenty are of the means provided to meet them, of course, under the presidency of the benevolent Genius or principle of the Order.

It would be well if greater attention could be secured from the public to the discourses of the clergy with reference to Odd-Fellows ; and it is pleasing to refer to one of great excellence by the Rev. W. N. St. Leger, preached in the church of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich. He took for his text the words : "Love as brethren," as "a suitable theme for a Christian teacher to amplify and enforce," and thus addressed the Brothers :—

"Disclaiming the thought and the language of compliment, as alike forbidden by the stern truth which commands in this holy place—with honest feeling I welcome your Society, as a present and affecting proof that brotherly love has united those (who separately are unequal to the duty) to assist the distressed, to comfort the afflicted, and in the hour of trial and sorrow to bear one another's burden. I am not anxious to criticise the title by which you choose to designate your benevolent institution—it were captious to do so—the thoughtless and uncharitable dwell most upon its peculiarity. Enough for me to know that your works are good, though done under a singular and unattractive name; well would it be for societies of more distinguished and pretending titles, if they could allege for their formation the honest, manly benevolence which has called into existence your valuable Order. In your title however, fanciful though it be, I can recognize a merited sarcasm on the heartlessness of a selfish and unfeeling world. To visit the sick, and to speak a few words of cold advice, is not perhaps uncommon; there are many—shall I say too many—who presume to do so. To give a little paltry relief, the cost of which is never felt, and cannot therefore be called a sacrifice, is not uncommon. Would that there were not so many who delude themselves into the idea that they are charitable by such mean practices! But to provide for the sick man's wants through the long and wearisome hours of illness—to protect the sick man's family, and to do this liberally and respectfully, is a very uncommon act. The man who does so may truly be called a singular character; the society which does so may aptly be designated a singular or odd fraternity; and the members who compose that benevolent "Union" may be styled, alas! too truly, the "Fellows" or associates of an "Odd" or uncommon Order. "Union is strength"—your Union, composed as it is of persons who are able and willing to provide for themselves and families by honest industry, but who cannot expect to do more, and who are certainly unable singly to afford any permanent relief to a distressed brother—your Union, I say, so constituted, and happily free from all political rancour and sectarian acerbity, applies its resources to a liberal provision for the sick—to decent burial of the dead—and, when available, to the support of the widow and her orphans. These are great designs, my brethren, and here let me say, with a tribute of respect to members of your Order far from this place, that in earlier and happier times I have seen those plans honestly fulfilled: your objects are generous and noble—they address the holiest sympathies of our nature, and we humbly trust are acceptable in the sight of God. There is a prayer that pierceth the clouds—it is the widow's prayer—there are tears which angels weep to look upon—the tears of the lonely orphan, and these call down the blessing of heaven upon the friends of their affliction—the consolers of their grief."

Another worthy pastor, in Guernsey, the Rev. C. P. Carey, preached to the members there, in St. John's Church, on the occasion of celebrating the restoration of peace with Russia. The text chosen was "On earth peace, good will towards men." How he has studied and appreciates the Order, let two extracts from his Sermon prove:

"Peace and good will are again proclaimed, and you have met to celebrate the happy event. You are men of peace! For even when in the earlier part of this day you wore an uniform (that of the Guernsey Royal Militia) different from that in which you now appear, that very uniform, and those arms which you then carried—whilst they showed that you were ready to defend yourselves, your homes, and your country, if need be, at the price of your blood—are in one sense indeed, the badges of war, but in a truer sense the real securities of peace—of peace and good will towards men.

"But you appear before me now, not as soldiers, but as members—or

rather, I would say, as brothers—of a Society which I may call emphatically a *PEACE SOCIETY*. The banners you have borne in procession have not been unfurled to lead you into the battle-field; the emblems that you have carried are the emblems, not of strife, but of peace; the decorations that you wear are not the rewards of bloodshed. You are leagued—but not for the purpose of faction, not for the subversion of society—but, as *hand joins in hand*, to hold up a brother in distress. Your unity is not the unity that may be found to exist even in evil,—it is the unity of friendship. Your own motto—“Friendship, Love, Truth,”—pledges you to my text, “On earth peace, good will towards men.”

“God’s good will towards us is intended, and is eminently calculated, not only to draw us towards Him, but also to draw us towards one another—to teach *us* the great lesson of good will towards our fellow-man. And need you to ask me what this good will towards man implies? No! I have but to point you to your own motto—the motto that stands emblazoned on the banners of your Society—“*Amicitia, Amor, Veritas*,”—“*Friendship, Love, Truth*.” These are the very forms in which God’s good will towards man is developed. *Friendship*: “God,” says the Apostle, “hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation, to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.” *Love*: “God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten son.” *Truth*: “What is truth?” asked Pilate. Jesus is himself, in His own person, *The Truth*, and in him “all the promises of God are yea and amen.” It is in the carrying out of these virtues that you will yourselves best fulfil your duty of good will towards man. *Friendship and Love*—the *hand* and the *heart*, as the crest that surmounts your shield instructs you—the *open hand*, not simply of cheerful bounty, but of *Truth*, of plain honest dealing—friendship sincere, love without dissimulation—and all under *that eye* which, in your emblematic devices, is depicted as all-seeing.

“I conceive that your Society—if, at least, I do not misinterpret its emblems, and its heraldic devices, and its laws—pledges you individually to much. It pledges you each one to *personal religion*; for without this you cannot cultivate the virtues of Friendship, Love, and Truth. You must first feel in your own souls that God is your truest Friend; that He loves you; that He is your fast and faithful God, before you can entertain these same feelings towards your fellow-creatures. You must first be at peace with Him, and have made experience of His good will towards you, before you can really make it your endeavour, as much as lieth in you, to live peaceably with all men, and to bear ill will towards none, but good will to all. Others of your emblazoned devices remind you, by the *sand running in the hour-glass of time*, of the value of time, of opportunity whilst you have it, the value of each passing moment; and by the *keys*, that you must unlock to others whatever treasures of knowledge and wisdom you may have discovered for yourselves. They point you to *the bee*, that you may learn to be “not slothful in business;” and withal they direct your attention to “*the Lamb*, slain from the foundation of the world.” Religion, therefore, pure and undefiled, is the very basis of your Unity. It is because your unity and fellowship rest upon this foundation, that you are strong; and it is in the maintenance of these principles that you may hope to go forward and prosper.

“Go forward, then, and prosper,—I would now say to you in closing, and with heartfelt acknowledgement for the spontaneous offering you are about to make to the schools of this District—Go forward and prosper! Fulfil your mission on the earth, as a society of peace and of good will towards men. Already you have extended your branches in every part of the world. You are in America and in Asia, in Africa and Australia. Spread yet, North

and South, and East and West. Plant your *rose* and your *laurel* in every land. Go wherever you may meet a fellow man; extend to him the hand of brotherhood and of fellowship; tell him that you are his friend, and that you ask his friendship. Let your banners be unfurled in the train of the Gospel of Peace. Dry up the widow's tears—help forward the orphan. Go with your laws and rebuke vice where you find it. Tell statesmen who would rob you of your Sabbath, that *your* laws honour it as God's law. Openly proclaim your principles—exhibit them in your lives—and may God prosper you!"

Poems for Recitation.

II.—THE EXECUTION, AND HOW IT EDIFIED THE BEHOLDERS.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

HE staggered on upon the drop—oh, who that saw his look
Can forget it, as his place beneath the gallows first he took—
Can forget the deadly shivering that shook him when his eye
First rested on the heaving crowd agape to see him die,
On the mass of upturned faces that had waited hours below,
And cursed the sluggish jail clock whose minutes crept so slow,
Though brutal jokes and laughter were bandied fast about
To serve to pass the time away until he was brought out;
Yet spite of slang and merriment and choice St. Giles's wit,
Of guesses how the dead man's clothes the hangman's form would fit—
Though through the crowd from time to time the roar of laughter ran,
As puns upon the dangling rope were tossed from man to man,—
Though still fresh source of pleasure high for ever new was found
In the murderer's words and doings that from mouth to mouth went round,
And still with offered bets and oaths his best admirers stuck
To their calm reliance on him that he'd die with honor—pluck—
Though now and then some minutes yet more jollily were spent
In laughing down some milksop fool who hoped he would repent—
Though Turpin's rides and Sheppard's feats, rehearsed with pride and glee,
Taught young aspirers to their fame how great they yet might be—
Though now a pocket picked—a row—a woman's fight, or so,
Served to keep the crowd in humour, still the time was cursed as slow,
And when before their straining eyes the doomed man staggered there,
With shouts and yells of gladness they tore the shuddering air;
A thousand tongues took up the roar—a thousand rolled it wide—
Ten times it sank and rose again, flung back from side to side;
Then silence fell upon the crowd—a hush as of the dead,
You might hear the platform creaking beneath the hangman's tread—
You might hear the paper rustle where the painter's hand would try
To seize a fine convulsion—a striking agony—
You might catch the poet's mutter of his rhymes in murmurs faint
As he strove in taking measure the wretch's fear to paint—

Of one reporter's pencil a scratch you might not lose
 As smiling he his tablets gave a crown's-worth good of news;
 Still on the glaring multitude unbroken stillness lay
 Till with a shriek for mercy the felon tried to pray,
 Then sudden from the soundless crowd burst up a scoffing yell,
 Their scorn of this, his utter lack of manly pluck to tell,
 Nor ceased it when the quivering wretch first felt the hangman's touch
 And swooned from out his agony, for nature's strength too much,
 But fiercer rose the mingling roar of curse and yell bestowed
 Upon the craven dastard who so poor a spirit showed,
 And gin-shop pals and jail-birds who had looked with pleasant pride
 To see how to the very last the law he still defied—
 Who'd boasted how with bow polite the cheering crowd he'd greet,
 And how his friend, the hangman, with jeer and jest he'd meet—
 That high in gallows' annals would live his honored name,
 A spur to all who'd tread his steps, like him, to finish—game;
 Now damning deep his agony and blasting his despair,
 The fiercest yelled—the thickest filled with howls the reeling air;
 Nor many a curse and many an oath, to roar were hundreds slow
 'Gainst him whose chickenheartedness stole from them half the show—
 Ay, hundreds swore 'twas cursed hard that out of half the fun,
 They'd waited there five hours for, at last they should be done;
 And women who'd for windows paid, were sure 'twas never right
 They should turn the man off fainting, and spoil their paid-for sight;
 But through the ghastly hell of sound—of curse, and howl, and yell,
 The hangman lifts the senseless wretch from where he fainting fell,
 And down the clammy forehead—and down the ashen face,
 The cap is drawn, the tightened noose is settled in its place;
 Now God have mercy upon him upon whom men have none!
 A swinging form—a quivering corpse—a stillness—all is done.
 A minute more, the sunshine is merry once again
 With the buzz of talk and laughing of those who still remain—
 With the settling by noisy knots of idlers through the street,
 Of which shall be the gin-shop to finish off the treat;
 Some, deep in plans of crimes to do, are lounging off to find
 Fresh gallows' food, to virtue, to awe the public mind,
 And lovers of the good old times and gibbet, walk off loud
 In praises of the moral good the hanging's done the crowd.

MY "FLIGHT INTO EGYPT."

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

WHICH was not literally so, but after a fashion, as you shall hear; and being Christmas-tide, when most are indifferent gossips or good listeners, I "shake hands with you from across a vast sea," and tell my story for your edification.

At the ripe age of five-and-twenty, I was six-foot high, the best swordsman in the Guards—could back a horse like a Centaur, clear an Irish fence without winking, was a handsome, dressy dandy, but *thought* by a great many people to be a little *soft* about the region of the head—at five-and-twenty I found myself

one morning a genteel beggar: swindled, cheated, and tricked out of such remains of a handsome fortune as my extravagancies had left me. On this memorable morning I awoke to look my condition of utter, and so far irremediable, ruin in the face, and to cast about for a way to "pull through it." I *did* see a way dimly; but it was one which you, my philosophic friend, might well have winced at. I saw it, nevertheless—rose, breakfasted like a giant, and was for once thoroughly pleased with myself when I ascertained I had determined to follow out my new-found way at any cost.

A few preliminary words by way of *exordium*, and then I shall endeavour to proceed right on with my narrative. It interests me, at all events, to relate it. I think you will find something in it valuable in the way of a hint.

I was of good family—the "Conyers's" could boast of "blood," title, and descent; and as a younger brother I inherited a very handsome portion after my father's death, which added to my commission in the "Guards," was sufficient—as my prudent brother informed me—to support me handsomely. My means would aid—said this cautious scion and representative of our family rank and interests—in my way to name and position, and much more to the same purpose; a piece of gratuitous information I accepted with so much indifference that an old estrangement between me and those at home only broadened the more, and I was given to understand that I might henceforth consider myself in every way disowned. My brother, my sisters, and even my mother—she belonged to the "Mountufts" family, and looked for a brilliant future for her splendid daughters—(my sisters were certainly "fine" women, and I am supposed like them—and a high diplomatic career for my brother Percy)—even *she* joined in the ban against the scapegrace—as a relative having an unctuous post in the Church designated me; and from that moment—for I am obstinately amenable to reason—I felt I had no home, no friends, nor family more; and I surrendered the tie for ever.

Yet stay, let me be just: I had some friends, some few, fast, trusting, loyal friends, who did not quite desert me!

There was the Hon. Mr. Palester, a small, pink gentleman, with a very large, handsome, showy wife, very much interested in Government matters, and who stuck to the party of Lord Woodyates—an easy-going, good fellow, with whom I had been on very friendly college terms—until it (his "party") got out of place. There was Jack Phypers (nephew of Mrs. Palester) whom I backed and befriended through incredible difficulties, for reasons you will presently know. Jack Phypers turned out a scamp, a mere rogue, and absquatulated one fine day, having let me in to the tune of a cool five thousand in bills—real and forged, which I took up for him, and which in effect "brought me up," as the sailors say, "with a round turn"—and finished my career in the circle of "rank and fashion."

There was Dora Palester—and my secret is out. There was Dora Palester—with whom I had flirted and fallen madly in love, for whose sake I endured the wheedling and manœuvring she-dragon of a mother, the mean *tracasseries* of her father, (besides having pardoned the rascally conduct of her cousin Jack,) wondering how such a pair could by any caprice of Nature have become the parents of such a beautiful, warm-hearted, and fine-spirited girl as Dora was. These were, with a few others of less note, my *friends*. I found, however, when my tribulation came, Dora only who could sympathize with and pity me. I could bear *her* pity, it was so sisterly—so *very like*, or perhaps so *very unlike*, my sisters' pity (!) I respected her pure, noble nature; but I did not confess the passion that was throbbing deep and stormily within my heart of hearts for her. I suppose the hour was not yet come.

Now to the morning and the momentous day in question. Having decided and breakfasted, I went forth, and placed my horses for immediate sale at

Tattersall's. They were sure to fetch a good price, and did. I next arranged for the sale of my commission, and immediate retirement from the service. My jewellery, and *bijouterie*, my furniture, pictures, articles of *Verté*, &c., were sternly consigned into competent—let me also add—into honest men's hands to realize upon; and I found no reason to complain of delay, or of deterioration in value.

In a week all my preliminary work was over, and I had, after paying every fraction of my debts, at the sacrifice of every contingent remainder, a sufficient surplus left for the purpose I had in view. My fashionable friends expressed surprise at my leaving the Guards, giving up my club, getting rid of my cab, and all the rest of it. I heard that many plans were purposed in a problematic manner for my hereafter—a diplomatic mission, said one—the discovery of the source of the Niger, hazarded another—a commission in the Spanish Service, suggested a third—even a prospective judgeship (!) at Calcutta, and many more. They were all wide of the mark.

I had done most of my leave-taking without any fuss, yet I had one call to make, and I made it. I had not been to the Hon. Mr. Palester's for some time. My welcome there had not been so warm as heretofore, chiefly on account of Mr. Jack Phypers' levitating and leaving a mal-odorous name behind him, which Mr. Palester argued was really owing to *me*—Jack having been induced to sign bills which I paid (his version of my temptation); and chiefly because I knew the rumours rife about me, had rendered me far less "eligible" than formerly; but I had seen Dora in the park on one or two recent occasions, when the dear girl's smile and greeting were as warm as ever. I called this time, therefore, to bid her farewell, and bear it all with a smiling face to the last. I do not tell you what I was sacrificing in carrying out my design, for I had a vast ambition, allied to much latent capacity. It is due to myself to say this; but I had been hit somewhat hard, heaven help me, and I bore the smart with the air of one who had grown suddenly *old* in the world, and valued it at its true worth. The figure, as you may guess, was not very high—*mais en revanche*, I knew, too, what a fine heart and unselfish nature Dora possessed, in spite of all endeavours to sophisticate both, and for her sake I tacitly forgave much of the positive wrong that had been done me.

She was seated at the piano when I was ushered into a splendid drawing-room of a stately mansion in Park Lane, and under her touch the wild and passionate melodies of "Sonnambula" were rising into life, as she sang with all the force of feeling some of the rich and choice *arias* of that most melodious of love-operas. I caused no little confusion by my *mal-à-propos* appearance, I can tell you. Lord Woodyates hung over her by the piano. The Hon. Mr. Palester was holding an important M.P. by the button, and planning out a new Cabinet and campaign. The Hon. Mrs. Palester, grand as a "turban'd Turk," had a knot of lady notables about her; and Dora—my little queen—was alone the object of my ardent gaze—the happier to meet her happy smile as she at once rose, turned away from Lord Woodyates with a frank word of apology, advanced, and gave me her hand. Fancy her parents' dismay!

She was so young, so vermeil lips and cheeks, so blossoming and beautiful; with a promise of that perfection one might surrender to an ideal created by Pygmalion! Hers was a *reality*. Dora illustrated in her grand quietude and self-possession an innocence and a repose that ever charmed me by its placid and ingenuous simplicity. Her beauty was like a spell, and the intoxication I underwent for the moment—the moment I was going to bid her good-bye, and surrender all to my servile-self-imposed "bondage" for ever—made my senses reel and dance.

My "flight into Egypt" received a momentary check, and my purpose a paralysis, when I gazed upon her—her perfect English loveliness held me for a

moment breathless with admiration, till her father broke the startled stillness caused by my announcement.

"Why, good gracious!" exclaimed the Hon. Mr. Palester; "is it *you*?" and he looked both suave and annoyed with a glance at the Hon. Mrs. P., as to the course to pursue.

"I am only come to bid you good-bye," I said, quietly enough.

"I thought you had done that—" he began.

"And to ask after Mr. Jack Phypers. I should so like to see him," I broke in, a little cynically.

"My dear Mr. Conyers," interposed Mrs. Palester, smiling; "and we haven't seen you for an age."

"I only add, to say good-bye to Miss Palester. May we —?" And, giving her my arm, we walked away together into the conservatory leading out of the room;—did all this with a coolness that astonished even myself, who had taken what *was* ruin to a patrician (I was so, let me add) easily, and with a creditable *nonchalance* enough.

"Dora, I am going away to-morrow, many a thousand miles," I said, bending down to her pretty ear, "Shall I ever see your sweet face again, I wonder?"

She started, and her cheeks paled slightly. "Are you?" she said. "I had some such idea. Has it, Philip—has it indeed come to this?" I saw that she suppressed a pang; while my name, so spoken, and by those lips, thrilled through my whole being.

"Of all I know, it is you only, Dora, I shall miss," I replied.

"And this has been the work of my cousin—of Jack Phypers—the model of prudence, who turned out such a scamp." An angry light was in her eyes.

"With a stake such as I have to play for, to win or to lose," I remarked, "that large larceny troubles me little. Do you think I mourn no greater loss than that?"

"Is your loss so great, Philip, when you take my heart with you?"

She looked up in my face with a fond, confiding smile. She placed her hand on my shoulder, as though that were the appropriate and rightful support of the white, fairy fingers, of the trembling girlish frame. I looked at her, speechless with the shock of a knowledge I had not for the moment dreamed of.

"Oh, Dora! my darling! my love! this is the hardest blow—the bitterest pang of all. Have I been all this time blind, deaf, senseless? Child, you have shaken my manhood more than all the rough worldly shocks I have so suddenly and so recently experienced."

"Is my love so great a burthen to you, Philip?"

"Dora! for God's sake, peace!" I cried.

She smiled; a proud confidence was on her lip, the love-light in her eyes. Those lambent phares lighted my way over many a thousand miles of heaving, ever-moving ocean; through calm and tempest; through the tropic day and the Antarctic night. My eyes filled with tears; I was blinded; weak as a reed. I leaned my head on her shoulder, and wept.

"Are you sorry for my confession, or sad to part from me?" she asked.

"To part from you, oh, my love. But your words only shew me the gulph that lies between us."

"Hope shall bridge it over," she said—oh, so quietly.

"I have none that reaches to my aim," I replied, with a sad feeling of the truth. "Think you, Dora, that your parents can resist the suit of Lord Woodyates for your hand? and, not to lessen him by the mean jealousies of rivalry, he is every way worthy of you."

"It is Elvino who sings 'All is lost now,' is it not?" said Dora, with the mournfullest look possible, "and here comes my father to forbid our troth.

Heaven bless and guard you, Philip, and if it must be so—why then, indeed, farewell—adieu!" I kissed her for the last time; and after a laconic leave-taking of the rest, was departing.

"Where the deuce do you go to, Conyers?" asked the good natured Lord Woodyates, who, whatever might have been his suspicion, had no atom of jealousy in his really manly composition.

"To New Zealand," I replied, as placidly as if I had said to Richmond or to Blackwall.

There was a general exclamation. The magnificent Mrs. Palester held up her hands, but the information seemed satisfactory enough, for she congratulated me on the step I was taking.

"To New Zealand! Good gracious!" exclaimed the Hon. Mr. Palester, in feeble astonishment. He collapsed and became limp at once.

"Plenty of sport there, I hear," said his Lordship. "Well, Conyers, my dear fellow, I wish you every success. *Bon voyage*, and a speedy return," shaking hands with me.

And so I took my first leave of "England, home, and beauty."

I had already invested the half of my small capital in various purchases of stock, implements, and such agricultural implements as I deemed requisite—a supply of strong mechanical tools, fire-arms, ammunition, and other adjuncts, forming important items in my list of necessities. I landed safely in New Zealand, accompanied by half-a-dozen strapping English agriculturists and handicraftsmen, most of them married and having families, so that we had the nucleus of a small colony at hand. I had a couple of ploughs, some sets of wheels whereto to adapt our home-made waggons, and I also managed, at considerable cost, however, to procure a few cows, oxen, sheep, horses, and other requisites of a pastoral and patriarchal life. The interests of my associates were, to some extent, bound up with mine. They were personally well known to me, and so far we were friends in the most literal form of the word.

Some time was spent in selecting our location, but this at last was decided upon. The land was chosen, measured, and portioned out. I had the run of hundreds of acres of commanding hill, forest, and fine meadow land, and our future home lay nestling in the bosom of a green sheltering hill, with a primitive forest on one hand, swelling mountain ridges on the other, running waters at our feet, and beyond all, over some twenty miles of sweet and sloping verdure, the sea itself formed the boundary of my domain. The purchase-money was paid, all properly assigned to me and mine, and we began at once to fell trees in my forest, to build us huge and rambling log-huts, something after the style of that royal timber village of Atilla, which Gibbon so picturesquely describes. We fished in our own waters, shot game in our own woods. We began to plough our own land; to sow, and soon after to reap and mow, and to taste, in all the inexpressible luxury of enjoyment, the privileges of our industrious, healthful, and independent way of life, where a taxpayer was unknown, and where the "dun" never came to the door. I was in "Egypt," and found it very comfortable every way.

Words are utterly inadequate to tell my readers the luxury, the gladness, the vast redundant and gigantic vitality that was experienced in thus pursuing the routine of our daily toil. The morning breezes fanned our brows, and fresh airs, laden with the fine aroma of the sea, filled our lungs, and sent the ruddy arterial blood, with vigorous bounds, through every portion of the body, expanding our frames into giant proportions. I was up with the golden dawn, and away on horseback, scouring hill and plain, among my people, and seeing that the work was progressing for the day. I had no time to be idle and pine for the lost past. I throve amain. My sheep multiplied; I had "cattle

on a thousand hills ;" my harvests were bounteous. The wool of my flocks was borne in buoyant "argosies" to the great ports of England, and I was fast growing a capitalist, "Monarch of all I surveyed"—yet, yet I turned many a backward glance after the sweet face of Dora, and pondered often, in silent, yearning pain, whether her heart was mine still—whether she could, in womanly honour, think tenderly yet of me; for time, and tide, and circumstance had divided us—yes, oh, yes, for ever—so the voice of my soul said; so the stern echo of every probability whispered. When, in the Sabbath stillness of the evening, and the labours of the day were over, I watched the herdsmen in the glade—sturdy youth and budding maiden—saw the husband and the wife walking forth together in the tranquil air—listened to the prattle and the merry laughter of the children—my heart would beat the more quickly, thinking of what *might* have been, but which was not to be; thinking that, blessed as I was by a bountiful providence, I had no one to share my lot, to rejoice with me, to be the partaker of what joy or what sorrow might yet be in store for me, to gratulate with me on my success, or sympathize with me in my reverses—which latter indeed seemed improbable enough. It was like amassing wealth without a purpose; a selfish triumph over the evil frowns of fortune, where the full sense of enjoyment and the appreciation of my increase were wanting. I was too much alone, and my distempered thoughts were becoming morbid. Little by little, as time wore on, my hopes were dying away; my yearning cooled; time, I dreaded, at intervals of thought, was doing that dreary service for me which we comprehend under the term "oblivion." I recollect to have felt a shuddering dread creep over me, when I found I was forgetting what was yet dearest to my heart to cherish and remember. To forget *her* voice, her smile, her words, her look of love! Oh, never! Worldling and trifler as I had been—now battling manfully with fate, and a conqueror over the stern and palpable obstacles of life—*her* name I prayed might be the last on my lips, her memory ever fresh, green, and rejuvenescent before my mind's eye.

Meanwhile I had written to one or two I yet felt some lingering old feeling for in England. I honestly put before them the vast material opportunities offered in this virgin land for retrieving a falling fortune. I wanted society, perhaps, more suited to my cultivated tastes, though I was well stocked with books and other associations of intellectual refinement, for the mess-room and the billiard-table had not so utterly occupied me as to make me neglect what I had once mastered with some difficulty, and so I urged and invited some few I wished near at hand, to come. Having broken through the trammels of conventionalism, our first half-savage life was now taking a civilizing tinge, out of the very exuberance and redundancy around us. Nature had become indeed our nursing mother, and there I first grew acquainted with her sublime and solemn face.

I had written to Dora. I could do little less; for let her have taken what step her politic parents wished her, so much was due to her for the interest she had exhibited in my welfare. I wished her to know that I was successful, even happy; and I did not touch on that tender chord, which, if still full of melody, might yet have some sad and sorrowful minors infused into and pervading it. Contentment and health; affluence in exchange for what had at first given but doubtful promise; a wilderness converted into an Eden, were really something to boast about. But where was the Eve to crown my felicity, to give me my reward?

And yet it came at last. The blessing we least expect—how gracious and benign is its aspect! Even when I had surrendered the last fragment of a vague and forlorn hope—and this alone was the first and only time in which I admitted into my lexicon the word "impossible"—even then came the angelia

messenger to my porch. A gallant ship sailed across the sea, and bore my treasure to my arms. And looking now, as I look, thousands of miles away in our new home, on the blooming wife of my bosom, and the fair mother of my fine, handsome lads, and girls, each one so like to her, I can scarcely credit the reality of the thing—it seems too much to have realized.

Yes, one night, when all the stars were out, and the odorous winds were sighing their low moanings about my roof, wafting me, with their immemorial voices, back to the lights, and the drawing-room, and the English home of Dora, there came the summons at my door. To hasten to the porch of my timber-rafterd palace—to find, half-swooning over my threshold, something half in collapse, with a white face, and in it an awful trouble, blended with hope, and trust, and love—to recognize, with a loud cry, that this face was the face of Dora—that it was *she* who summoned me—oh, what a revealing splendour was that then opened to my inmost soul, and how my heart throbbd and beat with pride and rapture, with tenderest pity, with a deep, reverent love!

She knew me—the bearded, stalwart man, in his wild, uncivilized habiliments—she knew me in a moment. She said:—

“Philip—Philip Conyers—it is I—Dora. You—you know me? I am come to you for shelter, for a home. I have left mine; they forced me to fly. I trusted in you—will you—will you”——

She could say no more. She was in my arms—on my breast; but, despite her tears, a pale smile lit up her wan but exquisite face.

“Come to my heart, Dora,” I said. “Live within it for ever, as thou hast been enshrined in it hitherto. My love! my dove! my darling! My wife, if it please heaven, ere another sunset pass, welcome! This is thy home, and over all that is here thou shalt be queen and ruler!”

This was grandiloquent, no doubt. What matter, if it was sincere. If—who for a moment questioned it? We were married. My “flight to Egypt,” you see, did not turn out so hopeless a matter after all, as my friends prognosticated. I am in captivity still, and like my bondage very much. We have been to England once since. We were “pardoned” by the dismayed folk of May-Fair. I shook my brother by the hand; took his stately congratulations in good part; made my sisters each a present of a diamond bracelet; returned in my own schooner, the “Dora,” to New Zealand—she sails from Auckland to—but come over and you’ll know more about us. Meanwhile, as my story is ended, as I have told you all about my “flight into Egypt,” I drink a health to all in the old country, and wish them a “Merry Christmas and a Happy new year.”

“PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT AND IT WILL SOON BE DONE.”

“PUT your heart into it, Biddy, and it will soon be done.”

I was on one side of the sweet-briar hedge, “Biddy” on the other; and though years have passed since those words were spoken, I have never found out into what Biddy was to put her heart, or whether, following my foster-mother’s injunction, she found the promise come true. It might have been a column of spelling, hard to learn, or a sock of her father’s, troublesome and tedious to darn, or it might have been some other thing of a very different

nature; any way, I was too lazy, on that summer noonday, to leave my hiding-place, to enquire the nature of my little playfellow's difficulties; too selfish, perhaps, to desire to help her out of them. But the words then heard, or heeded, for the first time, have often rung, with a warning sound, through both heart and conscience since. "Put your shoulder to the wheel" is very good in its way, inciting to energy, perseverance, and determination, in spite of obstacles; there is downright good sense in the proverb, and I like it; but old dame Hollings's words, though, as far as I know, no proverb, I like still better. Put the energy of your affections, the strength that is love-born, into "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," be it small or great, and *that*, whatsoever it be, will, in Carlyle's expressive phraseology, become more "doable," if not "sooner done." Choose your path in life, if choice be given you, and once chosen, "put your heart into it," and see how much may be accomplished by a single earnest-hearted worker. But some, alas, will say, with but too much truth, their lot is not of their own choosing; their daily, hourly duties are but so many varieties of daily, hourly trials. The work the hand finds is far from being the work the will would seek, or the taste select. Should such be the case, and the lot irremediable, beyond all earthly power of amelioration, even then try dame Hollings's advice, "put your heart into it," and see whether it will not seem more endurable, less distasteful and irksome. Paradoxical though it may appear, the larger the heart, the easier will it be to "put it into" even the lesser duties of life.

That this is not at all times and in all seasons an easy matter, even to the most conscientiously disposed, none knows better than the present commentator upon dame Hollings's text; yet is it a thing to strive after and eventually to succeed in.

Again, there are cases in which the heart is ready, but the work wanting, or insufficient to satisfy its secret cravings. And there are instances, more than enough, of the heart's strength being wasted, or frittered away upon interests altogether unworthy of such energy and untiring zeal, yet, even then, it seems to me

"Better to have *worked in vain*
Than never to have worked at all!"

if I may venture so to paraphrase the laureate's immortal couplet. Too much heart is a rarer and more venial error than too little, or indeed than the want of it altogether. How difficult is it often to put heart into the monotonous routine of daily teaching, the constant repetition of the same, or similar instructions to the young, but not always interesting pupil. And yet how much heart is there needed to make the head work willingly, if at all!

To these, and many another arduous labour, some higher incentive is needed than the prospect of getting the work "sooner done," which, it must be owned, is not the invariable sequence in every case where heart-work is desirable. Yet who shall say that the teacher, whose work is a work of love, has no more reward than they to whom "lessons" are mere words learned and repeated by rote; to be listened to methodically and indifferently, rather than taught and entered into with an interest that is not feigned? Look at the strong ties which often exist between teacher and pupil, the depth of affection at times awakened in both. Does the heart demand a recompense for its work? Will not such response be reward enough? And is not the heart the motive power, in the strength of which the triumphs of philanthropy, genius, and science, are effected? A Howard, a Wilberforce, a Stephenson, and a thousand others of the noble army of heart-workers, might be cited, even amongst our own countrymen, in proof of what may be done by those who, having once put their heart into a work, turn not back, and faint not till the

work be accomplished. Lukewarmness hath no triumphs to record, either in the cause of philanthropy or of science. Greatheart alone is the successful struggler. They who are "out of heart," or have "lost heart," are ever in the ranks of the defeated.

And in lesser, as in greater matters, it is heart-service alone which is acceptable in the sight of Him who hath said, "My son, give me thy heart." Not a cold, inanimate, insentient thing, but a living, feeling, active heart; this is the gift of "great price" in the eyes of Him who made us, and who claims of us the best offering that we can yield Him. Its pulses are still to play, its energies to be exerted; its affections are to be kindled, not deadened in His service. So, if we have hitherto ignored this duty, let us ignore it no longer. Whatever our lot in life, let us find something to which we can devote heart, and soul, and strength, in dependence upon that blessing from above which crowns the lowliest labour done heartily "as unto the Lord." Is the path we tread a rugged one? The goal is not far distant; may the struggling heart find comfort in this knowledge, and endure manfully, should endurance be the only work assigned it. Is our lot lowlier than suits our aspiration? Let us put heart into it and ennoble it. Are we surrounded by perplexities, not of our own making? Those perplexities are either of God's sending or of his sufferance. Let us put our heart into *them*, and triumph over them; and if that be not possible, let our heart submit itself to Him who ordereth them. Or, lastly, is the life we lead congenial to our tastes, compatible with our inclinations, and at the same time not without use or benefit to others? Then let our heart rejoice and be glad, giving thanks always, and never wearying in well-doing, remembering too that all have not a life so fair, a portion so blest.

Alas, no, one painful instance I have known of an individual whose whole existence was perverted and wasted, useless to others, except as a warning, and most miserable to himself, for want of energy and stability of purpose. That he was cold-hearted I will not say, but that he never "put his heart" into any single pursuit or aim was a lamentable truth. I only knew him when the last poor remnant of his misused life was waning rapidly away; when he could only acknowledge his errors, and own that the day for repairing them was past. Thinking that, as a warning to others, his own sad history might have some good result, he put into my hands the few pages, which will perhaps serve as a "moral" to dame Hollings's text. They are but an imperfect chronicle. Thoughts, apparently disjointed and unconnected, jotted down as he sat alone in the calm stillness of the fading summer, to be worked out and enlarged upon at some future day. That day never came, for when the Christmas snow covered the graves in the old churchyard beside his lodging, he was carried out to rest beneath it—at peace for evermore—and with him was buried the little sandal-wood box which contained what, in this paper, he calls his

"Relics."

"Yea, verily, I have faith in relics, and do greatly prize them, although they are not of a nature to attract the interest of strangers, or to draw pilgrims to their shrine. No, simple and unpretending are the relics of my worship, the mementos lying beside me whilst I write—only a small white glove, a little ring, once encircling a finger of the hand that wore it, a sprig of white acacia, yellow with age, and long since devoid of perfume, a long tress of chestnut hair—these are my relics, the contemplation of which has a mysterious influence upon my heart. They recal to mind days long ago, when I was not what I now am, a disappointed man, with whom life has been a failure, without success in any one thing, without contentment at any one period of it. They

awaken softer feelings in a heart too prone to bitterness and scorn ; therefore am I looking at them now, in the calm of this August evening, to soothe me, and hush my repinings, for I long for rest and peace—rest which I have never known, peace which I have never attained in this world.

I began my young life with toil, toil for my daily bread ; necessity was my task-master, and a stern tyrant he proved. Then came a brief interval of happiness, so brief that it passed ere I had fully realized its possession. I inherited a small legacy, not much, but a sufficiency for her and me. I might have made it more, there was an excellent opportunity, but I loathed the drudgery of a business life, the wear and tear of mind and body for money, money, always money, so I left my chance in other hands, and he who profited by it is now a millionaire. What matter ! I could not work as he has worked, even in those days of youth and strength ; I had no heart for the toil, and later there was still less need for exertion, with none but myself whom to work for.

I have been a schemer and a planner all my life, but I have had no energy for working out a single idea. What castles I have built ! In what theories I have indulged for the amelioration and regeneration of the human race. But those theories have never been put in practice, and those castles have crumbled into space. People say I am before the age in which I live. I do not know whether it be so or not, but I *do* know that the age and I have not got on well together. Everything I ever undertook has failed in my hands. Other men speculate eagerly, rashly, and succeed. I have been led into speculations cautiously, reluctantly ; but whether in railways or in mines, all that I ventured, and more than all, was lost. So nothing remained to me but such work as others found for me, work which from my very soul I abhor. Ah, those relics ! they appeal to me mutely, bidding me stay my murmurs. *She* is at rest. Yet a little while and I shall be as she is.

I suppose there must have been some great deficiency in my character to prevent success, or else, as she would say, failure is a part of the probation appointed me. Let me look awhile at that tiny glove, and recall the evening when I first saw it on her hand, when she lost it mysteriously, never to find it more. Even now I can see the group that gathered round the piano, as she sang, at my bidding, the songs that I never wearied of hearing from her lips. The quiet, delicate mother, the merry, loving sisters, and the guests who were to grace the bridal of the morrow. I see them all, and I hear again the sweet melody of her voice in that old, old song, now doubly cherished for her sake—

"There's not in the wild world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

But the thought of that exquisite music makes me sadder than it is wise to be, now that, in this world, it is hushed to me for ever. So the little glove shall be hidden away once more, and I will look for awhile at the acacia's faded bloom. That grew not on British soil : I plucked it far away in Germany, whither we had gone for our bridal tour ; not to any of the gay places of fashionable resort, but to a quiet, out-of-the-way nook, half town, half village, having the great attraction of being surrounded by most lovely scenery, which we could explore day after day, as we listed, without assistance from guide or guide-book. Scenery with which I had been familiar in long-past days of school-life, when the acacia avenue was a favourite haunt of mine if I played truant, which I often did—more's the pity !—yet never seemed its blossom so fragrant as at that midnight hour when I paced up and down in the moonlight with my newly-wedded wife beside me. She asked for a remembrance of that evening ; and from a branch drooping low over our heads

I culled this blossom, which, years afterwards, I found in a book of poems we had read that day together. The flower has faded, but the memory of that hour is fresh as though it had fled but yesterday, and I can see the glorious lustre of those deep, full eyes kindling beneath my gaze, as her low, soft voice repeated a woman's simple thoughts upon the use of flowers :

“To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
That who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.”

Surely that thought should comfort me now, if I could but cherish it ; but other words than these have haunted me for life,—words ever in my heart and brain, seeming to mar, even as they have foreshadowed, my destiny—

“Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.”

I heard them first in a village church, the text of a simple sermon, addressed to a simple, truth-loving congregation ; but the preacher was my father, and I felt that I must have suggested the topic of that most earnest discourse. Every word seemed a home-thrust. “Unstable as water” I had ever proved, even under his anxious care, although already in my childish days giving evidence of talents which even he thought superior. I excelled in nothing, loved nothing which demanded energy and perseverance ; and excellence is unattainable without stability of purpose. This has been the bane of my life, the canker corroding all the powers of my mind. I have had brilliant ideas by the score, and energy enough to attempt many things ; but no heart, no earnestness of will to do more than attempt. It is said that every human being born into this world “has a mission to fulfil,” a destiny to accomplish. I have failed to discover, or to fulfil mine, unless it be that I exemplify by my purposeless, wasted life, the impossibility of success, even in the smallest matter, without perseverance, and so may serve as a warning to others, like-minded with myself.

I began life with high hopes and strong resolutions—hopes and aspirations that were to benefit others, resolutions that were to bring fame and “achieve greatness” for myself. I end life with those hopes blighted, and those resolutions unregarded, unacted upon : too old to improve in character now, too near the grave for perseverance in any one thing to avail ought either to myself or others.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,” let the dead acacia repose once more in the sandal-wood box ; my hopes have faded in quick succession one after another, but they have left no pleasant memories, like those awakened by this faded spray. Had *she* lived, perhaps, my hopes might not have perished without fruition : my schemes might have resulted in something else than disappointment.

It is useless to record all the projects in which I have taken a transient interest, some set on foot by others, some originating with myself. At one time I rejoiced in a grand invention, no matter what its nature : my ideas were submitted to a scientific man, one of influence and standing ; he approved, he recognized their practicability, promised that if I would work them out, his patronage should ensure success—that my fortune should be made, and my name famous. Before that promise could be fulfilled, my patron died, and I had no energy to seek another, no further interest in carrying out my intentions : a fresh idea had taken possession of my unstable brain, and my invention still remains my own, and will doubtless perish with its originator. Next, I took pupils, to whom I imparted instructions upon a plan of my own,

which was to supersede all other plans of "learning made easy," agreeable alike to the teacher and the taught. How it was I know not, but the pupils I secured "were not those most suitable for elucidating my theory; so I gave up teaching, and took to writing about it, and the pamphlets, which were introductory to the system I intended laying before certain heads of colleges of my acquaintance, found admission and acceptance with some who might have been of much service in making known my "system" when perfected.—But this it never was, this scheme shared the fate of many another, and my heaps of MSS. and unpublished printed matter in connexion with it, were all stowed away in a trunk, from whence they have never since emerged.

My last scheme was to turn author. I had friends in the literary world, editors of magazines and newspapers, who, upon my application, assured me that they could find space for "a short article" occasionally. I began a dozen, but never finished one. The working out of a subject proved tedious when the first ideas had been jotted down. Thus it is that I have passed a lifetime in attempting much, and accomplishing nothing! I have blamed fate, and friends, and foes, for failures the result of my own folly. Ah, me! it is a weary life;—so thought not the owner of this soft chesnut curl I hold in my hand. Surely all bitter repinings and useless murmurs should give place to feelings gentler and holier as I twine it round my fingers and gaze upon that small gold ring—the one she cut off upon her death-bed and gave me, the other I drew from her hand when life had flown, and the last kiss had been pressed upon her thin, unanswering lips. Ah, my gentle monitress! you were indeed "taken from the evil to come," life was sweet to you when you left it, in your young beauty, with a heart still a stranger to aught but love and thankfulness. I weep for myself, for you I shed no tears—better to go down in your summer glory, sinking, as yonder sun sinks, calmly to rest, but leaving a memory of light behind—than have lived on, leaning upon my instability, trusting in a broken reed!

And now the relics are put away again—put away for the last time; but the bitter mood is past, and the sorrows of life and its disappointments seem softening around me as my days are drawing to a close.

The stars are looking upon me with their "holy eyes," and peace is entering into my soul. I own that I have wasted the talents given me, but I own it with a bowed and broken heart; and God is gracious, judging not as man judgeth, for doth not the Maker best know where His work is weakest, and when it is most tried?

Y. S. N.

THE GREAT ARMADA FIGHT.

BY W. J. OSTELL.

"Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain."

Macaulay.

NINE generations of men have come and gone since our England shocked the haughty Spaniard, and scattered his invincible Armada to the stormy winds and waters that guard our coasts. It is as a twice-told tale, we know, but some, and such, stories never grow old; so, once again, we will repeat the

story of the great Armada fight that brought all England as one man to the Salamis of our liberty in the summer of 1588.

That wise ruler, true Englishwoman, and somewhat haughty sovereign, who, in her public conduct, nobly justified her motto of "*Semper eadem*," (always the same,) our "good Queen Bess," was not to be hoodwinked by the subtle Spaniard, nor his astute, saturnine monarch, Philip II. Twelve months before the Armada sailed she had sent the father of our sea-lions, Sir Francis Drake, to look after the Spanish fleet announced for the Indies, which service our great seaman performed by an experimental trip to Cadiz, menacing and silencing towns and forts, capturing and burning ships, and bringing home abundance of prize-money to his owners; for these expeditions of our earlier naval warfare were a joint-stock affair, and in this instance her Majesty subscribed four capital ships, and the merchants of London twenty-six, great and small. There was other gain than the pillage of this voyage. The Spaniard learnt to feel an unnatural dread of the dare-devil heretic, and the English seaman to despise the unwieldy leviathans of his enemy.

His "Catholic Majesty" of Spain (the then largest kingdom in Europe) and the Indies, (the New World), had, what he doubtless considered as well-founded, claims to the absolute dominion of our little heretic island. Was he not by his wife Mary's desire her successor? Had not the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots devised her claim to him? Was he not a descendant of John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III.? And, beyond all, had not the Pope—whom Protestant Englishmen then called only Bishop of Rome—given him England as a fief? When Elizabeth ascended the throne, he had wooed our Virgin Queen—but unsuccessfully. Ambition was enflamed by this affront, and, prompted by his ghostly father, Sextus V., the papal champion undertook *his* crusade, towards which his Holiness was to contribute a million crowns, payable when England was taken.

In 1586 the note of preparation was sounded. For two years the work went stealthily on. Dockyards and arsenals were alive with malicious industry, and all the resources of the mightiest and wealthiest kingdom in Europe were being strained for the great secret enterprise. But wary Walsingham ferreted it out, and throughout England and Wales, tower and hamlet rose in arms, and men's hearts were in their work of desperate defence.

To describe the Armada in minute detail is beyond our scope; it is sufficient to give its larger features. In all the ports of Sicily, Naples, Spain, and Portugal—so extended was Spanish dominion—artisans were employed in building vessels of uncommon size and force; naval stores were bought at a great expense; provisions amassed, and armies levied and quartered in the maritime towns of Spain. The military preparations in Flanders were no less formidable. The Armada itself consisted of 130 vessels, twelve of which were named after the Apostles, and others after the Saints of the Romish calendar; 100 of these were galleons of a larger size than had been seen in Europe before. These had on board 19,295 veteran soldiers, 8,456 mariners, 2,088 galley-slaves, and 2,630 great pieces of brass ordnance. "The Duke of Parma," says Hume, "had in the Netherlands an army of 34,000 men, and had employed all the carpenters whom he could procure, either in Flanders or in Lower Germany, and the coast of the Baltic, and he built at Dunkirk and Nieupoort, but especially at Antwerp, a great number of boats and flat-bottomed vessels, for the transmission of his infantry and cavalry." In this outfit must not be overlooked 180 priests, furnished with the engines of *their* warfare, viz., scourges and other instruments of torture.

But our land was astir, and girding its might for the great struggle for all that freemen ever hold dear—religion, liberty, and their birthland. France was neutral, being torn by her third civil war of Catholic and Huguenot; turbulent Ireland was temporarily quiescent; and Scotland, notwithstanding the execution by Elizabeth of its Queen, was prepared to march against the enemy of the common faith and liberty, if the Armada should succeed in landing. But “Britain’s best bulwarks were (and are) her wooden walls;” and all the ports of the kingdom sent quickly their allotted quota. London’s rich citizens sent thirty instead of fifteen, and the gentry and nobility hired, armed, and manned forty-three ships at their own expense. The Catholics, still Englishmen, served as volunteers in ships they helped to equip. Lord Howard, Earl of Effingham and Nottingham, was our Admiral, having as his assistants, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen of Europe. The principal fleet was stationed at Plymouth, while a smaller one, of forty ships, lay off Dunkirk, to intercept the Duke of Parma. The total number of seamen in England was only about 14,000 men. The Royal Navy consisted of but twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size, none of them exceeding the bulk of our larger frigates. Our only, and great, advantage lay in our stout sailors, who, accustomed to tempestuous seas, and to expose themselves to all dangers, had then, as now, the daring and dexterity which are typified by the name of a British sailor. Howard Earl Effingham possessed a rare union of courage and judgment; and safely did England rely on her chosen Lord High Admiral, his able lieutenants, and her own well-trying and proved mariners. The army of England showed strong in numbers, for in the “good old times” each man knew the use of arms, and at Tilbury, in Essex, under the Earl of Leicester, were stationed 22,000 men; along the south coast 20,000 men were disposed; and the principal army, to guard the Queen’s person and the capital, mustered 34,000 foot and 2,000 horse. But what could the 80,000 raw troops do against the 50,000 veterans, under the Duke of Parma, the most consummate general of his age? They were not tested; but as Earl Stair answered Frederick of Prussia, the grenadier-maker, “Half the number would have tried.” But, one fixed battle, and the troops overthrown, and the conqueror’s mission would have been almost accomplished. England’s best battle-field was the sea, and her best warriors her seamen, in this her great emergency. How they answered to the call of Queen and country is in the story of the overthrow of the “Invincible Armada.”

On the 29th of May the Armada set sail from the Tagus. But disaster befell it from the beginning, despite the Papal benediction. Its Admiral, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the ablest seaman of Spain, sickened and died, and the Vice-Admiral soon followed his chief. Their successor was an illustrious nobleman, but no seaman. The day after leaving Lisbon a violent storm played havoc with the Spanish fleet, and forced it to put into Corunna to refit.

On came the Armada, and entered the Channel. Trusting to false intelligence derived from a captured fishing-boat, its Admiral ventured to disobey his strict orders of joining the Duke of Parma, and resolved to sail to Plymouth, and secure all the glory of conquest singly. About sunset, on July 19th, the Armada made the Lizard Point, and mistook it for the Ram Head, near Plymouth. An English pirate, one Thomas Fleming, had fallen in with the enemy, escaped, and ran into Plymouth with the warning:—

“Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe’s lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne’er had been, nor e’er again shall be.”

As the morning broke the fleet of the enemy was seen, "disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles." Now came the struggle of the English David with the Spanish Goliath. Howard sent his pinnacle, the "Disdain," (fitly named), to fire the first shot. The Admirals followed, and the result of the first day's encounter was the capture of the great Andalusian galleon, and a great ship of Biscay, both taken by Drake. Next day a Dutch gunner belonging to the Armada blew up the Treasurer's ship in revenge for private injuries. On the 23rd was another engagement, and each episode of the struggle abated the confidence of the invader, and added courage to the defender. As the Armada advanced up the Channel to Calais, to join the Duke of Parma, the English hung upon its rear, and harassed and damaged this once arrogant adversary, who soon found his bulk his disadvantage, exposing him more surely to the fire of the English, while his own guns, fixed too high, shot over their heads. A stratagem of eight fire-ships, sent amongst the enemy lying at Calais, signally completed the Armada's overthrow: the success of this scheme was extraordinary and complete, for the Spaniards thought they were infernal machines, similar ones to which had recently been used at Antwerp. Yielding to a common panic, some cut cables and let their vessels drift; others slipped anchor and took to flight; one large ship fell foul of another and struck upon the sands. Early next morning, in the midst of the confusion, came the English attack, and twelve more ships were destroyed or surrendered. The winds and waves of the stormy northern coasts completed the work of destruction. The English pursued the flying and baffled foe to the Frith of Forth, and a storm which overtook the anchorless ships and dispirited sailors of Spain, at the Orkneys, played out the last act of this historical tragedy. The wrecks of the Armada were strewn on the "wild Hebrides" and the inhospitable Irish coast. Eighty-one ships and 14,000 men never returned to Spain.

Thus was home, sanctuary, and liberty preserved for the "little isle set in the silver sea." Thus was England freed from this mightiest machination of tyranny and bigotry, with the loss of scarcely a seaman, and only one small vessel—and thus she taught, for all time, an unmistakeable lesson to invading potentates.

These pages are no place for narrow politics, but they are for broad patriotism; and as heritors of these Elizabethan Englishmen, (and our long scroll of worthies has none greater), we are nerved by the recitals of their prowess in the past centuries, to the right upholding of our own proud position in the present—their great legacy of keeping inviolate, as an exemplar to the wide world, this England as

"A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down,
From precedent to precedent."

A "NICE" ARTICLE.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

My young friend, Tom Brown, is a thorough and original study. He moves in the most eccentric, erratic fashion. You can never calculate beforehand how he will be affected by any news, how he will act in any crisis, or what part he will take in any of our friendly meetings; but one thing you may safely and invariably reckon on, and that is—his opposition to anything and everything. He is the most perfect embodiment of the word *anti* to be found in the two hemispheres, but with qualities, in spite of his being such a bundle of negatives, which entitle him to be called a nice fellow, in more senses than one. We have tried to get him into Parliament, persuaded that he would shine in one part of the House, but he doesn't believe in Parliament at all: and as for being a representative of other people's opinion, why, he says, one half of the honourable and learned members don't know their own. We have tried to get him into other public offices, where an appropriate sphere might be found for his antagonistic bias, but in vain. He frets, fumes, and spins long yarns, and take off his friends' personalities in the most uncompromising manner. He took a prominent part in the late anti-smoking controversy, and made his affidavit to the effect that tobacco was the cause of so many modern pates assimilating to the condition of Uncle Ned's, of immortal negro memory. He rushes across the road, like one frantic, when he sees an ample crinoline or hoop looming in the distance, and shows the absurdity of the opening line in the "Pleasures of Hope," by calming down as they approach, and growing ironically admiring. He cackles and runs like a turkey at red stockings, and striped petticoats discompose his spirits for hours. When a lady lisps, he often rudely repeats, in a good round style, the imperfect sentence, jerking it out at intervals for the length of a street, with divers masculine anathemas in *sotto voce*. Peg-tops are his abhorrence, and he will carefully shun any friend who adopts an extravagant costume. And yet he is, as I have said before, really a "nice" fellow.

Latterly, he has become so plethoric in denunciatory language, that he has been obliged of himself to open a sphere for the radiations of his pugilism, or noble art of hitting everybody. There have been several meetings at our Club of this "Society for the Reduction of Conventional Habiliments, for the Liberation of Legs, Arms, and Tongues from Despotism and Enthralment, and for the promotion of Uniformity and Home-fashions." Our meetings have been fortnightly, and the following subjects have been dilated upon, in a manner which has often ruffled the placidity of our worthy Tom, and sent him home with the most melancholy views of the world's present condition and destiny. Here they are:—

Striped Petticoats, trimmed by a Friendly Hand.

Crinolines, "blowed" by a modern Æolus.

Red-Embroidered Collars. Are they of Fejee origin?

Peg-tops, whipped by a gentleman in smalls.

The Beard Movement, by a wag.

We had all assembled for our last meeting, and were impatiently waiting the lecturer's arrival, and our friend Smoothchin was in tremulous agitation lest he should be again pounced upon by us, and called to recant for having grossly altered a celebrated passage in Shakspeare, which intimates that a certain "nothing" has given it through imaginative powers—"a loca

habitation and a name," and adopting it as the motto of his last lecture. Brown was unusually grim and taciturn, when, by-and-bye, our friend we were waiting for arrived, and the starched waiter showed us in our room. "Hang that fellow," said Brown, for at least the hundredth time, "I wonder for what earthly purpose he was born. Can't we get a room elsewhere—some garrulous old woman to attend us? I'll have a fillip at that gentleman yet, though."

Mr. Brown cooled and seated in the presidential chair, the members all silent and attentive, the lecturer, Mr. Badger, rose as high as his small stature allowed him, drank a small quantity of water, hemmed three times, adjusted his hair, smoothened his manuscript, pulled down the gas, elevated the stand, and then commenced in a gruff and husky voice:—

Gentlemen,—Called upon by our respected President to advance in some way the interests of our novel and thoroughly English society, I hesitated from a consciousness of my inability to say anything at all calculated to have weight with you, or in the least to operate in promoting the broader extension of our original principles. I was again and again pressed to do so, until, finding neither denials nor apologies of any use, I consented to read you a brief paper on a topic which I feel sure many honourable members now present could have handled more ably than I.

My subject, then, is the diminutive word "nice," and my object, to deprecate its so general and indiscriminate use. Go where you will, you may find this word used descriptively, and with a frequency which is painful to our feelings, and subversive of the purity of our mother-tongue. By high-born and lowly, in clubs and taverns, in ball-rooms, cosy parlours, and places of public resort, it is used by persons of all sects, creeds, and altitudes, uttered by the roughest of men and the fairest of women, emitted from moustached mouths and from between the prettiest coral and kissable lips that ever drove guardsman frantic, and applied to everything, from the most fantastic miniature mortal that ever graced a perambulator, to the most delicate dish, the newest novel, or volume of sermons just issued by the Rev. Unctious Blazes. There is a perfect rage for the word; so much so, that what were formerly fine days become "nice days;" things admirably adapted for a special purpose are not very appropriate, but very "nice;" and one's scruples as to receipts for all imaginable maladies treasured up in families for generations, are removed by an intimation that so-and-so is a very "nice" remedy, and forthwith our submission is secured. Those terms of rapture and delight which erst sentimental young ladies employed, descriptive of muslins, silks, satins, and millinery in general, such as duck, dear, love, and sweet, have all merged into the common term "nice;" and the highest encomiums that they can pass upon the poems that lie so grandly ensconced in green-and-gold on their drawing-room tables, or upon the original effusions some young Sappho or meditative life-flying Alcæus has contributed to their albums, are comprised in these same four letters. Gone are all the after-raptures of the ball, the opera, and the soiree, upon magnificent dresses and fairy flowers; gone the thrilling descriptions of bride and bridesmaids, rehearsed to motherly dames, home-confined sisters, or absent friends, all summed up in the cold, formal, unpoetic, and undemonstrative word "nice." The freshman gets through his little-go without any such expressions as jolly, first-rate; he does it "nicely." The same word depicts, in the letter he may receive from home, the condition of family affairs; how his young friend Tearaway managed the partings ere he left the cosy hall for the wind-swept deck of a Bellerophon or Hector; and how the last party came off in the charade, quadrille, and polka line. No more expressive word can be found in Johnson, Walker, Webster, or Richardson, and hence, if anything

has been effected, or is in process, it is only necessary to say "nicely," and the whole event passes before the tutored eye like a huge diorama.

Here Mr. Brown, turning towards his nearest neighbour, whispered—"It's a fib!" and evinced by shuffling his feet, twirling his thumbs, and violently rubbing his hand down his forehead and face, that the lecturer didn't know what he was about, but that he did, and that he didn't half give it such smatterers. Slightly noticing the President's excited state, and raising his voice, the lecturer continued more gruffly than before: "Even in trade, the use of this word is daily becoming more extensive, and more of a nuisance to educated ears. The ubiquitous counter-skipper doesn't guarantee his article to be first-rate, or constructed of the most approved and durable materials, but assures one that it is really a "nice" article, and if it appertains to dress, will smilingly add, "I'm sure you would look quite 'nice' in it;" and so with smooth bland looks, and nice expressions, the coins that might otherwise have reposed in the quiet bliss of our purses or portmonnaies, are brought out to a bustling and dinning life.

I wonder some satirist does not enter the field, this word opens for him, as the "sesame" of an Ali Baba, and cull the materials for a gallery of "nice" portraits, since persons of the oddest and most diversified qualities are all nice people in these mincing times. There is your brick, trump, and spark, transformed into a "nice" boy, or a "nice" fellow, and your paterfamilias who wheels out his own perambulator, or escorts ('scorches, here put in Mr. Brown, to the amazement of the meeting) his wife to family parties, carrying her cap-basket the while, is dubbed a "nice" man. Then there are the fairer portions of the community; here I must be very short, considering so wide a field, in suggestive sources. There is the bustling dame, who keeps Amelia and Flora in such admirable discipline, takes care to treat the latter as much like a child as possible for obvious reasons, and requires of all suitors, for the hand of Flora of course, if they would be heard dispassionately, that they should at least enter with clean shoes—a "nice" woman, truly! Again, there is the "nice" old maid. She is the confidante of some dozen giddy girls, knits warm things for the poor, but is as fond of a romp as any forest stag. I now come, blushing, to the "nice" young lady. She may not be handsome, pretty, fine-looking, or decidedly plain, she may not be either, with somewhat of an inclination, however, to the two last named classes; she plays on the piano charmingly, perhaps the harp, is *au fait* in Tupperian philosophy, learned in novels, and chatty and condescending in the extreme. Now, isn't she a "nice" girl? Let me not forget the "nice" young clergyman. He wears the most immaculate neckerchiefs, admirably setting off a pale and thoughtful countenance, preaches short and tremulous discourses, and argues, oh, so lovingly, against all forms of worldly entertainment, not excepting charades, and loto. These are a few of the "nice" people all waiting to have their portraits taken, if some Hogarth or other illustrious etcher would but dawn upon these benighted times, with some huge thumb-nails.

Such, gentlemen, are a few of the indiscriminate uses of this common word. I will not take it upon myself, in the presence of so many learned and able expounders of social abuses, to say that in every case, this word is used wrongly, and conveys at best but a dubious meaning, but thus much I will say, that the iteration of this word is painful in the extreme, as you must have felt it to be already this evening, and it is too wide-spread not to have been noticed by all of us, and especially by our learned and correct President (Mr. Brown is observed to dip his head majestically), not to call forth from a society like ours, the most emphatic and powerful protest. Johnson states the meaning of this word to be, "accurate, exact, scrupulous,

delicate, refined," and other lexicographers agree with him in the main. It is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and from the word *nesc* or *neshe*, meaning soft and tender, and it is the same, although differently written and articulated, as the now almost obsolete word, *nesk*. One or two quotations from Chaucer and Gower will give both words, and the very trifling distinction between them. First for *nesk* :—

Mine herte for joy doth bete
Him to behold, so is he goodly freshe,
It seemeth for love his herte is tender and *nesk*.

Court of Love.

He was to *nesshe* and she to harde.

Confessio Amantis.

In the word *nice*, as used by these old poets, you will find hidden a reproach which might shock the good breeding of many who use it constantly, and have it applied to them :—

But as I guesse, Alla was not so *nice*.

The Man of Lawes Tale.

But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice*.

The Wif of Bathes Tale.

A tale of them that be so *nice*
And feignen them selfe to be wise,
I shall the tell in such a wise.

Confessio Amantis.

Gentlemen, I do not think I need enlarge my remarks. You will observe how ridiculously it is used, and what a spirit of misapprehension and uncertainty it must spread abroad. Let me intreat you, in conclusion, to use all your influence in brow-beating such a word out of your common talk, hunting after it as an intruder, and agitating in your several circles of society until we have banished so barbarous and dubious a word; and then, perhaps, the fame of our humble society shall spread, and we shall exert an influence in reforming similar abuses which shall cover our founder with glory.

There was no discussion. Mr. Brown tapped the choky speaker on the back with a patronizing air, and a "Bravo! old Boy!" and after the usual formalities the meeting broke up. The President exchanged his previous saturnity and irritability for vivacity and geniality, as a knot of us went from our Club, and made all sorts of execrable puns on the word which had been the subject of Mr. Badger's lecture. He waxed eloquent upon the prospects of our society, accepted, contrary to all precedent, a proffered cigar, and retired to his own bachelor's retreat, musing upon this same word "*nice*," which he heard uttered around him half a dozen times to express the character and mildness of the evening.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

I AM one of those public servants everywhere spoken against, whose duty it is to relieve the necessitous poor of this realm. Yes, I am one of those whom a late member of the medical profession designated "the lying Relieving Officer;" and whilst I refuse to accept the designation as applicable to my case, I cannot but acknowledge that a wide-spread opinion prevails amongst the public generally, that we, as a body, are "tyrants" as well as liars; that we are robbers of the public funds; that, at the expense of the poor, we fare sumptuously every day; and that, in short, we are, as a body, a sort of bloated sinecurists, devouring the vitals of the community, and oppressing God's poor. Far be it from me to say that *all* Relieving Officers are men of strict probity and of humanity. It would be a far more quixotical task than I should like to undertake, to defend my "order" against all comers; but being inclined to believe that much of the prejudice against us is merely the result of ignorance on the part of the public, and is therefore *simple* prejudice, I have thought that I might be instrumental in doing some good, if I were to afford some information as to the duties appertaining to our office, and the manner in which they are performed.

I have under my charge a large district of a very important town, and with several years' experience of my own, I have every opportunity of getting at the results of the experience of those whose term of service exceeds mine threefold. As I proceed with my task, I doubt not I shall be able to depict many a scene of thrilling interest witnessed in my peregrinations, by night and day, amongst the stinking courts and stifling cellars of this great hive of industry from which I write. My only fear is that my pen will fail me in the narration, for my materials are abundant to overflowing of a character most startling and dramatic.

How many of the dwellers in our towns turn aside from the wide and smoothly flagged streets of shops and warehouses, teeming with the wealth of a nation, into the narrow allies which give admittance to the abodes of the poor? Alas! few, I fear, ever think that the architectural displays which met their view, as they proceeded on their daily journey of business or pleasure, form but a crust, a very thin crust, which hides the heaving and writhing mass of poverty, disease, and dirt, amongst which such as I am, day by day and year by year plunge and work. Aye, gentle lady, in your butterfly plumes, driving in your fairy chariot, with the prince of fairy-land your accepted lover, through the magic groves of wedding silks and ribbons, little you think that within a distance that your elegantly rounded arm could throw your cameo brooch, live sisters of yours by dozens, whose mode of life you never heard of, the name of whose profession would make you shudder if whispered in your ear. Yet believe me, lady, I know such is the truth, and so does my friend the parish doctor, and so does the respectable policeman A, whose "beat" embraceth that which is above the crust as well as that which lies below. Little thinkest thou, respectable matron, most exemplary wife, comfortably smiling thy unctuous, complacent smile, as thou gazest on thy good and healthy children round thy well-plenished board, that but a distance that Freddy, thy youngest, could shoot an arrow from the steps of thy mansion, are scores and scores of children whose only education is that of crime; many whose only home is the street, and whose only friend is He who marketh the sparrow's fall! Yes, the history of the poor is

yet to be written for thee, smiling matron, or thy smile would give place to a tear, that any one in this rich town should be as those poor children are.

Prim respectability seldom hears of these things, nor does he care if he never hears. When he reads of the hot-beds and sink-holes of poverty and crime existing in large cities, he thinks certainly his town must be an exception to the rule laid down; for does he not pay so much for poor's-rate, and so much for police-rate, and so much more for lighting, and paving, and sewer-ing, and so much for schools, and so much for chapels, and besides, so much more for the poor, distributed by the minister he "sits under." "Surely," says he, "the poor should be well off, or all these rates and subscriptions must be misapplied." No, my friend, not misapplied; there is a poor beneath the poor, that thy bounty cannot reach; there is a depth beneath the deep, that the voice of thy favourite minister, strong soever as it may be, cannot penetrate into. There is a disease beyond a cure; there is a denseness which the light cannot penetrate; there is an unclean sore on the body of society which disgusts us with its sight and stench, which no disinfectant has as yet dissipated. What this great ulcer on society is may, perhaps, become apparent as I proceed with my task, and some hints may be thrown out as to the method by which, in all humbleness, I would set about to heal it. Meanwhile, I shall steadily keep in view my object, also, to make apparent that the office I hold is no sinecure. That it is, on the contrary, an office of great responsibility; an office requiring great firmness and tact; great courage, aye, true courage, equal to that which glows under the crimson uniform, with the blare of trumpets, the flutter of banners, and the sound of drums attendant, though no leaden hail dashes in our face, though no murderous steel bars our progress in the conflict. I think I shall be able to show that men of our peaceful avocation, in great towns, at least, have great need of a great stock of good temper, that temper which will prevent a man, when reviled, from reviling again; in fact, that it is an office which requires in him who would faithfully perform his duty, something more than a love for his work to make him efficient, on the one hand, as a distributor of the community's hard-earned funds, and, on the other, as the comforter and friend of the very poor and necessitous of various races, various wants, and various peculiarities.

It will be said, and I have often myself said, before I became practically acquainted with the working of the poor-laws, that to relieve the poor when you have an open purse cannot be a very difficult matter. And really upon the face, the matter appears simple enough. I have myself often thought, years ago, that to go about distributing the bounty (by law compelled) of the public must be an easy task when once you have found the deserving persons for receipt of such bounty. I have thought that the employment must be a most delightful one, and have pictured to myself a thoughtful, earnest man going about amongst the country places visiting the widows and the orphans, the aged, and those whom infirmity has disabled—looking into their wants, and propping their feeble limbs. I have thought of raising the fallen, of bringing the strayed sheep into a secure fold, and of bringing the erring ones to the straight path of rectitude.

And much of the noble I still think hangs about the office—certainly much of the nobly beautiful; but, truly, I never thought how wearying the duty when brought to be one's daily occupation, how wearisome the toil would sometimes become in a large town, with none of the incentives to action arising from previous acquaintance with families, the sort of knowledge which in small communities always exists between the giver and receiver of benefits. I freely and most gladly acknowledge that a few years' experience goes a long way to bring a Relieving Officer into close and almost affectionate

communion with the aged and permanently disabled poor in a large urban district; and in visiting this class of poor, many incidents of a most gratifying character occur to make the duty pleasant and cheering. But this class of poor is by no means the most numerous of my charge. There are those, ordinarily able-bodied, suddenly disabled by accident—there are those whom sickness has overtaken—there are young widows with families, and young wives whose husbands have neglected or deserted them—there are the families of men in gaol for crimes committed, or for small debts—there are the wives and families of soldiers, militia-men, sailors in the royal navy, and marines—there are men out of work and their families, single women without children, and single women with those incumbences—there are tramps and vagrants, and there are the lunatic and imbecile. There is, I regret to say, a great number of the idle and dissolute, who will neither work nor want—men and women who never knew what it was to earn their own living in a creditable manner, and who never will do so as long as they live. There are, I believe, “hereditary paupers” of families that have been in a state of pauperism since the time of Elizabeth, perhaps longer; and there are those who are professional paupers, whose greatest pride it is to deceive the Relieving Officer, and gammon the Board of Guardians.

Now, the law of England says, or implies, that no denizen of England shall starve, however vile he or she may happen to be, and that the property of the country, even to the last farthing of its value, may be called upon, if necessary, for the support of those who by any means whatever may at any time be brought to a state of destitution (a blessed thing it is for the poor that such is the law, and often I wonder how the poor are prevented from rotting on the ground where no such law as ours exists). Yet we have wisely certain stern regulations as to the *method* in which relief shall be administered to the different “classes” of the necessitous. As, for instance, the regulation which orders that no able-bodied man shall receive any relief out of the workhouse, unless he be given work to do during the time he may remain in receipt of parochial relief; unless such able-bodied has sickness in his family which may prevent him attending to any sort of work. A very proper regulation this, say I, though one open to certain objections in certain cases: as, for instance, when its operation prevents a man from looking out for his *own* work in the open market; yet one which for the protection of the tax-payer I consider necessary in ninety-nine cases in a hundred which come under its operation. Then there is another very salutary law, which provides that no woman with an illegitimate child or children shall receive relief outside the workhouse, unless by sickness she should be in a state dangerous to remove from the residence she occupied when she became necessitated to apply for relief.

These and many other particulars I might rehearse to show the peculiar position which the Relieving Officer occupies, as the only one really responsible for the *legal* distribution of relief. His duty is to know the law, and abide by it:—to see that no applicant, if he be really destitute, shall go without food. He may give what he thinks fit *legally*, but must report what he has given at the next meeting of the Guardians, and receive the sanction of the Board to his proceedings. Moreover, it is his duty to report any illegal action that may be done by the Board in the giving of relief, to the Auditor, on his next half-yearly visit, on pain of surcharge for all such amounts illegally given to the poor.

From what I have said, it will be easily believed that the Relieving Officer, in the execution of his duty, may be frequently looked upon by the generally ignorant persons with whom he has principally to deal as of a harsh and unfeeling disposition; when, in fact, that which appears harsh in him is only

his adherence to the plainly-laid down instructions of the law of the land. It will readily be believed how strong language is sometimes used by the not-over refined poor persons who come under his charge ; whilst they forget that he is not the law-maker, but simply the servant of the law.

I, however, shall refrain at present entering further into the subject ; but I hope yet to show how these things work, both as between myself and the poor—myself and the Guardians of the Poor—between them and me with respect to the public and the press ; and I really hope to be able, if I have the ability, to lay the case properly before my readers, to instruct as well as amuse. My reward will be sufficient if I am convinced that I have succeeded moderately in either.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
 Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
 When, blessed with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
 I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
 The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
 And that richest of books, which excelled every other—
 That family Bible, that lay on the stand ;
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
 And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
 For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
 Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
 All warm from the heart of a family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
 Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand :
 That richest of books, which excelled every other—
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted ;
 My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more ;
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
 And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ;
 O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
 • And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand :
 That richest of books, which excelled every other—
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

IN MEMORIAM :—ROBERT STEPHENSON.

“He who life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land.”

It is one of the noblest traits in our national character that public gratitude is never withheld from true men, and especially to those who, by their own indomitable courage, unaided genius, persevering industry, and scrupulous honour, have brought their meed of fame to their country, fostered her arts and sciences, enriched her literature, or solved some problem in social progress. The struggles of her sons, or day-dawnings of untutored genius, are ever the nation's care. Their success is indissolubly linked to her own renown, and all who, struggling onward along the uncertain and anxious road of life, through all its difficulties and dangers, still retain “Excelsior” for their motto, never fail to receive rewards due to their courage, and become in life fostered and respected—in death honoured and mourned.

It is among the ranks of such men as these, that the hand of death has lately been terribly busy. But a few months have elapsed since those bright stars of our literary galaxy, Hallam and Prescott, were transferred, we trust, to brighter spheres. Weeks since the spirit of the venerable and revered Leigh Hunt quitted its tenant-house of clay. In the midst of Indian difficulties and Chinese catastrophes, European political complications and home industrial suspensions, England may seemly turn aside for a moment to mourn the loss of two of the foremost captains-general of her peaceful progress. The shadow has fallen heavily on the land. Great Brunel's worthy son and successor has been stricken down; and concurrently with the proved success of the Leviathan of the Deep comes the black line of the death of Geordie Stephenson's only son. Our most eminent engineer, Robert Stephenson, has passed away in the prime of his days, in the midst of his world-wide usefulness, and in the plenitude of great and good works; for the man's hand was always perfecting the promptings of his heart. But will England let suddenly die the memory of her two great benefactors? We think not. The national mind ought and will find the fitting manner and memorial of its gratitude by hearty and fervent expression whenever the guiding hand shall point the way. We well know and deeply feel that these were men who stamped their own names on their conquests over physical nature, and impressed England's broad arrow of industrial dominion on far-off lands, thus knitting closely bonds of mutual dependence and amity. Therefore mechanical England should seek to perpetuate the name and fame of these her twin exemplars. Neither title nor order are the distinctions for such men or their race; their own works dwarf the aspiring pillar, the monumental marble; yet their country owes them its debt of acknowledgment still. However the national feeling finds vent, we feel sure that it will not be in merely empty mouthings and temporary sadness. For these men were pioneers, nay, master-builders of civilization in its most positive form. “Peace hath her victories no less renowned, than war;” and as we are continually being reminded that our England is not a military power, let us pay our due and speedy homage to these bloodless conquerors, who have blessed the earth by their campaigns, and have left no land sorrowing

for their victories. Steam and iron are our Potosi and Goleonda—our nerve and force; and our Brunels and Stephensons are their greatest Titans:—

“These England’s arms of conquest are
The trophies of her bloodless war—
Brave weapons these :
With these she weaves, she spins, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the seas.”

Robert Stephenson was born at Willington, Northumberland,—on the 16th of November, 1803, the son of the justly-renowned George Stephenson, whose name in connexion with railways and steam locomotion will, like his son’s, ever be remembered. Robert was born at what may be termed the commencement of his father’s introduction to the world, he having just risen into the favourable notice of his employers, and raised from the situation of waiter upon an engine, with a salary of twopence per day, to situations of great responsibility and trust, and eventually to one of the proudest positions ever attained by a self-made man, and long remembered as one of the many monuments of the triumphs of resolution and independence over the mighty barrier of poverty and obscurity. The father, however, seems to have resolved to protect his son from the deleterious consequences of an uneducated youth, and, although then only cautiously advancing along life’s highway, contrived by economising his slender and hard-earned stock, to pay for his introduction to a school at Long Beeton, whence he was removed in 1814 to one of higher scope, under Mr. Bruce, at Newcastle. It was here the germ of that energy was sown and cultivated which was so manfully developed afterwards—it was here that he displayed such an inclination for science and mechanics as was the means of giving England a great engineer and a great work, the Britannia tubular-bridge over the Menai strait; and Canada the noblest of all his schemes and the grandest of all his conceptions, the Victoria-bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal. To resume: having at school made considerable progress, he became a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, by means of whose library he cherished and further cultivated his taste for mixed mathematics and their various appliances to the purposes of national advancement. The books he obtained were taken home as reciprocal benefits for parent and child. Here let us make a slight digression, while we admire the simple beauty of this cottage-scene: father and son heroically struggling hand-in-hand to meliorate their social position, and benefit not only themselves but their race. Here truly is a picture of unaffected, but true nobleness of character, which may have its equals, but certainly is unsurpassed.

To return to the matter-of-fact history: with these two means of improvement, our hero made rapid progress, and, whilst Mr. Bruce laid the foundation of a sound practical education, Robert Stephenson had, by his assiduity, gained another friend in the person of the Rev. W. Turner, one of the secretaries of the institution, who became a true friend to the young student. After four years of schooling at Newcastle, namely, in 1818, young Stephenson made his *debut* in the world, as an apprentice as a coal-viewer. Here again were new means of improvement, fresh fields of observation for his capacious mind, all eagerly grasped, and all as assiduously conquered. The introduction to the extensive operations of coal-mining and machinery, was an eventful epoch in the young man’s life; nor did he fail to take suitable advantage of the opportunity, but during his stay became well versed in mining engineering, but chiefly in the knowledge of its machinery. Meanwhile, fortune had smiled upon the exertions of the elder Stephenson. He had made rapid strides towards the goal he had chosen, and had become proportionately

wealthier. Under these circumstances, parental duties were laudably remembered, and Robert was sent to Edinburgh University for a single session, where he attended lectures upon chemistry, natural philosophy, geology, and mineralogy. The best proof that can be adduced of his success is the fact of his obtaining the mathematical prize in 1821. The year 1822 dawns, and we find him no longer a gownsmen, but a second time an apprentice, now to his father, and actively engaged in his locomotive manufactory at Newcastle. Two years, however, of unremitting attention, proved that ill-health was a barrier to his future stay in that capacity, and, as a means of fresh advancement, he accepted, in 1824, a commission to examine the gold and silver mines of South America. Three years past in this new avocation, when the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was commenced by his father at home. The son's services were necessary, and, in obedience to a request, he returned home in the winter of 1827, and materially assisted his father in the construction of the successful locomotive.

Owing to these means, a more rapid mode of transit for passengers and merchandise had become a settled matter in the minds of the people; the beneficial results to be obtained by the introduction of railways were gradually emerging from the class of prejudices which had previously overwhelmed them; in fact, contrary to the universally-conceived opinion, carriages had been made to travel without horses, had attained over the speed of *twenty miles an hour* without destroying the travellers' free respiration, and, above all, the morass of Chat Moss had swallowed up its last waggon-load of earth—the last sleeper and rail had been laid—the "Rocket" had successfully traversed its whole length unharmed—and at one fell swoop the opinions of the most eminent engineers of the day had been proved unfounded and worthless. During this time, and with this unlooked-for success, it is no wonder that the extension of railways became more and more rapid, and the Stephensons found ample occupation for both time and talents. By their means, the Liverpool and Manchester, part of the Birmingham and Liverpool, the Leicester and Swannington, and the London and Birmingham Railways were constructed, the first sod of the latter being turned at Chalk Farm on June 1st, 1834, the line being opened Sept. 15th, 1838.

There was, however, one centre of attraction for this great man, namely, the perfection of the locomotive engine. The speed at present obtained was not so great as had been anticipated, and the engines were, moreover, awkward and unwieldy. He set to work to improve the steam engine and here again success crowned his efforts, which may perhaps be attributable to the rare means he enjoyed for personal inspection and improvement by means of the factory at Newcastle, which was exclusively devoted to the production of steam engines, and still continues to supply more than any other manufactory in the kingdom.

Success was now rapidly approaching its culminating point, and Robert Stephenson began to give birth to those magnificent conceptions which for vastness and originality are unsurpassed. Amongst these, may be mentioned the high-level bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, the viaduct (supposed to be unparalleled in size by any in the world) over the Tweed valley at Berwick, and the Britannia tubular-bridge before mentioned. This latter is of a form previously unknown; but, after wading successfully through a torrent of objections, and manfully battling with, and overcoming, what to many other minds would have been insuperable difficulties, this noble structure was happily completed, and opened for public traffic on March 18th, 1850.

Robert Stephenson's fame had by this time become a by-word, even among far-distant nations, and as a natural consequence he began to be consulted on matters connected with foreign engineering projects. His opinion, as well as that of his father, was courted respecting the Belgian, and also the Norwegian

and Swedish system of railways; for the latter of which he was honoured, at the hands of the King of Sweden, with the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Legion of St. Olaf. Only a short time has elapsed since he constructed the Alexandria and Cairo railway; and it may be here interestingly mentioned that two more tubular bridges were constructed by him for this line, the striking peculiarity of one of which is, that the trains run along the outside, on the top of the tube, and not inside, as is the case with the Menai structure. He was also very lately engaged in constructing a gigantic bridge at Kaffre Azzyat, a steam ferry across the Nile. These achievements bring us down to the date of his last grandest undertaking, the previously-mentioned Victoria bridge at Montreal, which is on a similar model to that of the Menai, and connects, by railway, Western Canada with the western portion of the United States.

It may be naturally supposed that his rare and unsurpassed qualities did not pass unnoticed or unrewarded; hence we find him in 1837 a M.P., representing the borough of Whitby. The Royal Society contributed their respectful tribute by electing him a Fellow; and during the years intervening between 1844-58, he filled respectively the offices of member of council, vice-president, and president of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and lastly, at the Exposition d'Industrie at Paris, in 1855, he had awarded to him a gold medal. He was the author of two valuable and erudite works, on "The Locomotive Steam Engine," and on "The Atmospheric Railway System."

The narrative now draws to its close: years of ceaseless labour and wearying fatigue had sown the seeds of disease, which were rapidly ripened by the anxiety attendant upon his profession. Thus, after some weeks of indisposition, on the 10th of October, Europe was startled and shocked by the unexpected announcement that Robert Stephenson was dead; that that mighty mind and masterly genius was eased of care and devoid of suffering; that he who, unabettled, had risen by Herculean struggles to a wonderful pitch of success, was now cold and still, in the unbroken slumber of death. But now comes the happy realization of the poet's words,—

Strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind.
And is he dead!

* * *

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is *not* to die,

As long as history shall remain "the pyramid of nations," the name and fame of Stephenson will be a household word: as long as one girder of the Britannia or Victoria shall cling to another, they will speak with a hundred tongues of the triumphs of Stephenson's engineering skill over natural obstructions; of his peerless genius over surface-gazing objectors.

But we cannot close without a respectful eulogy of the beauty and excellence of his character, and amiability and unaffectedness of his disposition. With him, indeed, wealth was synonymous with charity; diffidence and unobtrusiveness with genius, dignity, and true nobility of mind. Amid all his successes, and the rapid pouring in of well-earned honours, it is pleasant to find and remember that he never once swerved from the paths of honesty and virtue, nor ever neglected the most trifling point of honour. Enthusiastically loved and deeply respected, by perhaps one of the largest assemblies of friends and admirers ever concentrated round one individual, his death is truly lamented, and not only by these, but by a grateful nation, from the Sovereign to the poor, though good-hearted mechanic.

Every one is by this time aware of the graceful tribute paid to his memory by her Majesty, though all may not be aware of the following instance of the

respect in which he was held. "An engine driver on the South Eastern Railway, requested permission to attend the funeral, basing his request on the fact that, many years ago, he had driven the *first* locomotive engine, called the Harvey Coombe, from London to Birmingham, Robert Stephenson standing at his elbow all the way."

But the best proof of this universal feeling of admiration for the deceased, is gleaned from his funeral. Never, since that chill November morning, when the hero of Waterloo was laid in the mausoleum of St. Paul's, has such deference been paid to departed greatness and sterling merit.

Journey, then, with us, courteous reader, from Hyde Park to that venerable pile of Westminster, the Titan sepulchre of kings and princes, statesmen and poets—all whose memories the country holds very dear, all of whom have struggled for her success, and bled or laboured for her glory. Now, while the thronged streets present a mass of uncovered heads, as slowly his mortal remains draw near the mighty Pantheon where he is destined to lie, who will re-echo the feelings of praise we have uttered, and draw a fitting moral from the awful sublimity of the scene? At length the Abbey is reached, slowly the massive doors give way, and, followed by the noblest and the greatest in the land, amid the pealing reverberations of the deep-toned organ, swelling along the fretted roof, and awakening many an echo in the sculptured cloisters and monumental nave, amid the sympathies of a nation of admirers, and the generous tears of a widely-extended circle of friends, the corse of the mighty dead is rested on the bier, while many a heart is wrung, and many a choking sob permitted to escape, as the members of the choir chant, with exquisite pathos and melting sublimity, the expressive anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Slowly does the service proceed, but at length the grave is reached, and there, "himself standing upon the very verge of the unknown world," totters the aged and venerable Dean, his silvery locks parted by every truant gust of wind, his breast heaving with sobs, his eye glistening with tears, his face suffused with emotion, as all that remains of the illustrious man is lowered to its final bed. Again the quivering echoes are startled into a new life, and again is the solemnity too great to be withstood, when the funeral anthem, "I heard a voice from heaven," is sung. The last touching "Amen" is wrung from the breasts of the mourners, the last fond look taken of the grave, broken though it was by no widow's wail or orphan's tender lamentation: the people were his admirers in life, and the people alone were his sorrowing mourners in death. And now the darkness and solitude of the grave has closed over another bright star in the firmament of England's glory, for ever. There he is placed, near to the dust of one by whom, when in life, he always expressed it his dearest wish to be laid. Side by side sleep Thomas Telford and Robert Stephenson; and as in the world their two great works were but a few yards distant, so in death their bodies are laid most happily contiguous.

How true has it been proved that

The steep ascent must be with toil subdued,
Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize
Proposed by heaven.

Who will not, from this life, draw many a cheering example of the fact for their guidance among the breakers of every-day existence?—and who will not also recognise the fulfilment of the oft-quoted words, that nothing is denied to hard and honest labour? How undeniably true is its application to this remarkable case—remarkable, because instances are rare of such continued and unwearying perseverance to some distant goal, although attendant success is nearly the inevitable result. Again, although all that now remains of this

wonderful man consists of the stupendous products of his mighty mind, and the loved reminiscences of his public and domestic virtues, we can not only say that, "He being dead, yet speaketh," but what is infinitely more cheering, that, in the most extended sense he has

Left his name
Wrought out in marble, with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude.

The first bridge was thrown across the Menai Straits by Telford. Stephenson, some years afterwards, built the Britannia railway bridge but a few paces distant. Telford was also the first, as Stephenson was the last, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, first class.

Mr. Stephenson has made the following princely bequests:—to the Newcastle Infirmary, £10,000; Literary and Philosophical Institution of Newcastle, £7,000; Institution of Civil Engineers, London, £2,000; North of England Mining Institution of Newcastle, £2,000; Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, £2,000; Society for Providing Additional Curates in Populous Places, £2,000.—Total, £25,000.

In conversation with a gentleman in Newcastle a short time before his death, Mr. Robert Stephenson said that the cost of the railway lines in whose construction he had been engaged was about £800,000,000.

CHARITY: A SKETCH.

BY THE REV. W. A. CUTTING.

"And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

"The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of LOVE in Heaven,
And its wavering image here."

Longfellow.

"The grandchildren of St. Jude were summoned before Domitian, in consequence of orders he had issued that the descendants of David should be slain; but as it appeared that they were only possessed of twenty-four acres of land—land cultivated by their own hands, which were hard with toil—and had no expectation of sharing in any earthly sovereignty.....they were contemptuously dismissed."

Blunt's Church in the First Three Centuries.

THE word Charity, in like manner, is of illustrious origin, but has fallen upon evil times; for so many persist in confounding it with almsgiving, which is only a department of Charity. As well might one confound the progressive kingdom of Sardinia with the island of that name. This, too, in the teeth of the Scripture, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not Charity." Again, the palliation of vice is mis-called Charity,

in spite of the admonition that the true Charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

But the word Charity, although, as Tennyson has it, thus "soiled by all ignoble use," is of noble extraction. It is the Anglicised representative of a famous Greek family of words, a branch of which became naturalized as Latin. The Greek word for *favour*, abstract or concrete, *kindness*, &c., a *gift*, and its reciprocation, *gratitude*; that for *joy*; the Latin words for *affection* and *beauty*; derivative of the latter, our own *grace*—these are the progenitors and cousins of our word Charity. Charity is love, as Wicliff's translation attests; love, reverent towards Heaven, brotherly towards man; such as casts out selfishness; such as develops itself in self-denial, self-sacrifice; at once the root and fruit of gratitude—less lovely only than Charity—the son of beauty and the source of joy.

The scholar knows that the original of Charity is quite foreign to secular Greek. "It is purely a Christian word," writes Trench. And again, "Christianity found out a new word for itself; one expressing a reasoning attachment; of choice and selection; from seeing, in the object upon whom it is bestowed, that which is worthy of regard." The love of the ancients was blindfold—not so our Charity—to whom we may accommodate the words of the poet laureate—

" Her open eyes desire the truth ;
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them."

Charity gives alms : but not blindfold ; not as the child, who having stolen the confection, then compromised the matter by giving it to the first beggar it met. It is not Charity that thus compounds for secret vice, withal too indolent to discern between the poor and the impostor. But having taken pains to search out deserving objects ; true to her name which combines the idea of respect with that of regard, she studies how to "help them without humbling their honest independence." Full well, too, she knows that "not all that money can buy, given with a cold averted face, is worth one honest tear shed in real sympathy." "Benevolence at horse-play, mistaking kicks for caresses," is her dread. And in all this her "left hand knows not what her right hand doeth."

"Love in Heaven" utterly condemns sin, yet abounds towards transgressors. And "its wavering image here" reflects the same attitude. The pseudo-Charity calls vice, gaiety ; revenge, honour ; yet scandal is the staple of its conversation. But true Charity, on the contrary, "rebukes" the offender to his face, privately ; but abroad, in intercourse with the world, "covereth all sins."

Never "easily provoked" in the first instance, with Charity to be wronged is at heart to forgive ; to discern hint of repentance is to hasten to assure of forgiveness ; and to forgive is to forget.

The ancients feigned three graces :—

" Each legend of the shadowy strand
Now wakes a vision blest ;
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given."

Of these three the names have passed. But "now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity. These three" are Christian graces ; "but the greatest of these is Charity."

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THAT dismal impersonation by which men are now accustomed to image forth the king of terrors, we owe to the middle ages. Though the figure of a skeleton has been occasionally found sculptured upon ancient tombs, it does not appear that it was ever there intended to be symbolical of death. An inverted torch, or some such graceful image, was usually adopted in classic ages to express the extinguishment of human life; and the tendency of the heathen mythology and philosophy was to dissociate the thought of the grave from any sentiments of unmanly dread.

The circumstances of the early Christians likewise tended to divest death and the grave from any associations that might awaken disgust or aversion. In the times when persecution raged, and martyrdom was not unfrequent, the faithful were taught and encouraged to look upon death as their great deliverer: the means of their triumph, and the herald of perpetual peace.

As ages rolled by, and the standard of human conduct became debased, men had reason to look with some apprehension on that event, which their religion informed them precluded all after change, and initiated them into their state of final happiness or woe. At the same time, their unrefined imagination required something gross and palpable to feed upon. The concealed truth, wrapt up in figures and symbols, they cared nothing for. It scarcely affected them at all. But any rude, homely illustration, no matter how coarse, was felt at once, and its truth and force readily acknowledged.

Under such circumstances, the human skeleton became everywhere regarded as the true and only type of death. When the idea first crept in, it is impossible to discover with any exactness; but by the close of the ninth century it was in universal use. Death once represented as an animated skeleton, the fiction of his appearing to different individuals, and summoning them away whether they would or not, seems little more than a variation of the original thought. It is supposed to have first been put definitely forward in an old Latin poem, written by a French monk. However this may be, the thought was eagerly seized upon, and, with its various embellishments, it became one of the most popular and fruitful fictions of the middle ages.

Death visiting the king, the serf, the bold man, the child, taking them off, one by one, with his most forcible persuasion, soon became a subject on which every rude painter tried his hand. It was represented in tableaux; the miser going off with his friend, and then the same friend calling away the lawyer, and then the priest, and so on; while the whole series was called "The Dance of Death." The Church seized upon the idea, and the Dominicans especially, who almost monopolized the preaching, had scarcely a convent which was not embellished with a "Dance of Death." They found it of invaluable use to them in their sermons, as every condition of men was implicated in this solemn merriment and, with such notes they could rarely fail to make an impressive discourse under any circumstances.

And in the cloisters of the cathedrals, on the walls, on the windows, on their public buildings, in the market place, on the bridges, nay, in private houses all through the northern part of Europe, especially during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, where might there not be found a "Dance of Death." The idea seemed to be especially congenial to the Teutonic mind. It worked its way indeed into every European literature, but the nations of German extraction most delighted to parade it in every possible form and what sly satire

what of searching sarcasm, what grotesque humour, was it not made the vehicle ! and yet the subject remained the most lugubrious that could occupy the thoughts of men. Here we see the first broad manifestation of that union of the comic and the terrible, the first balance of that strange taste which loves to contemplate buffoonery and solemnity intermingled, which is so peculiarly a characteristic of the German races.

The most celebrated of all these pieces was that which stood in a small shed in the church-yard of the Dominican convent at Basle; and which was standing, though in a dilapidated condition, so late as 1505. But the first publication upon this subject was issued at Lyons in 1538, and the prints were regarded as copies of works executed by the famous Hans Holbein, at Basle, his native place. This was soon republished with alterations, though it was not till 1545, that the work was arranged in the form in which it has come down to us. It soon attained an enormous popularity. Edition after edition was printed. The plates were transferred to missals and were used as illustrations of every kind of work. This always went by the name of "Holbein's Dance of Death," and for a long time the designs were regarded as the genuine work of that artist. But doubts have been raised upon this as upon so many other literary matters in which our fathers implicitly believed, though the weight of evidence still inclines in favour of Holbein.

The number of plates in this celebrated work amounts to fifty-three, though several of them appear to be interpolations, as they have little or nothing to do with the subject; while those which are strictly part of the Dance amount in number to forty-one. They differ from other designs on this subject, inasmuch as they frequently represent a group of persons, whereas the old paintings generally had only two individuals in each compartment, Death and his victim. The freedom, spirit, finish, and severe truth of some of these gems are truly wonderful. What a satire upon human vanity ! And, oh ! what fantastic humour is there ; what irrepressible mirth breaks forth in every attitude of that strange dread spectre. There is the messenger bringing to a new-made cardinal the insignia of his dignity, and Death looks him in the face and takes the hat off ere it is well settled on his head. And the bishop, ah, you must come, and he tucks the prelate's arm under his own, and walks him off, to the bishop's unmitigated surprise ; and see, he has put the abbot's mitre upon his own head, and has shouldered his crosier, and has got the abbot by the robe, and is laughing in the very intoxication of delight at his victim's futile reluctance. And there is the canon with his furred robe and rich vestments, walking leisurely to his cathedral, and Death steps behind him and holds up an hour-glass before his face. The sand has almost run out. And there is a friar preaching to a self-satisfied congregation, and Death peering over his head in the pulpit, and holding up a human bone. Churchmen are satirized, and kings, and emperors, age, and the Pope himself ; and lawyers, and physicians, and every human passion and folly. There is the miser, who has barred himself up with his treasure, but Death walks in, in spite of bolts and bars, and helps himself to his gold at pleasure ; and the merchant, who has just escaped shipwreck, grasps his recovered bales, but it is of no use, Death has got hold of him, and his recovered merchandise he must again abandon. And there is the bride, but Death is sporting even with her and the young warrior fights with the courage of desperation, but Death is more than a match for him ; and the newly-married pair are listening to each others converse, and Death is frantic with delight as he beats his suspended tabor, for there will be more work for him, so he will leave them alone for a while. There is a merry meeting, and Death pours the wine down the drunkard's throat. Death is fighting with a fiend in order to carry off the gamester, he clutches the robber just as he is chuckling over the success of his villany. The blind man submits

to his guidance, and he plays jocosely upon his dulcimer as he beguiles the old man into the open grave, takes the pack off the pedlar's back, and the fool prepares to have a merry bout with him, it will be his last. But there is one plate more touching than all, perhaps because there is less of satire in it. It shows us an old shed, bare and desolate, and a woman bowed down with poverty, is boiling some broth for her two children, when Death steps in and leads off the younger. In vain he stretches out his little hand to his mother, she can only utter exclamations of sorrow, for there is no one to help her. Why should that little one wish to remain amid all that wretchedness? Why should she wish to retain him? Oh, spare the innocent yet a little while! no; Death has him by the hand, and he cannot stay there longer. No wonder the fiction was popular. There was joy, sorrow, mirth, madness, misery—a stereotyped epitome of the world. Every one anxious, every one busy, and death sporting unexpectedly with all. It was a printed homily and satire combined, which all who read could understand, and there was a truth in it of tremendous significance, which all felt it their duty to apply though they did not always care to apply it.

The set of plates here alluded to as “Holbein's Dance of Death” has been published by Mr. H. G. Bohn, of Covent Garden, and, with the illustrative text, forms an interesting and important addition to that valuable series known as the “Antiquarian Library.”

G. F. P.

A WINTER'S DAY.

BY VINCENT DOUN.

I LOVE to see a winter's day,
 When earth assumes her garb of white:
 Not summer in its radiance gay,
 Can look so pure and bright:
 The spotless dress which nature wears
 Is that in which she best appears.

I love to see adorned the hills,
 Ground decked, and trees enrobed with snow,
 Far greater pleasure it instils,
 Than autumn's fervid glow:
 For then is nature better seen,
 Than when she wears her robe of green.

I love to see a winter's day—
 Though herald of the year's decline;
 It makes it bright in its decay,
 And happier, man, than thine:
 For *this* renews, ere going hence,
 Its childhood's garb of innocence.

"THE TIMES," AND MR. TIDD PRATT'S ANNUAL REPORT ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

MR. PRATT'S Annual Report was ordered by parliament to be printed on the 5th of August last. It contains important statistical information, much sound advice, together with the usual sprinkling of official horror at what the Registrar, the *Times* newspaper, and some other distinguished parties seem to regard as the reckless, improvident, nay, drunken habits of men who are not only ostensibly but really banded together for provident purposes. A careful perusal of this report will, however, be of advantage to the members of the Manchester Unity, as well as of other societies less advanced in statistical knowledge. From their practical experience they will be enabled to place the true value upon some of the theories propounded by the worthy Registrar, and profit by the remainder. We must accept the tares along with the wheat, in official as well as agricultural routine. Our chief concern is, that we should not confound the one with the other, and pronounce the whole worthless, because some of the accessories are distasteful.

Our old enemy, the *Times* newspaper, is as fierce and rampant as heretofore on this subject, but much reduced in power. He has evidently had a little of the wind taken out of him by our previous encounters. In his ungovernable rage against self-governed friendly societies, and their pretensions to a respectable social status, he not only assaults with an ignorant virulence, unusual in the discussion of such questions, the most provident section of the operative population, but what is even more unusual in the *Times'* leaders, he considerably disfigures, and renders shockingly unintelligible, the Queen's English also. Yes, the recent article in the leading journal betrays a want of knowledge only equalled by its want of temper. Under such circumstances it could scarcely be expected but that the usual flippant, dashing declamation of the "thunderer" would become somewhat unsteady and ponderous in its roll. Indeed the redoubtable scribe seems to confess himself unequal to his task in the very first sentence of his magniloquent tirade. His first typographical bullet is fashioned as follows:—"There is no greater puzzle in this country than its friendly societies." Certainly not to men who are only in possession of a tithe of the truth respecting them, and that tithe handicapped with twice its own weight of falsehood. Really it is very funny to witness the ugly contortions which accompany this writer's spasmodic attempt to expound the nature of the "puzzle" which so pertinaciously defies all his knowledge and all his rhetorical power. Before referring to the special vituperation in the *Times'* leader and review of the 7th of October, I will ply the more genial task of selecting from Mr. Pratt's report some matters for congratulation and some for instruction.

In the very first paragraph, Mr. Pratt expresses his regret "that the formation of friendly societies where the funds are shared yearly or periodically, still continues." He however adds, "Under these circumstances the Registrar, not being justified in withholding his certificate, has, previously to granting it, pointed out to the members the remarks contained in pages 15 to 17 of his Report for the year 1857, where the subject is fully discussed; and

in some few instances the result has been that sharing has been abandoned, and a permanent society has been established." I have the satisfaction of informing him that large numbers belonging to two others of this class seceded a few weeks ago, in Cheshire, after listening to my lecture on friendly societies. These men, so far from being offended at my observations, applied to me for instruction how they were to proceed in their effort to establish a society on a sounder footing. Yet, singularly enough, Lord Albemarle, the protégé of the *Times*, but very recently recommended societies of this class, even when denouncing the imperfections of others. In Norfolk and Suffolk they are called appropriately "goose clubs," in Cheshire and neighbouring counties, "dividend clubs." They have generally an equal contribution, whatever the age on entrance, and the surplus fund is divided at the end of the year. The consequence was, in one of the instances referred to, the young men were actually paying a much higher subscription than their liabilities demanded, which the elder portion, who did not pay sufficient for theirs, shared equally with their juvenile friends the surplus capital at the year's end. Of course it is utterly unnecessary to formally condemn such a society to the members of the Manchester Unity. Yet one of these very Cheshire clubs has been in existence much over half a century, and has received the patronage and approval of wealthy landowners and stalwart yeomen during that period. Will this fact help the *Times* writer to read the "puzzle" of the modern Sphinx?

Mr. Pratt explains the reason why he procured the insertion of the "winding-up" clause in the recent Act of Parliament. It appears that it was more especially intended to meet the case of the "Mutual Benefit Society," formerly held at No. 51, Threadneedle-street, in the city of London. The history of the society is as follows:—"It was commenced in the year 1820, under the patronage, as appears from the title-page of the published rules, of several noblemen and gentlemen, who allowed their names to be used as a *guarantee* of the soundness of the society. In addition to the list of patrons, it was stated on the title-page that there was to be a subscribed capital of £20,000. Of this large sum, in figures, it seems that only £180 was ever subscribed, and even this was returned to the subscribers. In fact the guarantee of the subscribed capital never existed, but on paper. Some of the members appear to have been early aware of the instability of the society, for in the year 1824 a considerable number seceded, and formed a new society, called the 'London Friendly Institution,' which is still in existence, and has offices in London Wall, with 2,350 members, and an invested capital of £16,000." When it is remembered that in 1825 neither parliamentary committees nor learned actuaries were able to foresee the disastrous consequences which have resulted from the use of the rates of payment then recommended, perhaps the *Times* may be induced to show some mercy to the "deluded" noblemen and gentlemen who so patriotically guaranteed the soundness of this society; but of course the poor deluded members, who trusted to their knowledge and judgment, will still furnish sufficient evidence to justify the monstrous assertion that our friendly societies, without any exception, are "at variance with sound principles of morality and prudence; they belie the boasted honour and good sense of Englishmen; they prove him incapable of self-government; not a word can be said in their defence." Whether the *Times* can see it or not, there is in Mr. Pratt's little history something that may assist in the solution of the riddle referred to. Genteel ignorance, however, may be tolerated, but poverty and ignorance in combination is monstrous! It is to be hoped the *Times'* writer's purse is well supplied, as his ignorance on the subject of friendly societies would otherwise unquestionably involve himself in his eloquent and *patriotic* (?) denunciation. If this unscrupulous writer did not know, when he penned

the latter portion of the sentence quoted, "not a word can be said in their defence," that he was giving expression to a ridiculous and contemptible falsehood, he ought to be put under personal restraint by his friends, as a much-to-be-pitied individual, suffering from a friendly society monomania. Scores of individuals, and, amongst them, members of parliament, ministers of religion, learned actuaries, and practical, earnest, self-relying working-men have done for years, and are now daily doing, the very thing which the *Times* declares to be an impossibility—a thing which *cannot* be!

Mr. Tidd Pratt is, as usual, very angry at the members of certain clubs meeting at public-houses, and eating anniversary dinners. He contends that a vast amount of drunkenness results from these practices, which would otherwise have no existence. But some of the illustrations introduced in support of his pre-conceived theory are miserably insufficient for the purpose. He says nothing of the fact that large numbers of ordinary clubs and branches of affiliated bodies do not meet in public-houses, or that the will of a majority of the members in nearly all such societies can remove them to any other place which they who compose that majority may prefer. That, in fact, it is the will of the people themselves to meet occasionally together in some place, and enjoy a little social intercourse, according to the taste and habits which have been handed down to them from age to age, during an unknown number of centuries. The friendly society principle did not take them to public-houses. It developed itself there spontaneously, and, so far as it has acted on the drinking portion of the question, its operation has been productive of more practical temperance than thousands of well-meant but utterly fruitless didactic sermons or philanthropic anathemas. I know that the removal to private rooms has often taken the lodge away from a public-house, but left the members. The club has decayed, and that portion of some of the members' wages previously subscribed in the lodge-room for provident purposes has been spent in liquor in the bar-parlour or tap-room of the very inn the lodge had deserted. Many "respectable" lodges, chiefly composed of tradesmen, meet in private rooms. I have visited some, and have found, as I nearly always have when visiting the private houses of the middle and upper classes, that both beer, wine, and spirits, can be had without troubling a public-house! I know of many good cellars, the proprietors of which never hang out a sign. There is a fearful amount of hollow hypocrisy often exhibited with reference to this question. If a working-man ought *never* to enter a public-house for business purposes on account of the temptation to drink, neither ought a magistrate, a vicar, an employer of labour, or a scribe of the *Times* newspaper; and yet they all do: nay, the first-mentioned often issue summonses compelling working-men to attend at such places, under pains and penalties. The holding of a court of justice in a public-house is an infinitely greater anomaly than the holding of a friendly society in such a place, and productive of infinitely more intemperance. In the former case, the witnesses, and others concerned, are generally to be found loitering about rooms and lobbies awaiting their time of hearing, and consequently exposed directly to the full blaze of the temptation so much dreaded. The Odd-fellows' lodge-room, on the contrary, is private to its members for the night—and temperance in all things is one of the great principles, not only taught, but enforced during the sitting. Employers of labour often pay their "hands" in public-houses, and by so doing subject them to immeasurably greater temptation to drink than a well-regulated friendly society does. I read in a newspaper a few weeks ago an announcement that a case against a certain clergyman would be investigated by clerical inquisitors at a public-house! Would not a little example add considerable force to the practical development of this anti-public-house theory? It is mere idleness to select the working-man's provident institution from out the great mass of temptations daily spread abroad

for especial animadversion on this subject. If he is incapable of resisting its influence in the direction referred to, he is utterly unfit for the wear-and-tear of this life. He may leave the friendly society, but he won't preserve his temperance. There are thousands of other temptations around him infinitely more powerful for evil, and without the corrective for good. I know scores of persons who pay their money and retire from the lodge without drinking a glass of anything. The chief error lies in the ignoring of the great truth that the friendly society principle has nothing whatever to do with the drinking question except as it acts in favour of temperance by the introduction of provident habits amongst frequenters of public-houses. The customs of the people compel it to adapt itself to some extent to their caprice. If it defies this all-potent condition, it simply ceases its practical action, and degenerates into a mere elegantly rounded apothegm on the lips of professional philanthropy.

Mr. Pratt is so weak in facts to support his theory that he actually publishes the following paltry effusion from some secretary of some friendly society:—

"Our club is held at a public-house, which brings upon each member, annually, the following unnecessary expenses:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
"Annual Feast Dinner	2	0
Drink	0	6
Loss of Day	2	6
Drink at Monthly Meetings	3	0

This is a low average 8 0

"So each member pays annually 15s. into the fund of his club, and it costs him 8s. to do so."

Indeed! Then the working-man who, in twelve months, has had a day's holiday, a feast dinner, and three-and-sixpence-worth of beer during the twelvemonth for 8s., has had nothing for his money but the privilege of paying his subscription. I should like to look at the individual who would assert that such an expenditure by any self-relying industrious man, providing the owner of the money himself is content with his bargain, is either degrading, immoral, or improper in any public sense. The answer he would receive from many such men would be neither gratifying to his organ of self-esteem, nor complimentary to his manners. Really it is a pity government officials have not other and more important business to attend to. The morals of the public have not often been vastly improved by Government action. In this case, if the clergy, the temperance society, and the school-master cannot drag friendly societies into school-rooms and offices, I scarcely think the Registrar will succeed.

But, stay: in his dearth of important facts, the Registrar has published an extract from a friendly society report held at Soberton, in the county of Southampton, "from which it appears that no less than 258 gallons of beer were consumed during three years by about 120 members." This is certainly horrible! That 120 men should, *with their own money*—it would have been all right, perhaps, if the squire had treated his work-people to an anniversary dinner, or a glass of beer occasionally—that 120 men should deliberately drink rather more than two large gallons of beer each in three short years because they had joined a society which held its meetings at a house of public entertainment, built by a "gentleman" (no doubt), and licensed by the magistrates, is an enormity so great, that nothing short of the annihilation of the name of the village, or town, or hamlet where the deed was done can, or ought to satisfy outraged Public Virtue. No! Let *Soberton*, therefore, be henceforth erased from the map of England, and

Drunkentown substituted in its stead! Why, a "gentleman's" glass of "bitter beer" per diem, at luncheon, only amounts to twenty-three gallons per annum! In three years it only reaches sixty-nine gallons! Of course, we say nothing about the port, champagne, and brandy-and-water. Doubtless, the plebeian sinners contrived to "moisten their clay" with other potations during the three years, than the rather-over two gallons of beer each, to which the Registrar refers.

But stay, this society is held at the sign of—what does the reader think—"The King's Head," or the "Queen's Arms," or perhaps the arms of the neighbouring squire? No, "the school-room!" School-room! how is this? People don't drink in school-rooms, do they? Perhaps not generally, but I have seen it done. Oh! it is the anniversary dinner, no doubt, that consumed in three years the rather more than two gallons of ale each. The meeting in the school-room might have procured the restoration of the ancient and honourable name of the village; but if working-men will ape "their betters," and celebrate the anniversary of their club, although held in a school-room, and consume rather more than two gallons of beer each in three years, they must be content to live in *Drunkentown* during the remainder of their earthly existence.

Of course it is not my wish to recommend any expenditure of money by working-men on either beer or anniversary dinners. I think it is simply their own business and not mine. It is sufficient for me if the funds subscribed for provident purposes are not taxed with the cost. Wherever such is the case it ought to be suppressed at once, as it has been long since in the Manchester Unity. As to whether it is desirable or not to dine together once a year, or go to church as a body to hear a sermon, or hold a tea-party, or other demonstration to advertise a club, is in my opinion best ascertained by the experience of the members thereof, and so long as they pay the cost out of their own pockets, I conceive it to be no part of the Registrar's duty to refuse the registration of their laws, or mine to make it a matter of public denunciation. Some societies certainly have a bye-law which compels every member, residing within a certain distance, to pay his share of the cost of the dinner (generally some shilling or eighteenpence) whether he attends or not. These are chiefly village clubs, and the anniversary in reality is but a part of the festivities of the annual fair or wakes, or other ancient custom. I do not remember a single lodge in a large town, that does not leave it to the option of each member whether he takes a part in an anniversary or not, both in purse and person. In my own district I have often heard an intimation, if any party did not voluntarily join in such a celebration, that his "room would be more acceptable than his company."

If ever public houses are to become temperance hotels by mere moral influence, and not by "Maine Law," I am satisfied, from long experience, that the action of the friendly society principle will be felt in that direction; that it will play, although unostentatiously, no unimportant part in every movement which really and tangibly effects any amelioration of the physical condition of the great mass of our industrial population, or which tends to elevate them either morally or politically in the social scale. It is the fear of the latter that is the real bugbear to the *Times*. We don't discuss politics here; but I know that every member, whatever may be his views politically, will resent the imputation that the fact of a man being a member of a friendly society is a proof of his incompetency to perform the duties of a citizen. If that fact does not speak in his favour, no member will, I am confident, assent to its being used as an argument to his disadvantage.

There are some other matters of importance, both in the Registrar's report and the *Times* commentary; but I must postpone their consideration for the present.

A DIRGE FOR THE OLD YEAR, AND A CHANT TO THE NEW.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.,

Author of "The Judgment of the Flood," &c., &c.

INTONE the Dirge. Our friend was old,
 His veins had wintry grown and cold ;
 Most dim of eye, most stark of limb,
 The snows will weave a shroud for him.
 His time was full of troubles dire,
 Of wrong and discord, sword and fire,—
 War, with its rumours, and its curse,
 That bane of bliss, an empty purse.
 Taxation following in its train,
 The fever of the heart and brain ;
 The State perplexed, the masses wild,
 Opinions still unreconciled,
 The Earth a Babel, and the Heavens,
 Like earth, at sixes and at sevens ;
 Creeds changed or changing, rites renewed
 Our pious fathers had eschewed ;
 And Czars and Popes, from tower and steeple,
 Affrighting humble, honest people.
 Intone the Dirge, nor let it cease,
 Till, with the Year, we bury these.

We've seen the Old Year out. Now, prance,
 And sing with joy, and shout and dance,
 Welcome we the New Year in
 With all kinds of merry din.
 Behind our backs we gaily cast
 The bygone mischiefs of the Past.
 'Gainst yesterday no longer rail we :
 The Present and the Future hail we !
 To-morrow may be Peace or not ;
 Beshrew us if we care a jot.
 If Peace it be, we can enjoy it ;
 If War, our valour shall destroy it.
 The readier we dare its front,
 The bolder we withstand its brunt,
 The sooner we shall end the strife
 That makes such bitterness of life.
 Hail, New Year, hail ! so full of hope ;
 So rife with work ; so wide of scope !
 Long ere thou end, may human kind
 Have ratified the claims of Mind ;
 And Merit conquered for its brow
 The wreaths that Wealth and Birth wear now.
 Next Christmas, be it ours to say,
 Though Patience had too long a day,
 The year of Recompense has come,
 And made the world a happy home.

The Lodge Room.

ODD-FELLOWS AND FORESTERS FAIRLY CONTRASTED.

UNDER the Act of 1855 regulating Friendly Societies, the registrars at London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, have to report annually to Parliament on the proceedings in their offices. Amid much dry matter, some figures always show a large number of members in these societies, and on one occasion it was stated they saved the country at least two millions annually in poor-rates. Last year the English report showed the *legal* societies had two million members, and nine millions' surplus capital, and the numbers in several large societies were given—the two greatest being the Independent Order of Odd-fellows Manchester Unity, and the Ancient Order of Foresters. It is a fact, much to be regretted, that among the upper classes there exists a prejudice against these associations; but there is really no good reason for it. Their objects are, by entrance fees, subscriptions, fines, donations, and interest, to raise funds for insuring a sum of money (generally £10) to be paid on death of a member to the widow, children, or other person, for defraying the expenses of burial; and also for insuring a sum of money (generally £5) to be paid to a member on the death of his wife; for the relief of members (about 10s. weekly) in sickness and old age; for granting assistance to the widows and children of deceased members; for providing members with assistance when travelling in search of employment; and for assisting members in distressed circumstances. Their "secrets" simply consist in keeping their meetings exclusive, none but members being admitted; in bestowing on active members honorary titles, and some quaint modes of knowing each other. Taking the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows as an example, the result of their working is this:—That body received during 1858, for sick and funeral benefits, £211,685, and paid out £187,012; and, quoting from printed returns, it appears that the surplus capital in hand amounts on an average to £6 10s. per member, or for the 287,573 members, no less than £1,869,224. This is without reference to the widow and orphan, distress and management funds. The Foresters have not at present ascertained the state of their finances so minutely. Each society is governed by well-framed laws, and a grand meeting of delegates from all parts of the country takes place annually, to consider any proposed alterations. That of the Manchester Unity was held on Whit-Monday at Leicester, and the Foresters' at Brighton on the 1st of August. Quarterly an official report is issued from head-quarters to the various lodges and courts, containing accounts of the societies' business and progress. The Foresters change their place of business every year—one year at Rochdale, another at Huddersfield, and so on; but the Odd-fellows have a building of their own. The first stone was laid on the 19th February, 1857, and from a small levy upon the members, spread over two years, the building was erected in Grosvenor-street, Manchester, at a cost of £2,829. These societies do not rest content with simply working for themselves, for the Odd-fellows' reports of 1847 show that £1,905 was voluntarily contributed by that body for the distressed Irish and Scotch; and, in 1855, that £2,590 was collected for the Patriotic and Crimean Army Funds. The Foresters realized for the latter object about £400. Both

societies have acknowledged organs, the *Odd-fellows' Magazine* and the *Foresters' Quarterly Miscellany*. Both issue guides to the lodges and courts, the Odd-fellows every other year, and the Foresters annually; and from the last two issued the following figures are selected. It should be premised that the Odd-fellows' book from which the numbers are taken is for January, 1858, and the Foresters', 1859. The numbers of both societies at the commencement of this year were:—Odd-fellows: 429 districts; 3,202 lodges; 287,573 members. Foresters: 175 districts; 2,048 courts; 148,562 members. As a proof of the wide footing and influence they have both obtained, and to show the approximate distribution of members, this table will be sufficient:—

	Odd-fellows.	Foresters.		Odd-fellows.	Foresters.
Bedfordshire	1734	810	Northumberland	2391	184
Berkshire.....	1307	119	Nottinghamshire	6176	1527
Buckinghamshire	952	1045	Oxfordshire.....	467	92
Cambridgeshire	1766	162	Rutlandshire	93	87
Cheshire	10699	12703	Shropshire	5797	2637
Cornwall	144	—	Somersetshire.....	1127	842
Cumberland	4044	1403	Staffordshire	9073	4332
Derbyshire	11545	1733	Suffolk	3465	2164
Devonshire	1771	240	Surrey	1486	2390
Dorsetshire	1156	—	Sussex	3987	1531
Durham	6694	5790	Warwickshire	7730	2143
Essex	800	—	Westmorland	2340	604
Gloucestershire	3409	2630	Wiltshire	1649	810
Hampshire	2488	4224	Worcestershire	3684	579
Herefordshire	991	—	Yorkshire.....	46274	26709
Hertfordshire	1003	79	Ireland.....	825	70
Huntingdonshire	193	379	Scotland	2991	817
Guernsey	383	—	Wales	19063	4418
Isle of Man	668	180	Africa	136	—
Isle of Wight	286	—	Canada	986	—
Kent.....	3751	1576	Australia	4302	1517
Lancashire	54710	22709	Tasmania	374	16
Leicestershire	4563	334	East Indies	—	50
Lincolnshire	5178	8442	France	48	—
Middlesex	14019	22078	America	114	—
Monmouthshire	4724	1675	New Zealand	886	—
Norfolk	7984	4283	West Indies.....	58	132
Northamptonshire	3080	2289	Malta	—	—

On careful examination, some numbers require remark; for instance, the Odd-fellows' under Derbyshire include several Leicester lodges, Lancashire some in Cheshire, and Middlesex includes lodges in Essex, Herts, Kent, and Surrey. The Foresters' are even more remarkable; for Cheshire includes courts in Denbigh, Carnarvon, Derby, Stafford, and Leicester; Hampshire: the Isle of Wight, Chichester, Westbourne, Arundel, Midhurst, Poole, and Dorchester; Lincoln: the courts in Northampton, Nottingham, Leicester, and Yorkshire; whilst Middlesex includes many in Essex, Bucks, Kent, Surrey, Herts, Suffolk, Cambridge, and St. Heliers, Jersey. However, in London, the Foresters are certainly much in excess of the Odd-fellows, and Lincoln also is the Foresters' stronghold, probably from the fact that their forefathers "were attired in Lincoln green."

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL AN ODD-FELLOW.

At a meeting of the Loyal Berkshire Lodge, held on Tuesday evening, October 25th, 1859, at the Lodge Room, Crown Inn, Horn Street, Reading, the Members for the Borough, Sir H. Keating (the Solicitor-General) and F. Pigott, Esq., M.P., were initiated into our Order; with J. Boorne, Esq., and T. Rogers, Esq., two gentlemen residing in the town. The attendance of members was numerous, and the room was very tastefully decorated with flags, banners, and evergreens. The chair was ably filled by N.G. Davis, the vice-chair by V.G. Wheeler; while P.G. Atter, of the Norwich district, officiated as G.M., or Lecture Master.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been drank, the Solicitor-General rose and expressed the gratification he felt at having been admitted a member of the Order, and his surprise that he should have remained so long in comparative ignorance of its vast magnitude and usefulness. When he was first asked to join this institution, he requested to see a copy of its laws, and until he had looked through them, he abstained from becoming a member. On examination, however, he found them to be such as to merit his entire approbation.

F. Pigott, Esq., M.P., expressed his entire concurrence with the remarks of his honourable colleague, in the pleasure afforded them by being admitted members of our great society. He had listened with very great attention and pleasure to the address of the worthy G.M., and it had convinced him that, although he had previously known nothing of Odd-fellowship, it was a Society in every way worthy of support.

Thomas Rogers, Esq., and Mr. Councillor Boorne, each briefly expressed a hope that the example they had that evening set by becoming Odd-fellows would speedily be followed by other gentlemen in the town.

A handsomely-bound copy of the general and bye-laws was presented to each member on initiation.

AN ODD-FELLOWS' HALL OPENED IN SYDNEY.

On Wednesday, October 26, the city of Newcastle presented a scene such as was never witnessed there on any previous event in its history. The occasion was the laying of a foundation stone of a building to be called the Odd-fellows' Hall, in Darby Street, Lake Macquarie Road. The brethren and friends assembled in large numbers accompanied by bands of music, and the imposing ceremony was performed by James Hannell, Esq., J.P.

The bottle containing the names of the officers of the lodge, the trustees of the building, and by whom the ceremony was performed, with the newspapers of the day, and coins of the realm, was something of a curiosity. On one corner was engraved a cornstalk; on the second, a thistle; on the third, a shamrock; on the fourth, the rose of Old England—also the following lines:—

Coin may corrode and waste away,
 As generations pass;
 The best of parchment may decay,
 So 'tis inscribed on glass
 The names of those who lent their aid
 In getting up this hall;
 Long may they live, and when low laid,
 Regretted be by all.

The ceremony included a grand procession, a banquet, and a ball.

In Memoriam.

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

One of the Manchester Poets of the People, and formerly Editor of the Odd-fellows' Magazine—who died lately in the Isle of Man.

BY ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

SAD, in the Winter that forgetteth Spring,
 I stand alone—from Friendship's charmed ring
 The pearls drop fast ; their place is void and dim,
 And the last jewel from my rosary
 Of life's lost treasures, falls, in mourning thee,
 Friend of my youth and Brother of the Lyre !
 I knew thee first when Poësy's kindling fire
 Flush'd all thy hopes with glorious desire
 For Fame's bright garland. When the prize was won,
 And the ripe, golden fruitage of thy thought
 Crown'd with calm grace thy manhood's dignity ;
 When fireside bliss and sweet serenity
 Of love were thine, and all thy songs enwrought
 With golden harp-notes from an angel hymn,
 As thy true life look'd towards the westering sun.
 Then rose the "little cloud" that dimm'd thy sky,
 Sorrow and stern disease came swooping nigh,
 And I, whose wild flowers in thy young renown
 Were blent, and mingled in thy laurel crown,
 Survive, to shed those wild flowers on thy grave,
 And mourn thee, sleeping by the Island-wave !
From the "Kendal Mercury."

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

On the 21st of May last, his Excellency, the Governor of the Colony, assisted by the Bishop of Wellington, and His Honour the Superintendent, various Military and Naval Officers, Members of the Provincial Executive, Members of the Provincial Council, Clergy of the several denominations, Justices of the Peace, Bankers, Merchants, and a large number of Odd-fellows, laid the foundation stone of the Odd-fellows' Hall, with all due ceremony. The copper plate bears the following inscription :—

"AMICITIA AMOR ET VERITAS."

This plate is inscribed to commemorate the laying the
 FOUNDATION STONE OF A HALL,

FOR THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS, M.U., IN WELLINGTON,
 BY HIS EXCELLENCY COL. THOMAS G. BROWN, C.B., GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND,
 May 21st, A.D. 1859,

IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS HONOUR ISAAC EARL FEATHERSTON, ESQ.,
 (Superintendent of the Province,)

THE MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE, THE GENTLEMEN REPRESENTING THE CITY
OF WELLINGTON IN THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL, AND THE
OFFICERS AND BRETHREN OF THE VARIOUS
LODGES IN THE DISTRICT,

P.G.M. S. Levy, D.P.G.M. G. Goldfinch, C.S. J. Duck. Also the Building
Committee, consisting of Brothers of the

BRITANNIA.	ANTIPODEAN.	WELLINGTON.
P.G. Chapell	P.P.G.M. Haslam	P.G. Bourk
Brother Carter	P.G. Ingram	P.G. Clapham
P.G. Edwards	P.G. Lemington	P.V.G. Hesslewood
P.P.D.G.M. Marriot	P.G. Lindsay	G.M. Nicholas
P.G. Miller	P.G. Stafford	P.G. Kirtton
P.C.S. M'Kenzie, Sec.	P.G. Smith	P.G. Waldin

C. R. Carter, Superintendent of Works; Smith Furness, Builder; William-
son and Bailey, Architects. Engraved by P.P.D.G.M. Marriott.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES
IN CANADA.

THE following important correspondence has been forwarded to us for publi-
cation. We insert it without comment:—

West Maitland, June 10, 1859.

To the Editor of the Northern Times and Newcastle Telegraph.

SIR,—I am requested by the "Friendly Societies" of Maitland, to hand
you the following correspondence between themselves and the Very Rev.
Dean Lynch, R.C.C., of Maitland, and to request the favour of your giving
the same a place in your journal. I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant, ALEX. WILKINSON,
Secretary to the Friendly Societies.

West Maitland, May 14, 1859.

To the Very Rev. J. T. Lynch, Dean, &c.

REVEREND SIR,—It was with the greatest astonishment that the members
of a Friendly Society, designated "Odd-fellows," received from their depu-
tation, who waited upon you, upon hearing from the widow of the late
John James Penny, (a member of that society), that you would not perform
the last rites of Christian burial over his remains, the reply that "Your
church did not recognise or countenance any such 'secret societies,' and that
you would not read the burial service if they attended in their insignia,
or followed in any manner as a body or society his remains to their last
resting place."

Your reverence thus preventing (by your mandate) his fellow members,
(of fourteen years' standing), who have administered to his wants during
affliction and distress, from testifying, by their presence, the respect and
esteem in which he was held by them.

We most emphatically deny your assertion that we are, or have ever been,
a "secret society," or that such a designation can properly be applied to us or
any body of "Odd-fellows."

The chief aim, object, and end of our Societies (the "Rules and Regulations" of which are certified and enrolled according to the laws of our country) are to relieve the sick and distressed, to assist and protect the widow and orphan, and to insure a certain sum to be paid upon the death of members, their wives, or children, and thus our objects are charitable only; nothing of a political character is tolerated at our meetings, and our societies are open to members of every creed, without distinction. We forcibly inculcate the observance of the most exalted precepts—"Friendship, Brotherly Love, Charity to the Afflicted and Distressed, and a strict adherence to Truth."

The "Sacred Book" conveys to us innumerable and impressive exhortations to brotherly love, tender-heartedness, to forbearance, to charity in thought and deed, and to universal benevolence; guided by these principles, and acting from the impulse of these sentiments, the mischievous tendency of those evil passions which injure and destroy the happiness of man, are nullified in our meetings, whilst sincerity, plain dealing, and active benevolence, prompt both *Heart and Hand* to join in promoting the welfare of others. These are the distinguishing characteristics of "Odd-fellowship."

With these objects engrafted in each Odd-fellow's heart, judge of our amazement and just indignation in being stigmatised as a "*secret society*," which, in general, has for its objects the perversion of everything moral and divine, and to pander to the most evil and pernicious passions of human nature. Our indignation was just, in having this noble institution of our fatherland (founded on the purest philanthropy) compared to the *secret societies* of other countries, which have not the same objects in view, and the sentiment is unworthy of the intelligence of your reverence, or of any other gentleman having the welfare of society at heart, as we sincerely believe you have always had.

The members do you the justice to believe that your reverence's usual good judgment has been warped and misled upon this occasion; and they have no doubt that when the laws and rules are laid before, and properly explained to you, you will withdraw all opposition to the Friendly Societies of Maitland, which are of so much benefit to suffering humanity.

From an early period the Legislature have recognised the great value of "Friendly Societies," and passed various enactments with the view of throwing around them the protection of the law, and the better enabling them to fulfil the objects their founder and supporters had in view. The Act of Parliament of Great Britain, passed in 1851, provides that the rules and tables of all Friendly Societies shall be certified by an experienced Actuary, who must declare that the tables may be fairly and safely adopted, and that they fairly represent the interest of members entering at those terms of age, without prejudice to any.

Thus our Societies, being based upon those calculations, are permanent and secure—the means being commensurate to the end in view; its monetary calculations are correct, and in harmony with those laws of sickness and mortality, which are well known to those who have given due attention to such matters; so that individuals can say that it will really and truly be the support of their declining years, when the infirmities of old age creep upon them, and they will have the consolation of falling back on the industrious savings of their vigorous youth.

The pass-words are *always* moral sentences, and are changed quarterly; for, if there were not such secret economy whereby members could know each other, a stranger, who had not contributed like the rest, might deceive a true member of the Society, and entirely defeat the purposes for which it was instituted, namely, that of relieving the wants and administering consolation in the distresses of every member who fairly and honestly purchases

and claims the privileges thereof. On behalf of the Friendly Societies of Maitland—

GEORGE A. SMYTH,	of Lodge No. 3933	M.U.
JAMES P. QUINN,	" "	3933 "
JOHN EDMUNDS,	" "	2487 A.O.F.
OLIVER MAXWELL,	" "	1056 G.U.O.
JAMES G. COX,	" "	1171 "

West Maitland, May 14th, 1859.

Messrs. Maxwell, Cox, Edwards, &c.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your communication I have (whilst cordially acknowledging its complimentary tone and language) to express my deep regret that I cannot comply with your request.

The Catholic Church *disapproves* of all "Societies" over which she does not exercise a guiding and controlling influence—she wishes to follow her children through all the various stages of life, and her solicitude for their spiritual welfare is not satisfied, unless religion, as taught within *her* fold, blesses and sustains all their undertakings.

When, therefore, my sanction of your proposed procession would be *equivalent* to a formal recognition and *approval* of your Society, I think that the members will sympathise with a *refusal* dictated *solely* by principle.

After a residence of nearly twenty-one years in Maitland, I can safely and confidently appeal to my close and frequent intercourse with every class and creed in the community—in proof of my earnest desire to establish and promote peace and harmony. I am, and always have been, willing to aid and assist benevolence and philanthropy in the mission of mercy and love, but I never have allowed my sense of duty, or the obedience which I owe to my Church, to parley with expediency, or bend before the shrine of popular applause. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

J. T. LYNCH, Dean.

West Maitland, May 25th, 1859.

To the Very Rev. J. T. Lynch, Dean, &c.

REVEREND SIR,—I have been instructed, as Secretary to the General Meeting of the Friendly Societies of Maitland, holden at the Commercial Hotel, on Thursday evening last, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant, in answer to their deputation who waited upon you; and also to forward you a copy of the resolution passed unanimously by the meeting upon hearing your letter read.

I remain, Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,
ALEX. WILKINSON, Secretary.

Copy of a Resolution passed by the Friendly Societies of Maitland on Thursday evening, the 19th May, 1859.

"That this meeting hear with regret the decision that the Reverend Dean Lynch, R. C. C., has come to with regard to the Friendly Societies of Maitland, and that this Meeting doth hereby resolve and agree, with respect to any member of the various orders in Maitland, whilst in the receipt of benefits from any such Societies—that the laws relative to the burial of deceased members shall be strictly acted upon by following their remains to their last resting-place, without reference to any creed, and that they will not permit any clerical influence of any kind whatsoever to interfere with the established customs of the

Friendly Societies, whose laws, rules, and regulations, are certified and enrolled according to the laws of our country."

[A true copy.]

ALEX. WILKINSON, Sec.

West Maitland, May 27th, 1859.

The Very Rev. Dean Lynch regrets that he must return the resolution with which Mr. Alex. Wilkinson has been instructed to favor him.

Dean Lynch is always anxious to treat individuals and "Societies" with proper courtesy, and he would not willingly give pain; but self-respect, and due regard for his position, forbids the reception of a resolution ignoring and disclaiming all deference and consideration for ecclesiastical authority.

The members of the various Orders in Maitland may rest assured that Dean Lynch will enforce and carry out, by his "clerical influence," the laws and discipline of the Catholic Church.

On the receipt of the above letter from the Very Rev. Dean Lynch, returning the resolution of the 19th ultimo, a special general meeting of all the Friendly Societies was convened by advertisement on Monday evening last, the 6th instant, when the undermentioned resolution was passed:—

"Resolved: That the Friendly Societies of Maitland do hereby express their unqualified indignation at the despotic conduct of the Reverend Dean Lynch, Roman Catholic clergyman, in attempting to tyrannise over and crush them, as exhibited in his letter of the 27th May last, and hereby unanimously confirm their resolution of the 19th May, and repudiate the authority which the Dean so unwarrantably arrogates to himself over them, or any of their members."

ANNIVERSARIES, PRESENTATIONS, &c.

ABERDARE.—On the evening of Friday, the 7th of October, a splendid gold guard chain, value five guineas, the spontaneous gift of the brethren of the John Watkins Lodge, was presented to P.G. William Edmonds, their faithful and zealous *permanent secretary*. Mr. Edmonds has been many years secretary to the Temple of Love Lodge, and numerous other societies, in all of which he has signalled himself by a careful and diligent discharge of his duties.

ABERSYCHAN.—**QUARTERLY MEETING.**—**PRESENTATION TO P.P.G.M. SHELLARD.**—The delegates of the Pontypool District of the M.U. of Odd-fellows met for the transaction of their quarterly business, at the White Hart Inn, on Monday, September 19th. The delegates reported favourably of the state of their lodges, and it was announced that 54 new members had been initiated during the last quarter, making the total number of 1,536 members of the district. A dispensation was granted for the opening of a new lodge at Mr. Trubey's, Steadman's Terrace, Sebastopol. A sum of £4 13s., which had been collected at various lodges, was presented to a brother named Dunn, who was in distress. After the general business of the meeting had been concluded, the delegates proceeded to present Brother P.P.G.M. Shellard with a testimonial, which consisted of a double-bottomed gold lever

watch, purchased at a cost of £17 10s., by the joint subscription of the members. It was supplied by Brother D. Evans, watchmaker and jeweller, Pontypool, and bore the following inscription :—"Presented to P.P.G.M. Wm. H. Shellard, by the Pontypool District of the M.U.I.O. of O.F., for his faithful exertions in the Order 37 years.—September 19th, 1859." Brother George Thomas, C.S. of the District, made the presentation in an eloquent and appropriate speech. Mr. Shellard acknowledging, said that he scarcely could express the emotions that were then agitating his bosom. Reference had kindly been made by Mr. Thomas to the part he had taken, and to the exertions he had made in the cause of Odd-fellowship; but he was not aware that he had done anything more than his duty. It afforded him, however, the greatest satisfaction, to think that he had not laboured in vain, and that his conduct had met with their approval.

BELFAST.—The annual Ball and Soiree of the Members of the Belfast District took place on the 16th of December, when a very full attendance gave evidence of the interest the members of the several Lodges in the District take in Odd-Fellowship. Victoria Hall was gaily decorated for the occasion, and a large number of members and friends appeared in regalia. P. Prov. G.M. Downing in the chair. The late period of the month at which the report reached us, prevents a more extended notice.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday, 14th November, the members and friends of the Victoria Lodge met to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary. After the dinner (provided in excellent style,) the chair was taken by Mr. Spratt, the vice-chair being ably filled by Mr. George Fletcher. The usual loyal toasts being disposed of, the chairman proposed, "The Manchester Order of Odd-fellows, and the health of its Officers." Birmingham had its share in the government of the Unity, one of its useful officers, their valued C.S. H. Buck, being D.G.M. In proposing prosperity to Birmingham district, it was stated that it was in a most flourishing condition, having 3,673 members, and a capital of £35,077. Prov. G.M. Owen responded in a very able speech, followed by an effective address, by Prov. D.G.M. Leighton. The chairman stated that the position of the lodge was good, being 68 members, and a capital of £567 11s. Some capital singing concluded the evening.

BRISTOL.—The members of the Loyal Benevolent Lodge held their seventeenth anniversary on Tuesday, October 11th, Prov. D.G.M. Michael Jackson, in the chair, and P.G. Francis Wood, in the vice-chair, supported by Dr. M'Donald, P.P.D.G.M.; Francis Young, P.G.M.; Thomas Adams, C.S., and nearly sixty of the members and their friends. After the removal of the cloth a variety of toasts were given and responded to; among the toasts was, "the health of G.M., D.G.M., and Board of Directors in Manchester;" after the toast, "Prosperity to the Benevolent Lodge," Past Prov. G.M. John Bridgwood, the treasurer of the lodge, stated that the number of members on the lodge books was 150, and that the total amount of surplus cash out at interest was £709; that after paying upwards of £100 for sick pay, they had been enabled to deposit £80 in the Savings' Bank, being the gain on the past year. The chairman then, in the name of the lodge, presented to P.G. John Silley, a diploma enclosed in a very handsome gilt frame and glass, certifying that he had filled the several offices in the lodge to their entire satisfaction. P.G. William D. Bedgood then amused the company with several airs on the piano. The evening's amusement was closed by the whole company singing the National Anthem. — *Blaize Castle Lodge.*—On the 28th July last, a new Lodge was opened at the Black Boy Inn, Durdham Down, called the Blaize Castle Lodge, under very

promising auspices, and it has since been making its way very successfully. Mr. F. B. Coates has had the privilege of being appointed the first Noble Grand. A young member of the lodge has written some pleasing poetical reminiscences of the progress of the lodge during the first three months of its existence, for which we regret we cannot find space.—*Widow's Hope Lodge*.—On Monday evening, October 31st, the members of this Lodge, with several friends, dined together at their lodge house, for the purpose of celebrating their nineteenth anniversary. The chairs were filled by N.G. Wm. Thomas, and P.G. Joseph Roberts. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Secretary, P.G. Charles Williams, gave a financial statement of the lodge funds, and showed an increase of £78 on the past year. The chairman, at this period of the evening, called their attention to the pleasing duty they had appointed him to perform, viz., that of presenting to P.P.G.M. George Harvey, a gold Albert chain, value £4, subscribed for by the members as a small acknowledgment of the many services he had rendered the lodge for many years, whereby a considerable saving was effected in the general expenditure of the society.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—The brethren and friends of the Loyal West Suffolk Design Lodge, No. 2425, held their nineteenth anniversary on Monday, Sept. 12. A large number of the members met in the morning at the Castle Inn, and from thence went in procession with the regalia of the order, accompanied by the band of the West Suffolk Militia (by permission of Captain Halls), to Saint Mary's Church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Richardson. After service, the members and their friends adjourned to the Botanic Gardens, which were kindly thrown open by the proprietor, and in various amusements occupied their time until the dinner hour. The dinner took place in the Corn Exchange, at four o'clock, when nearly 300 sat down to an excellent and substantial repast, provided by host and Brother Baker, of the Castle Inn. The chair was occupied by J. A. Hardcastle, Esq., M.P., who was supported by T. Bridgeman, Esq., T. Collins, Esq., T. W. Cooper, Esq., J. Kilner, Esq., Rev. H. E. Daniel, &c. &c. Brother Banyard filled the vice-chair. The report of this anniversary occupies 2½ columns of the *Bury and Norwich Post*, but we can only spare space to say that in answer to the toast of the evening, Brother Copeland stated that it was now seven years ago that their lodge became a legalized body, from which time he was happy to say it had been a flourishing body. Since they had registered the lodge they had initiated 183 members, 37 of them initiated since their last anniversary. The excess of income in the seven years was £1079 18s. 0½d., being an average of £155 5s. 5d. per year. The excess of income was last year larger than in any previous year—it was then £197 14s. 4½d. The value of the lodge fund at the present time was £2100. They had been more favoured this year as regarded sickness, than in any year previous, the sick pay being some £56 less than in the year before, when it was £120 7s. The average sickness this year was not more than six days, whereas the average of the Unity was something like nine or ten days. The sick pay of the lodge during the seven years had amounted to £775 2s. 1½d., and the funeral expenditure to £161 16s. 11., giving a total of payments from the lodge of £936 18s.

CREWE.—The anniversary of the establishment of the Loyal Strangers' Home District Lodge was celebrated by a dinner at Brother Furber's, Adelphi Hotel, Crewe, on August the 27th, when upwards of 74 gentlemen (71 of whom were members of this and other lodges) sat down to a good and substantial banquet; James G. Tinning, P. Prov. G.M., of the Crewe Lodge, in the chair; Joseph Slack, P.G., in the vice-chair. The present number of members is 65, the numbers last year being 53, which shows an increase of 12.

The total funds also amount to £253 3s. 11½d., being an increase of £30 over last year's funds.

CWMBRAN.—The members of the Loyal Good Intent Lodge held their anniversary on Monday, July 25. The brethren and friends mustered to the number of 140, and headed by the military band, walked in procession to the Chapel-of-Ease, where an excellent sermon was preached to them from the text—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." At the conclusion of the religious service, the brethren returned to the club-room, where an excellent repast awaited them. On the removal of the cloth, John Lawrence, Esq., was called to the chair; David Brown, Esq., acted as vice-chairman. The Good Intent Lodge numbers 112 members, the average age of whom is twenty-nine years. They possess a fund of £430 18s. 8½d., which had been increased during the past twelve months £53 16s. 8½d. The proceedings were brought to a close by dancing, which was kept up until a late hour.

DUBLIN.—On Thursday, November 17th, 1859, a massive silver snuff-box, together with a silver medal, was presented to Mr. Thomas Gray, of No. 2, Sandymount Green, Sandymount. The box bears the following inscription:—Presented (with a Silver Medal) by the Odd-fellows of the Dublin District, M.U., to P.P.G.M. Thomas Gray, in token of their respect for the zealous and efficient manner in which he discharged the onerous duties of Grand Master of the Dublin District, during his year of office, October, 1859. The medal bears the insignia of the order on one side, and a similar inscription to that on the box on the other. The meeting, which comprised deputies from the various lodges in the district, and several guests unconnected with the society, was rather of an imposing character, the brethren appearing in full regalia of the order. An appropriate address, artistically engrossed by Mr. J. J. Carroll, Secretary to the Old England Lodge, was delivered by the present Grand Master of the district, Mr. James A. Hyde.—*The Dublin District Annual Grand Ball.*—The members gave their annual district ball on Monday, November 21st, in the Rotundo, in aid of the funds for the relief of the widows and orphans of the deceased members of the society. The whole suite of rooms were thrown open on the occasion, and the attendance was most numerous and respectable. There were upwards of 1,000 persons present.

FRAMLINGHAM.—The Loyal Star of the East Lodge, of this town, celebrated its fifteenth anniversary by a dinner at the Corn Hall, on the 14th of October. A sermon was preached in the parish Church by Brother the Rev. T. J. Brereton. There were upwards of 150 guests at dinner. Since its formation, the Lodge has received for entrance fees and contributions £1,986 13s., and expended for sickness and funeral donations £748 17s., leaving a balance in the hands of the treasurer of £1,237 16s. The Lodge is in a flourishing state and numbers upwards of 160 honorary and benefit members.

HANLEY.—On Monday, November 14, the brethren of St. Andrew's Lodge celebrated their 24th anniversary by dining together. Mr. Edwin Alcock, G.M. of the district, in the chair. A number of toasts and sentiments were given by the chairman, and speeches delivered by various members. Mr. Brain, in responding to the toast of "The Lodge," read a pleasing report, wherein it appears that, though the lodge numbers but over 40 members, yet that there had been a saving of funds during the past year of nearly £50. Mr. Rowe's band was in attendance, and played a number of favourite airs. Mr. Farrington played a solo on the flute, and a very agreeable evening was spent.

HANWELL AND ACTON.—OPENING OF LODGES.—On Monday evening, 24th October, 1859, a Lodge was opened at the Duke of York Inn, Hanwell, by the Grand Master of the Pimlico District. The number of members initiated on the opening night was 11.—On Wednesday, the 2nd November, 1859, a Lodge was opened, also in connexion with the above District, at the George Inn, Acton. No Lodge had previously existed nearer than two miles from Acton, and the opening of such Lodge was greatly desirable, as it is situated in a populous neighbourhood. This District, at the commencement of the year, had 11 Lodges—now it has 17.

IXWORTH.—On Thursday, December 8th, Zephaniah Rye and Philip Fruning, both active members of the Speed the Plough Lodge, Ixworth, were each presented with a beautifully framed certificate for their long and faithful services for the good and welfare of the Lodge.

KNIGHTON.—The triennial festival of the Loyal Offa's Dyke Lodge, Manchester Unity (No. 2949, Leominster District), was held at the Chandos Arms Hotel, on Friday, the 21st of October. The chair was taken by Dr. Goulstone, the V.G. and surgeon of the lodge. It was stated by Mr. Bright, of Clun, that the lodge is in as flourishing a condition as any in the Unity, having above 70 members and a capital of £859 in the funds.

MANCHESTER.—The members and friends of the Caledonian Lodge met on Saturday evening, November 26th, to spend a farewell hour with Brother B. Laughton, an old and much-respected member, who is about to rejoin his son (formerly a member of the same lodge) and family in Australia. P.G. William Firth (having been called to the chair) in a short and pithy address alluded to the peculiar circumstances under which they had met, and rejoiced in the fact that the lodge had determined to show their respect and regret at parting with Brother Laughton, by presenting him with a written testimonial of their feelings towards him, and concluded by calling upon the Permanent Secretary (P.G. William Elliott) to make the presentation on behalf of the lodge. The testimonial was neatly written, and ornamented with Old English capitals, &c., upon parchment, with the lodge seal and officers' names attached, and expressed in a few words the high regard in which Brother Laughton is held by his brethren, and their hearty and sincere wishes for his safe voyage and future prosperity.

NORWICH.—Travellers' Rest Lodge.—The members of this, the oldest, largest, and wealthiest lodge of the Norwich District of the Manchester Unity, celebrated their twenty-fourth anniversary on Tuesday evening, November 29th, when upwards of eighty of the brethren of the order partook of a substantial dinner. Mr. Daynes, P.G.M., presided, supported by the district officers, and a number of the leading members of the Travellers' Rest, and other city lodges. Under the chairman's able presidency, a most agreeable evening was passed, toast and song following each other in rapid succession. In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Travellers' Rest Lodge," Mr. Daynes coupled with it the health of its oldest and one of its most worthy members, P.P.G.M. Fox, and glanced briefly at its past and present position. Seventeen years ago it had 180 members, with a capital of £293 17s. 11½d., but it had risen in 1856 to 356 members, and a capital of £2,994 2s. 7½d., and they had now 434 members, and the January returns would show a capital of upwards of £4000. He (Mr. Daynes) held this to be the most satisfactory and convincing answer to those who were opposed to these societies; and he had instanced the position of the lodge in the year 1856, because it was at that time that the most violent onslaught was made

upon the order, and because the lodge had then reached the age at which it was predicted by those who professed to be authorities on such matters, that it would begin to decay. It was said that lodges might go on very well for twenty years, but that no lodge could continue prospering beyond that period. But what had the Travellers' Rest Lodge done since it had arrived at that critical period in its existence—the culminating point, as it was asserted, of its prosperity—why instead of having seen their capital diminishing, they had added another £1000 to it, and he believed that instead of having reached the acme of success, they were only entering on a fresh course of increased vigour and prosperity. Mr. Fox responded, in a speech full of feeling, reviewing the circumstances of his long connection with the lodge. The chairman, in an appropriate address, in which he eulogised the services of one of the ablest of their brother members, P.G. Powles, presented that brother with a very handsome gold watch, accompanied by the following inscription, written on a very beautifully illuminated and framed tablet, the execution of which did the highest credit to its designer, Mr. S. Harcourt:—"Testimonial to P.G. Wm. Geo. Powles, of the Loyal Travellers' Rest Lodge of the Norwich District of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity Friendly Society. This testimonial, accompanied by a gold watch, was presented to P.G. Wm. George Powles by the members of the Loyal Travellers' Rest Lodge, and other friends, at the celebration of the twenty-fourth anniversary, November 29th, 1859, in recognition of the important services rendered by him in the various offices to which he has been appointed, extending over a period of sixteen years; also as a token of sincere regard for the kind attention he has shown to our sick brothers in his capacity as sick steward, and also in general appreciation of his upright character and proved integrity."—*Waterloo Lodge*.—The seventeenth anniversary of the Waterloo Lodge was celebrated on Monday, Nov. 28th, when upwards of 50 members sat down to an excellent dinner under the presidency of P.G. Goldspink, supported by the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master of the District, the Corresponding Secretary, &c.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The Members of the Architectural Museum, South Kensington, having offered prizes this year, to encourage competition by Art Workmen, the specimens executed have been deposited according to the regulations. Among them is one by Mr. W. H. Baylis, a clever young artist, who was lately initiated by G. F. Pardon as a member of the Marc Antony Lodge, showing the enrichment of a hollow moulding in natural and conventional foliage, which is of remarkable beauty in design, and finish in execution. Its cost is said to be about £9 per foot, and though the portion exhibited is but two feet by seven inches, it is intended to serve for an infinite variety of display in any length that might be required. A great number of artists have visited the Museum this month, to examine the works submitted for prizes in Wood Carving and Ornamental Art.—*Testimonial to the G.M.*—The Members of the various lodges in this district are about to present a testimonial to their worthy Grand Master, J. Filsell, for his long and valuable services.

OLDHAM.—**TEA PARTY AND PRESENTATION.**—On Saturday, November 12, about three hundred members and their wives sat down to tea in the Temperance Hall, and afterwards assembled in the same room under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Boyd, on the occasion of presenting to Mr. William Patterson, C.S. of the Oldham district, with a portrait of himself, as a reward for faithful services, and as a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by the members of the district. The portrait is in a massive gilt frame, painted by Mr. A. Ashton, is lifelike in portraiture, and beautiful as an

artistic effort. Mr. Heckton, G.M., Mr. Hardwick, P.G.M., and other influential members of our order made long and eloquent speeches on the interesting occasion. The evening's business was enlivened by an excellent concert of vocal and instrumental music.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—*Loyal Alfred Lodge, Fenton*.—On Monday, November 14th, the annual tea meeting for the benefit of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, in connection with the above Lodge, took place, when upwards of 250 sat down. After tea, T. Hulse, Esq., P. Prov. G.M., Chief Bailiff of Longtore, was called to the chair, supported by Mr. R. Garnham, P.G., and R. T. Skerratt, Esq., Chief Bailiff of Fenton. The chairman, having been an Odd-fellow himself for upwards of 20 years, pointed out the advantages of such institutions, remarking that they were an ornament to society, and reflected great credit on the heads and hearts of its officers. After which the concert commenced, the various parts being ably sustained by Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Wise, and Mr. Gerrard, accompanied by Mr. Hollins' excellent quadrille band. Votes of thanks were passed to the chairman, and Mr. Skerratt, who severally acknowledged them; and also to the patrons for their countenance and support. Dancing then commenced, which was kept up with good spirit until a late hour. Upwards of £10 was added to the Widow and Orphans' Fund on this evening.

PRESTEIGN.—PRESENTATION OF PLATE.—The members of the St. David's Lodge, of this town, and others, have just presented their surgeon, E. M. Tearne, Esq., with a very handsome testimonial in the shape of a richly wrought silver tankard, as a slight acknowledgement and token of esteem for his long-continued services to the Lodge, and his prompt and kind attention to its sick members. The testimonial was presented at a public dinner, when the chair was taken by the Rev. O. Ormerod, the Rector, who, in presenting the testimonial, paid the worthy recipient a very high compliment for his continuous services, and strongly eulogised the Order generally.

PRESTON.—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 23rd, the members of the Prince of Peace Lodge held their anniversary at the Stanley Arms. The meeting was interesting in a public point of view, from the fact of Mr. R. A. Cross, M.P. (who is a member of the lodge) having consented to take the chair, and Mr. Townley Parker, late M.P. for the borough (also a member) having also promised to attend. The repast embraced every delicacy of the season. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. Townley and Mr. Cross made eloquent speeches, after which the company proceeded to the large room up stairs, which had been elegantly decorated, and a merry dance was kept up until a timely hour in the morning.—*Widow and Orphans' Fund*.—The committee of management of the Widow and Orphans' Fund have just published their 24th annual report. Their income for the year has been £170 7s., of which sum £125 14s. was contributed by lodges, £10 5s. 6d. by donations of various gentlemen, £17 17s. 3d. for interest, &c. The sum of £101 16s. 9d. was dispensed in the relief of widows and orphans, and £24 10s. was paid for widows' (of deceased odd-fellows) funerals (seven at £3 10s. each). The demands on the fund had been less than in the preceding year, mainly on account of the prosperity of trade, but the number of cases relieved showed that there was a considerable field for the exercise of charity among the bereaved class for the relief of whom the fund had been established.

SHARNBROOK.—Mr. W. B. Graham has written a long and interesting poetical elegy on Thomas Gell, Esq., for many years a patron of the Man-

chester Unity. We regret that we cannot find space for its insertion. The last stanza is as follows :—

O Gell! accept this simple wilding wreath,
Which I have twined around thy honoured name;
And though the garland may not glow with bloom,
Or breathe the fragrance of more cultured flowers,
Yet it is wov'n by hands sincere, inspir'd
By great respect towards thy memory,
And sanctified by feeling true and deep.
For all thy kind and pleasant words and looks,
Those little magic charms that win the heart,
My spirit feels a lasting gratitude.
For thee thy Parish mourns; and I lament
The loss of landlord, neighbour, and a friend.

Sharnbrook, October 10th, 1859.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The members of the City of London Lodge met at a dinner, to present to Mr. V. R. Burgess, C.S. of this District, a handsome silver inkstand, as a testimony of their appreciation of his long and valuable services as Permanent Secretary of the Lodge.—The City of London Lodge was opened on the 25th of April, 1839. From that date it has paid, for sickness and medical attendance, £2248 8s. 7d.; contribution to District Funeral Fund, £724 13s. 8d.; contribution to Widow and Orphans' Fund, £816 4s. 7d.; gifts to members in distress, Irish Famine, Patriotic Fund, &c., and for which the Sick and Funeral Fund has not been touched, £310 14s. 3d.; making a total of £4100 1s. 1½d.—Capital, October 1st, 1859, £1927 0s. 6d.

ST. IVES, HUNTS.—Those of our readers who have been in the habit of attending the A.M.C. will be glad to learn that P. Prov. G.M. Reuben Ginn, of the St. Ives (Hunts.) district, who is a constant attendant at our annual gatherings, passed a successful and very satisfactory examination in November last, and has since obtained a certificate to practise as an Attorney of the Courts of Common Law, and a Solicitor of the High Court of Chancery.

STAMFORD.—The twenty-first anniversary of the Albion Lodge took place on Monday, September 19, in the Banqueting Room of the George Hotel, the Mayor, (O. N. Simpson, Esq.) in the chair. Among the company were Jas. Althorp and T. J. Dafforn, Esqrs., Mr. Ald. Whincup, J. Torkington, Esq., Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hy. Johnson. The room was very tastily decorated; over the table at which the chairman presided were displayed several banners, the arms of the order, and the word "Peace" formed of choice flowers. After the usual toasts, Mr. Harden, the Secretary gave a very interesting account of the financial position of the Lodge, and spoke hopefully of its prospects: its sick-payments during the year (1858-9) have amounted to £94 13s. 4d.; and the sum handed over for funerals has been £15. The amount paid into the Saving's bank was £124, and the total of the funds is £1305 6s. 8d., to which was added a donation of 2 guineas from the Mayor.

SUNDERLAND.—Presentation to Mr. Wade, P.G.M. of the Barnard Castle District, by the officers and brothers of the Loyal Mariners' Refuge Lodge, Sunderland and Seaham District. On Thursday, September 22nd, 1859, after the Lodge business had been transacted, D.P.G.M. Scott, in an address, stated the high respect of the members towards Mr. Wade; after which P.P.G.M. Joseph presented to him a Patent Lever Silver Watch, bearing the

following inscription :—"Presented to P.G.M. S. J. Wade, by the officers and brothers of the Mariners' Refuge Lodge, as a token of respect. September 22, 1859."

TINTWISTLE, GLOSSOP DISTRICT.—A tea party in aid of the Widow and Orphans' Fund took place on October 8, in the Independent School-room. The party was got up by the members of the Clio Lodge, and was attended by about 500 persons. The room was gaily decorated with the regalia of the Glossop District, and Mr. Woodcock, P.P.G.M., in the chair. The secretary gave an account of the fund, which is in a flourishing condition, and after various excellent speeches, Mr. B. Littlewood, of Brosscroft, read an appropriate poem, which he wrote for the occasion, of which we have only space for a single stanza :—

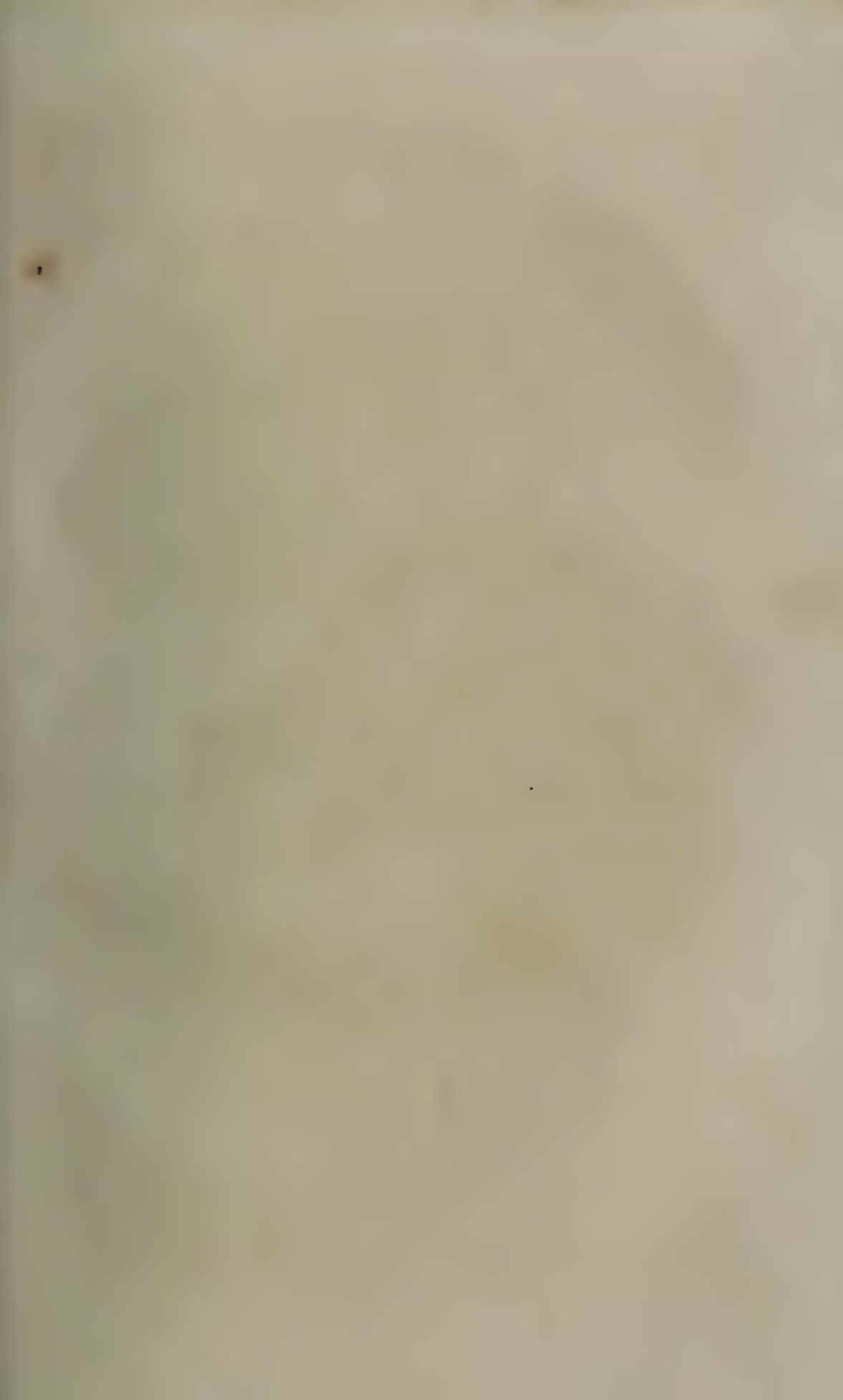
"This world would be better, if men would be guided
By kindlier feelings in cases of need ;
Much joy would be tasted and pain be avoided,
If all *seeming* friendship were friendship indeed."

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday evening, October 10, the members of King William the Fourth Lodge assembled for the purpose of presenting a token of respect to P.G. John Hartshorn, who for twenty-one years held the office of secretary to the lodge. There was a numerous gathering, when P.P.G.M. Willson, in an eloquent speech, in the name of the Lodge, handed the testimonial to P.G. Hartshorn, which consisted of a handsome pair of spectacles, in gold frames, with a beautiful tortoiseshell case, on which was a silver shield bearing the inscription underneath. He hoped P.G. Hartshorn would be spared to wear them for many years, and that when called away he would leave them to his family, to show the esteem and affection in which he was so deservedly held by the members of his Lodge :—"Presented with a pair of gold spectacles to P.G. John Hartshorn by the Loyal King William the Fourth Lodge, M.U., as a token of respect for his services as secretary for 21 years. October 10th, 1859." P.G. Hartshorn, in a few touching remarks, thanked the Lodge for their kindness, and hoped that his future conduct would be such as to merit a continuance of the good feeling manifested towards him on that occasion.

Obituary.

On the 13th of November, after a short illness, and somewhat prematurely, Brother George Mountford, aged 49. The deceased was a member of the St. John's Lodge, Burslem, for nearly nineteen years; and, though he had only filled the offices of secretary and trustee to his Lodge, yet he was one of those quiet-thinking, prudent, and firm-purposed men, who, without ostentation in their manner, render invaluable services to the societies of which they are members. He had for the last nine years filled the situation of a manager or foreman to Messrs. Mayer & Elliot, extensive china and earthenware manufacturers, Burslem and Longport, Staffordshire, and it was gratifying to see the principal of that firm, Mr. Jos. Meyer, attending the funeral, and thus testifying their respect for the deceased, and showing he must have served them with ability and sincerity.

On December 27th, aged 42, P.P.G.M. Thomas Barrett, of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle Lodge, Leeds District. This zealous advocate in the cause of Odd-fellowship, was Chairman of the Committees who represented the 20,000 members of the Amalgamated Friendly Societies, who guarded the streets during Her Majesty's visit to Leeds.





James Tenby
Esq. Hickston J. C. M.
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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. XIV.

APRIL 1st, 1860.

Vol. II.

WILLIAM HICKTON, G.M.

ALTHOUGH the name of William Hickton, whose portrait graces the present number, may not be found in the roll of Britain's ancient and aristocratic houses, it has long held a prominent place in the annals of Odd-fellowship, and ever been with the foremost in those struggles for advance and improvement which have distinguished our Order above all other bodies of men known as Friendly Societies.

Our present Grand Master was born in Liverpool, on the 24th of February, 1823; so that he is now thirty-seven years of age, and one of the most youthful members advanced to the highest post in the Manchester Unity. His father was a hat-maker in Liverpool at the time the subject of our notice opened his eyes upon the world; but, about the year 1830, he removed to Stockport; where he has continued to reside ever since. After passing a brief period at school, the youthful William was sent to reside with a farmer in the neighbourhood, and for three years passed his time in such occupations as are incident to a farm life; no doubt "whistling to the plough" occasionally, and being trusted now and then to "bring the kine home." It was, however, no part of the father's plan to make his son a farmer. Like other men acquainted with mechanics, he believed there was nothing like a trade; so, in his sixteenth year, the boy was apprenticed to a skep and basket maker. That he passed through his probation with credit, is evident from the fact that, when his "time was out," his master made him foreman of the workshop, and placed the management of the business almost entirely in his hands.

Here, then, it would seem, his lot in life was cast; but events proved in this, as in many other cases, too strong for human will, or human foresight. Scarcely had he held the post of foreman for twelve months, when one of those unfortunate disputes, too common between employer and employed, occurred; and Mr. Hickton taking part with the men against their master—the weak against the strong, as he believed—was obliged, after a brief struggle, to throw up his engagement.

Thus, in his twenty-first year, he was thrown upon his own resources,—“the world before him where to choose.” His active mind and independent spirit soon, however, found a suitable field of action. In 1844, he commenced business as a manufacturer on his own account. Of course, he has been subjected to the usual crosses, losses, and disappointments attendant on every business of a speculative character; but so well has he fought the battle of life, that at this moment he may be said to have fairly established a large and remunerative business in Stockport and the surrounding district. Industry and perseverance seldom fail of obtaining in the end a suitable reward.

Soon after commencing business, he considered his prospects sufficiently fair to allow him to take a partner for life—the most important partnership which man or woman can contract. He married Mary, daughter of the late John Davenport, P.V. of the Queen Elizabeth Lodge, in the Stockport district. The marriage has been in every respect a happy one, and four dear children have crowned it.

“Folded hands,” says Goethe, “never yet have won a triumph;” and we may be sure that, with the extra motive to exertion a loving wife provides, our Grand Master did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. In the November of 1844, he had joined the Lodge to which his father-in-law belonged; and, in the November following, he was elected to the post of Financial Secretary. From the day of his initiation, he took a deep interest in the working of friendly societies; and soon made himself master of the principle and practice of our Order. In May, 1846, he was elected to the office of V.G.; in May, 1847, he was chosen N.G. of his Lodge; and, in the November following, consented to act as N.G. for the second time. He soon became known as a good Odd-fellow; and, in 1849, was elected Corresponding Secretary of his district. The following year saw him filling the post of Deputy, and, in 1851, he attained the proud position of Provincial Grand Master of his district. His first appearance as Deputy at an Annual Moveable Committee was at Dublin; since which year he has successively been elected to the several meetings at Carlisle, Durham, Lincoln, Swansea, and Leicester. At the Carlisle meeting, the Stockport district was selected to appoint an auditor, to which responsible office Mr. Hickton was elected in 1852; at the same time he was appointed one of the trustees of his district, which post he holds at the present moment. He sat on the Sub-committee at Carlisle and Swansea; and on the Relief Committee at Dublin and Lincoln. These facts are proofs—if proofs were needed—of his active participation in everything connected with the Manchester Unity. But, as in his business, so in his Order, Excelsior has been his motto. At the Durham and Lincoln Committee, he was elected a member of the Board of Directors; and at the Swansea A.M.C. he was chosen as Deputy Grand Master of the Order. The crown and triumph of his labours as an Odd-fellow was obtained last year at Leicester, when the deputies assembled placed him in the highest post in our Order, by an unanimous vote.

A new Lodge, called the Good Intent, being opened at Stockport, the members requested our Grand Master to take the Chair. He consented, and for the third time he officiated as N.G. So entirely were the members satisfied with his conduct, that at the close of his term of office, they presented him with a handsome writing desk, and silver penholder.

What more is there to add? We have seen Mr. Hickton pursuing an honourable ambition in every position in which Providence has placed him; and we know the extent of the honours he has achieved in the Unity. But yet there is something more. In private life he is universally esteemed; and in his business capacity he is respected alike by employers and employed. He is one of the Board of Surveyors for the township of Stockport, and has passed through the various parochial offices with the highest degree of credit. Mr. Hickton is eminently a self-made man; and, as regards the Manchester Unity, there are few instances in which the highest position has been obtained in so short a time, or in which advancement has been so swift and continuous. At our annual meetings there may be men who seem to take a more active part in the proceedings, but it is not too much to say, that there are none who understand our laws, their constitution and requirements, better than Mr. Hickton. Firm in decision, urbane in manner, and manly in bearing, the members of the Unity may well be satisfied that their deputies at Leicester placed the highest power where it was well deserved; and that the honour and dignity of our great and prosperous association will lose nothing in the hands of Grand Master Hickton.

DEMAIN.

—
 TRADUIT DE G. F. PARDON.
 —

L'Ange de la malévolence
 Qui présidait à ma naissance,
 Rit jaune sur mon berceau de chagrin;
 Mais l'Ange d'amour au doux charme,
 D'en haut laissa choir une larme
 Sur moi, disant: "Petiot, espère dans demain!"

L'âge viril avec sa force
 Vint me présenter mainte amorce,
 Qui redoubla mes ennuis, mon chagrin;
 Mais l'Ange d'amour au doux charme,
 D'en haut me dit: "Sois sans alarme,
 Ne désespère pas;—mais espère en demain!"

Maintenant sous le poids de l'âge,
 J'arrive à la dernière page
 D'un livre, las! clos de peau de chagrin!
 Mais de la mort le dernier souffle
 Doucement nous emmitoufle
 Pour le beau ciel là haut—et j'espère en demain!

Le Chevalier de Chatelain.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE.

V.—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

HAVING, in our plain guide, endeavoured to explain all ordinary matters, to which members, after initiation, have their attention necessarily directed; it remains to answer your question, "Why the motto of our Order,—'Friendship, Love, and Truth,'—was adopted." 'It is not known who was the originator or founder of the Unity, neither is it known who selected this motto; but it may be well to consider if a better could have been chosen. Friendship with all the world, Love to all men, and Truth for universal guidance, were noble things to aim at. But it has been suggested that there may be some doubt as to the sense in which the words were to be commonly used. The absurdity, as some say, of clapping our hands, and repeating the motto, simply stamps it as a bit of clap-trap. We cannot, however, admit there is any good ground for the doubt, or reason for so lightly talking of the great good that must be effected by the continued utterance of three of the best words ever used to express grand ideas or virtues.

We all know that the victorious shout, the war whoop, the rallying cry, and the commending cheer, are natural modes of expression with man; varying under different circumstances, and with the caprice of a tribe or nation.

• Before our motto was used, there were such curious things in the world as the "Kentish Fire," "Hurrah," "He's a jolly good fellow," and others, commonly understood; and was it at all strange that something should be invented to become peculiarly our own? It was good for members of each Lodge; it was applicable if large gatherings took place in districts; it was to be a standing password in the Unity; and, above all, it was to be universally used throughout the world. Have you ever heard how the Irish emigrant in Canada, the plodding Scotchman in New Zealand, and the busy Englishman in Australia, have each been stirred with emotion he could hardly describe, when he has heard, for the first time after landing, the dear old motto ringing in his ears. I have been told it has reminded him of the happy Lodge hours "at home," has awakened the youthful energy and pleasure he felt when he first "passed through the offices;" and he has come to the stern, manly resolve, to make the Unity as useful abroad as it has been to the thousands here. I know, too, that, even amidst the horrors of war—in the trenches before Sebastopol—our members have held "a Lodge," as they called it, in the weary hours of night-duty; and lately, the same valiant Artillerymen of Woolwich told me they should do the same in China. Is there then no meaning in the motto, "Friendship, Love, and Truth?" no magic or advantage attached to it? Is it to be put down as "a bit of nonsense we should get rid of?" Let us narrow its application in such a way as to suppose it only used in one Lodge, and what does it teach? Everything that is really good for mankind. One might fill a large volume to treat the subject properly, and many to recount what authors have written upon the words. But we will not encroach upon the domain of modern essayists; we prefer rather to take up one of the old Grand Masters of our mother tongue; and we extract from what Francis, Lord Bacon says on Friendship:—

"It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together, in a few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast, or a god.' For it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath

somewhat of the savage beast ; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the Divine Nature ; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation ; such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, and really and truly in some of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness ; and, even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for Friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity. A principal fruit of Friendship, is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession. Those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts. This communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more ; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. Friendship, indeed, maketh a fair day in the affections, from storms and tempests ; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend ; but, before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another : he tosseth his thoughts more easily ; he marshalleth them more orderly ; he seeth how they look when turned into words ; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself ; and that more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation. Neither is this fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel ; (they indeed are best) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringing his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better to relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother. The light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as, there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer ; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts : the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health, is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometimes too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others, is sometimes improper for our case ; but the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. If any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces : asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man ; it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all), but he runneth two dangers : one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled—for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and

crooked to some ends, which he hath that giveth it; the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixt, partly of mischief, and partly of remedy—even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and, therefore, may put you in a way for a perfect cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease, and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And, therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct. The best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is, to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear, that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, 'That a friend is another himself;' for that a friend is *far* more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart—the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure, that the care of these things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy—for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations, which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son, but as a father; to his wife, but as a husband; to his enemy, but upon terms: whereas, a friend may speak as the case requires; and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage." Quite true; and true also, you will say, that this seems to have been written yesterday. Does it not prove that a remark made by Sir William Jones upon the British Constitution, will apply to us as Odd-fellows? He said, "Englishmen have an honest prejudice in favour of their established system, without having in general very distinct ideas of it. That constitution consists of form and spirit—of body (if I may so express myself) and of soul; but, in a course of years, the form is apt to deviate so widely from the spirit, that it becomes expedient, almost every century, to restore its genuine spirit and loveliness."

We have therefore restored for general reading Bacon's practical exposition of Friendship; and now let us see what he says as to our next word, "Love."

"The stage is more beholding to love, than the life of man. For, as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief—sometimes like a syren, sometimes like a fury. There is in a man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one, or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many; and maketh men become humane and charitable, as it is seen sometime in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and imbaseth it." With nuptial love and wanton love we have nothing to do: but this friendly love requires some further remark. In Blackwood's Magazine there is a story of Archbishop Usher, that he went about and visited his clergy unexpectedly, and saw how they were employed, and how their flocks fared. It is said that 'on one occasion he went in disguise, and begged alms at a curate's house.

The curate was out upon his duty, but the prudent wife soundly lectured the old man, though she gave him relief. 'For shame, old man, at these years to go begging! these are not the usual fruits of an honest, industrious, and godly life. Tell me, old man, how many commandments are there?' The old man, with seeming confusion, stammered out, 'Eleven!' 'I thought so,' said she, 'go thy ways, old man; and here, take this book with thee, and learn thy catechism; and the next time you are asked, say ten.' The archbishop took his departure, and had it formally announced that he should preach the next day in the parish church. The morning came: little thought the good woman that the archbishop was the old alms beggar, till he gave his text and comment,—'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' 'It should seem,' begins the sermon, 'by this text, that there are eleven commandments.' The old man was recognised, and the curate's wife acknowledged, with some shame to herself, that there was another and a new commandment. Now, how shall I apply this, but by recommending the bishops, instead of sending round printed circulars of inquiry, to go themselves, and preach from the same text; and thus, instead of encouraging dissent, teach both pastors and their flocks to love one another."

"Ah," say our members, "it is all very well to get us to infer we must practise this universal love, but do our betters do so? Even this you have given is an instance that the educated classes are often found wanting." True again; but still every one added to the list of those who put such precepts into practice, makes the world so much better. And we must not forget that publications are read in the higher circles which teach them in a similar manner; and we may also suppose that some, at least, profit by what they read. Let us quote now, in illustration, from some "Essays on the Principles of Charitable Institutions."

"If you wish to become acquainted with the character and circumstances of a neighbour in your rank of life, you do not expect to learn them by sending a messenger to his house, or by paying a single formal call. No; you go yourself; you cultivate his acquaintance; you share in his hospitality; and, if you are of a benevolent disposition, a thousand nameless opportunities will occur in the sequel of your intercourse for contributing to his enjoyment, or promoting his welfare and prosperity. Live amongst the poor. Dare to surmount the barriers which an artificial reserve has erected: enter their cottages in your daily walk,—not as a dictator, not as a mere giver of alms, not as a spy upon their household arrangements;—go as their equal. Carry with you no sense of superiority, but that which a more elevated tone of piety, and a more enlightened intellect, may claim; and, if you possess courtesy to charm, and knowledge to instruct, and eloquence to captivate the polished circle, disdain not to employ all these accomplishments to win the confidence, and purify the affections of the humblest of your fellow-beings. Then shall you learn what no well-digested rules can teach,—how money can be given, and yet be felt as the least of the benefits conferred; how the stream of munificence may largely flow, and leave no pollution in its course; how the generous harvest of humility and love may spring up in the place of servile dependence, or of sordid, grasping selfishness. Only try the experiment; and, instead of complaining any longer of the ingratitude of the poor, you will discover that, wherever your lot may be cast, you have it in your power to make a heart's home; and, should sickness or misfortune overtake you, they will be soothed by the affectionate sympathy, and cheered by the fervent prayers of those whose attachment you have purchased—not by costly donations—but by that simple language of *brotherly love*, which finds its way to the heart alike of the cottager and the noble; and which softens, purifies, and expands every soul within reach of its influence."

"It is, in truth, only by means of a more frequent and friendly interchange

of feeling than has hitherto prevailed among the different orders of the community, that the bond of social union can be permanently strengthened. Thus alone may the more advanced civilisation of the educated ranks be brought to bear upon the tone of morals and manners which pervade the nation at large; and thus alone can the higher classes acquire that intimate knowledge of the wants and habits of their inferiors, which will qualify them wisely to adapt their various plans of beneficence to the real necessities of those whom they desire to serve. Few among the rich are aware how easily they might thus surround themselves with an impregnable barrier of attachment—a barrier which no political convulsions would be able to destroy."

And Archdeacon Hale insists that, "the more we embody ourselves and our happiness with the interest of others—the interests of the whole—the more in reality we consult our own happiness. In the pursuit of any merely solitary schemes, we shall reap only disappointments, if we attempt to detach ourselves from the general mass, to individualise ourselves from the community of our species, we shall be imprisoned and pent in. When the barriers of selfishness are broken down, and the current of benevolence is suffered to flow generously abroad, and circulate far and near around, then we are in a capacity of the greatest and best enjoyments." These are touching sentences; they are surely enough to make us feel what love should be in our "Order;" and to practise such love is easy, if we once will it shall be done.

We will return to Lord Bacon, for some passages on "Truth."

"'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth—nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts—that doth bring lies into favour; but a natural, though corrupt, love of the lie itself. One of the later schools of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure—as with poets; nor for advantage—as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same Truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken things—full of melancholy and indisposition; and unpleasing to themselves. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious. It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature. The poet saith, yet excellently well: 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof, below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of

Truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below. So always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling, or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in Charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of 'Truth.' "

Little can be added usefully to such majestic poetry ; but, in taking leave of you, for the present, I may ask you to bear in mind that our Order teaches you to stretch out your hand to a brother in distress, to offer up your warmest petitions for his welfare, to assist him with your best counsel and advice, and to betray no confidence he may repose in you. In joining us, you have cause to rejoice at the extension of the means at your command for the cultivation of the principle of brotherly love, the exercise of your charitable impulses, and the preservation of the independence of yourself and brethren. Therefore, practise Friendship, Love, and Truth ; and show that Odd-fellowship has not only a tendency to promote a more kindly appreciation of the sentiments of those with whom we may sometimes differ in the struggles incident to practical life ; but to soften down the asperity and rancour too frequently engendered by excited enthusiasm, or ill-regulated party zeal. Further, that it will also make those who enter amongst us—better husbands, better fathers, and better members of society.

G. F. P.

TAKINGS AND LEAVINGS.

BY THE LATE BERNARD BARTON.

WHAT does age take away ?

Bloom from the cheek, and lustre from the eye ;
The spirits light and gay,
Unclouded as the summer's bluest sky.

What do years steal away ?

The fond heart's idol, Love, that gladden'd life ;
Friendships, whose calmer sway
We trusted to in hours of darker strife.

What must with time decay ?

Young Hope's wild dreams, and Fancy's visions bright,
Life's evening sky grows grey,
And darker clouds prelude Death's coming night.

But not for such we mourn !

We knew them frail, and brief their date assigned.
Our spirits are forlorn,
Less from Time's thefts, than what he leaves behind.

What do years leave behind ?

Unruly passions, impotent desires,
Distrusts and thoughts unkind,
Love of the world, and self,—which last expires.

For these, for these we grieve !
 What Time has robbed us of, we knew must go ;
 But what he deigns to leave,
 Not only finds us poor, but keeps us so.

It ought not thus to be ;
 Nor would it, knew we meek Religion's sway.
 Her votary's eye could see
 How little Time can give or take away.

Faith, in the heart enshrined,
 Would make Time's gifts enjoyed and used, while lent,
 And all it left behind,
 Of Love and Grace a noble monument.

THE CHAMPION OF BREIDAVIK.

AMONG the Scandinavian Sagas there is a romantic love-story, which seems worth telling to a modern generation. It is a story that cannot well be told without some imaginative colouring, as the facts on record are rather scanty, and are set forth in the old chronicle with a brevity that seems better suited to historic compilation, than to a narrative of sentiment and passion. We shall tell it, therefore, with a little latitude of representation—not altering, or diverging from the recorded facts and incidents ; but taking them up as suggestive threads of statement, and giving them something of the form of a dramatic and picturesque narration. The story will be none the worse for this style of treatment ; and, in point of readableness, it may gain some slight advantages.

Be it known, then, that some time in the tenth century, before the introduction of Christianity into Scandinavia, there lived and flourished a certain Pagan Pontiff of the name of Snorre ; whose palatial dwelling or establishment was situate at Helzafell. He was a very powerful pontiff, and appears, like some other pontiffs, to have been not particularly scrupulous in his conduct. He had, among his various qualifications and accomplishments, a wonderful talent for over-reaching people ; some feats of which are told of him that are beside our present purpose. These, accordingly, we pass over ; and proceed to mention, that among the members of his household he had a most beautiful sister, named Thured, who was exceedingly admired by the gallants of that time and neighbourhood. Thured of Froda she was called—a fair-haired, transparent-complexioned, exquisite-looking creature ; whom it was difficult to see, and not to fall in love with. She was gentle, too, as well as beautiful ; and had certain winning ways, which rendered her intensely fascinating. It is not surprising, therefore, that out of the list of her admirers there should at length step forward some one who had the audacity to make love to her. A gallant gentleman, named Bjorn, the son of Astrand, was the daring individual. Not a finer or a braver fellow ever sued for a lady's hand, and it was apparently his good fortune not to sue in vain. The lovely Thured listened to him, approved his manly looks and spirit, liked the report of his brave deeds, and along with her admiration, bestowed on him her affections. They had some glorious, endearing interviews—often stolen ones, we fancy—and it grew to be an understood thing

between them that, loving each other truly, they were some day to attain the reward of their attachment.

But it seems to have been a fact, long before Shakspeare remarked it, that the course of true love, instead of running smoothly, is apt to be a turbid and sadly troubled current. There was brother Snorre to be consulted, and he did not look upon the chevalier Bjorn with the same eyes as his sister. Snorre was a prudent man, and had an eye to the "main chance;" and, as there happened to come forward just then a rival who was considerably richer, he set his mind upon making Thured marry him. Poor Thured! it was a sad pity, for she did not care in the least for this new suitor; she loved Bjorn, and therefore was not likely all at once to be able to love another. He might be a worthy gentleman enough, and had no doubt done her honour in proposing for her hand; but he was not the man she wanted. Could not a poor Scandinavian maiden be permitted to make choice of her own lover? "By no means," answered the imperious pontiff; "there are state reasons (and perhaps he said church and state reasons) to the contrary: it devolves on me to select your husband; and in this gentleman of noble lineage and unexceptional position, I beg you to behold the man." The will of the pontiff brother was law in such a matter, and against it there was no privilege or possibility of appeal. So the beautiful Thured was married to the rival, and lived anything but "happily" ever afterwards.

One can readily understand that Bjorn was immensely incensed and troubled by this proceeding. He would have very much liked to challenge the elated bridegroom to a spell at single combat, with broadswords or battle-axes; in which he would have no doubt done his best to reduce the beloved Thured to a premature state of widowhood. No opportunity of the sort occurring, he signified his disgust by straightway leaving the country. Bjorn sails away to the coasts of the Baltic, and there joins a famous company of sea-rovers, called the Jomsburg Vikings. In this worthy society he soon distinguished himself by his valour and great daring; and, after sundry exploits, obtained among his comrades the imposing title of the Champion of Breidavik. By what particular acts of prowess this title was acquired, the chronicle does not inform us; but there is every likelihood that they were of a kind which in these later days would have qualified the champion for the gallows. For, to say the truth, the enterprise in which our friend Bjorn had become engaged, was nothing more honourable than piracy; but then it is to be remembered that piracy in those days, among those northern peoples, was reckoned a sort of chivalry. To run out in a swift ship from some secluded fiord, and sail forth upon the main, bearing down on some lumbering merchantman, and making conquest of her cargo, was then the accredited way of acquiring fortune, and gaining a distinguished reputation. Sometimes the plan was to drop down upon the land, surprise a village, have a contest with the inhabitants, make free with their possessions, and push back to sea to share the spoil. By such-like strokes of enterprise, a bold sea-rover, after a few cruises, would commonly find himself so far improved in personal circumstances, as to be able to retire with a competent independence. There is no doubt that the excitement of that way of life, and the reckless habits of expenditure it fostered, tended to induce a great many to adhere to it as a permanent profession; yet there seem to have been instances in which it was adopted for only temporary purposes, and was relinquished by the adventurer when he conceived he had gained as much by it as was needful for his objects. This appears to have been the case with Bjorn; as we learn that, after many doughty deeds, done by sea and land, he at length returned, loaded with wealth and honours, to his native country.

Let the imaginative reader now project himself as far back into the past as

the summer-time of the year 999, when, soon after Bjorn's arrival, there was held a great fair at Froda, whither all the merchants, clad, we are told, "in coloured garments," congregated from the adjacent country. Thither came every one who was interested either in the business or amusements of the day, and thither, amongst others, came Bjorn's old love, the lady of Froda—looking, one may fancy, somewhat worn and faded, from long brooding over her former disappointment. Bjorn being there, he "went up and spoke to her, and it was thought likely their talk would last long, since they for such a length of time had not seen each other." Bjorn, we may suppose, told her something of his late adventures, and how he had prospered in them; hinting, perhaps, that, notwithstanding, he did not care much for his fortune, since she, with whom he would have been proud to share it, was no longer in a position to honour him to that extent. The gentle Thured sighed a little, and the brave man could see that her heart was very sad. They talked longer than looked seemly to the bystanders, and the meeting proved the occasion of fresh trouble to Bjorn. As was natural enough, to this renewal of old acquaintance, both the lady's husband and her brother very much objected; and, as a means of putting a stop to it, and avoiding scandal, it appears to have occurred to Snorre, that "it would be a good plan to kill Bjorn."

So, shortly afterwards, "about the time of hay-making," off he rides one day, with a number of retainers, to the young man's house, intending to settle all scores with him by the convenient process of assassination. On the way he carefully instructed one of his followers how to deal the necessary blow. Bjorn was in the home-field mending his sledge; and, as the cavalcade appeared in sight, he immediately guessed what motive had inspired the visit. He accordingly went straight up to Snorre, who rode in front, and held the knife with which he had been working in such a position as to be able to stab the pontiff to the heart, should any of the followers attempt to lift their hands against himself. Comprehending his design, Snorre's friends kept quiet. Bjorn, meanwhile, in an assumed indifferent manner, asked what was the news. Some immaterial conversation followed; and, on Bjorn's pressing to know the object of the visit, Snorre at length confessed that he had intended to kill him; adding, however, in a sort of bantering fashion, "Thou tookest such a lucky grip of me at our meeting, that thou must have peace this time." He urged, nevertheless, that Bjorn should discontinue his objectionable attentions to the lady Thured; seeing that, whether innocent or not, they could not but be the occasion of offence to her husband and himself, to say nothing of the scandalous gossip they were likely to give rise to in the neighbourhood. Bjorn could not promise to abstain from seeing her, as, being so near to her, he found the temptation too great to be resisted. After further conversation, however, he consented to leave the country—that being apparently the best for all parties.

Having, therefore, manned a ship, he put to sea that very summer, whether on a voyage of discovery, or on some commercial enterprise, remains to the present date unknown. At the time of sailing, we are informed, "a north-east wind was blowing, which wind lasted long during that summer;" and, it is supposed, that Bjorn was carried by it into unexpected longitudes; for, it is added, that nothing was heard of his ship "since this long time." It was accordingly concluded that it was all over with the poor Champion of Breidavik. Snorre and his brother-in-law, no doubt, thought it a lucky riddance; and, if he was lamented by anybody, it was by the lady Thured, secretly. And here the Saga, which we have so far followed, leaves him.

But, surprising to say, Bjorn, though so long unheard of, was all the while alive and flourishing, and turns up thirty years afterwards "in the uttermost parts of the earth." A later Saga relates that, in the year 1029, a certain

Icelander, named Gudlief, undertook a voyage to Limerick, in Ireland. On his return home, he was driven out of his course by north-east winds, he knew not where. After drifting for many days to the westward, he at last falls in with land—a land quite unknown to him, alike by experience and description. On approaching the beach, a great crowd of people came down to meet the strangers, apparently with intentions by no means friendly. They are suffered to land, however; and, shortly afterwards, 'a tall and venerable chieftain makes his appearance; and, to Gudlief's great astonishment, addresses them in the Icelandic tongue. Under his protection, the weary mariners were very honourably entertained; though, on the whole, not much encouraged to prolong their stay. After supplying them with provisions, the old man advised them to speed back to Iceland, as it would be unsafe for them to remain where they were. Gudlief desired to know the name of his entertainer, but this the chieftain refused to tell. He having learnt, however, that Gudlief came from the neighbourhood of Snaefell, he seemed disposed to prolong the conversation, and asked him certain questions respecting persons and families thereabouts residing. He named in particular the lady Thured of Froda, and asked, if she was still living. Being told she was, the chieftain next inquired after her son, Kjartan; and wished to learn whether he had grown up a likely youth. The report in this case being also favourable, the old man brought forth a sword and a ring, which he put into Gudlief's hands. The ring, he said, was to be given to the lady Thured, and the sword to her son Kjartan. When Gudlief asks by whom he is to say the gifts are sent, the chieftain answers, "Say they come from one who was a better friend of the Lady of Froda, than of her brother, Snorre of Helzafell." Gudlief thereupon departs, and in process of time gets back to his own country.

When he came to relate his adventures, and present the gifts he had brought from the strange land, a good deal of wondering speculation was excited respecting the ancient chieftain; and, all particulars being considered, it was concluded that this man was Bjorn, the son of Astrand, Champion of Breidavik. The remote land on which he was found is believed to have been some portion of America. Scattered throughout the Sagas, are several notices of a distant country in the West, which is called Ireland ed Mekla—Great Ireland; or, The White Man's Land. Gudlief, during his stay on the strange coast, noticed that the inhabitants spoke a language which to him seemed Irish. So perhaps Bjorn had settled there at the head of an Irish colony. The Gaelic philologists profess to trace a remarkable affinity between many of the American Indian dialects and the ancient Celtic speech, which, if this supposition be well founded, would be readily accounted for. It is known that the Northmen, after colonizing Greenland, made subsequent discovery of the American Continent; and we may have here some traces of one of their earliest settlements. Be all this as it may, one cannot help admiring the constancy of Bjorn's affection; his love for the lady Thured surviving all the vicissitudes of an adventurous and troubled life, and prompting him to send her tokens of his regard after an exile of thirty years. She must have seen that, after all, it would have been better to have married Bjorn, in spite of all the pontiffs of the earth!

WINDSOR CASTLE, PARKS, AND FOREST.

BY GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, P.G.,

Author of "Shakspeare: his Times and Contemporaries," etc.

I ENVY not the feelings of that man or woman who can visit Windsor without being deeply moved. To the lover of fine sylvan scenery; to the student of architecture, sculpture, and painting; and to the true reader of the history and poetry of our common country, it is indeed hallowed ground. For myself, my visit to Windsor, though it was a much shorter one than I could have wished it to have been, is one of those pleasant circumstances in a life of care, which I always look back upon with pleasure, and the recollection of which I will cherish to the latest period of my existence.

So many views of Windsor Castle have been published of late, not only as separate engravings, or in illustrated books and serials, but on the lids of fancy boxes, and on the wrappers of scented soaps, down even to the very paper in which one's tea or coffee is folded up by the grocer, that every reader of this article must be much better acquainted with the exterior appearance of the palace-fortress, than any word-picture of mine can possibly make him. Suffice it to say, that Windsor Castle is built, as every castle should be, on a considerable eminence; that it occupies upwards of twelve acres of ground; and that the views from the terraces are most delightful. Well might garrulous old Pepys exclaim: "But, oh! the prospect that is in the balcony at the queen's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider; being the best in the world!" The North Terrace was made by Queen Elizabeth, and commands one of the finest views in England; the Thames, not yet polluted by London filth, winds at our feet through pleasant meadows and fertile corn-fields; beyond, as far as eye can reach, are green hills and bosky dells, which ring each morn and eve with the melody of innumerable feathered choristers; immediately opposite, on the Buckinghamshire side of the river, is far-famed Eton College, calling up fresh in one's memory the beautiful ode of Gray, beginning:—

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade."

Nor is the poet Gray the only illustrious name associated with Eton College,—the great William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham; Charles Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas during the trial of John Wilkes, and afterwards Earl of Camden; George Canning; the Honorable Charles James Fox; the literary Lord Lyttleton; Bishop Pearson; Professor Porson; Henry St. John, better known as Viscount Bolingbroke; Sir Robert Walpole and Horace Walpole, both afterwards Earls of Orford; and Charles, third, and truly greatest of the Earls of Stanhope;—have all, with many other men of mark, been educated at Eton College.

Between Windsor Castle and the Thames is the "Datchet Mead" mentioned in the third scene of the third act of Shakspeare's "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," where the lust of old Jack Falstaff—I beg pardon, of Sir John Falstaff—was cooled, by order of the virtuous Mrs. Ford, by an unexpected plunge head foremost into the stream. Doubtless William Shakspeare was well acquainted with this locality; and, had Windsor possessed no other claims to our attention, this comedy of its "*Merry Wives*" alone would have

made it classic ground, proving as it does, in the language of Mrs. Page, that—

“Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.”

And now, good reader, seat thyself in imagination on one of the benches of this famous North Terrace of Windsor Castle, beside Miss Cole, her cousin, and myself, whilst I briefly relate an outline of the history of this noble pile. As it is Sunday, we cannot visit the state apartments and the picture galleries, which are only shown on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from eleven o'clock in the forenoon until four in the afternoon, and tickets for which may be obtained gratuitously from the principal London printsellers. But we have access to more than will suffice any rational being for this pleasant Sabbath in August. Perhaps, like myself, thou mayest have had the high privilege of examining some of the valuable collection of paintings, etc., from Windsor, in the late Art Treasures' Exhibition in the city of Manchester; a privilege for which, as one of the people, I here record my fervent thanks.

In the days of our Saxon forefathers, Berkshire formed a portion of the kingdom of Wessex, or the West Saxons; and, previous to the Norman Conquest, Windsor Forest was the property of Queen Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor; but her unnatural son, as soon as he had ascended to the throne, in the year 1043, stripped her of this and all her other possessions, and is said to have caused her to undergo the dreadful trial of fiery ordeal—in other words, of walking bare-foot over red-hot ploughshares—to clear herself from some trumped-up charge of incontinency. This priest-ridden monarch (who ought never to have left the cloisters of a monastery, unless it was to reign over a colony of Malthusians) in the following year married Editha, the only daughter of Earl Godwin, and never allowed her to share his bed, for which violation of his marriage vows he gained from a superstitious church the doubtful honour of canonization and the title of Confessor. To me, the third Edward of the Saxon line, though others may call him Saint and Confessor, seems less worthy of having his name handed down to posterity than the humble band of brothers who, with cool heads and warm hearts, in this nineteenth century, seized on a mere convivial society of Odd-fellows, and changed it into the best of benefit societies, to relieve the sick, to bury the dead with decency, and to keep the widow and the orphan from starvation or the workhouse. After nineteen years' experience of the working of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, it is to me, as one who loves the human race, a source of joy unspeakable to be able to bear my humble testimony to the usefulness of an institution which some, no doubt well-meaning men, for want of understanding it, are inclined to look upon with contempt.

Well, the monkish king died just in time to be interred in the then new Abbey of Westminster; Harold and William of Normandy contended for the Crown of England, with fatal consequences to the former; and William the Conqueror fixed upon this eminence, with his usual good judgment, as the site of a fortress. At that time (A.D. 1066-1087) Windsor was neither a parish nor a manor. Henry I., the youngest son of the Conqueror, greatly improved the fortress, adding many buildings, and surrounding the whole with a wall. In the year 1105, that king held his Christmas festivities here; in 1107, having returned in triumph from Normandy, where he had conquered his brother Robert, and ordered his eyes to be put out, Henry kept his Easter here, and that year called an assembly of his states at Windsor, and issued several edicts. In 1110, he kept the festival of Whitsuntide at this castle. In the year 1170, Henry II. held a council here. When John rebelled against his brother, Richard I., he seized the Castles of Windsor and Wallingford as two important

military stations; but the barons in the king's interest rescued them, and handed them over to the keeping of the queen dowager, Eleanor, the mother of Richard and John. In the year 1276, Edward I. granted a charter, in virtue of which Windsor became the county town of Berkshire; but in the year 1314, the alteration having been found inconvenient, Reading became the metropolis of the county. But let us glance at a period some sixty-one years before the granting of that charter: when a greater charter was granted—one which more immediately concerns us, and all true-born Englishmen—Magna Charta, the foundation stone on which successive generations have gradually erected the glorious superstructure of the English Constitution.

It is the year of our Lord Christ 1215, and the month is "leafy June." The old oaks, and beeches, and alders, have donned their mantles of green, and the hazels and ash-trees are also in full verdant attire. The birds, however, are scared from the boughs, and the hare and the coney hide themselves beneath the giant ferns; and the deer flee to the most inaccessible parts of the forest; for there is the tramp of mailed warriors, and the flower of England's chivalry are mounted on their prancing steeds in the vicinage of Windsor. For sixteen years the throne of England has been usurped by a cruel and cowardly tyrant, arrogant, slothful, licentious, and full of ingratitude. Prince Arthur, the rightful heir to the crown, has been barbarously murdered in prison, at the boyish age of fifteen, some thirteen years ago, and the wretched John Lackland has surrendered the independence of his country an offering at the feet of the Pope. For henceforth the kings of England are to hold the crown by fealty from the Bishop of Rome: that is, unless the brave barons and the people prevent it. And now the whole kingdom is in commotion; and the king has sworn in his anger that the liberties demanded by the insurgents shall never be granted by him. The peers and people, however, have sworn by Holy Rood, and by all the saints in the calendar—the undutiful husband and ungallant saint, Edward the Confessor, for aught I know, included—that "no Italian* priest shall tithe or toll" in England. From the 1st to the 3rd of June, John is at Windsor; from the 4th to the 9th, he is at Odiham in Hampshire, at Winchester, and at Merton; then he returns to Windsor, where he continues until the ever-to-be-remembered 15th of June, when he is obliged, after all his boasting to the contrary, to meet the barons, prelates, and people, on that neighbouring strip of land on the banks of the Thames, between here and Staines, to be for ever memorable in English history by the name of Runnemede; and there to sign that Magna Charta, the very mention of which stirs the blood of every Englishman whose soul is not dead within him. From the 15th to the 26th of the month, John passed daily from Windsor to Runnemede and back; after which we will dismiss him from our attention, to gad about the Midland Counties like a guilty thing as he was, finding rest nowhere on account of the hell within his wicked bosom.

In the succeeding reign to that of King John, the barons under Simon de Montford rebelled against their monarch, Henry III., and, in the year 1263, captured Windsor Castle, which appears to have been the frequent residence of Henry, especially during the earlier portion of his long reign. Depend upon it, every inch of ground about this ancient fortress has been contested to the uttermost; and where we now make holiday with merry hearts, brave warriors, whose blood may be in our own veins, have bit the earth in the agonies of death.

It is the 13th of November, in the year of Christ 1312; Edward II. has been mourning for the death of his worthless favourite, Piers Gaveston, whose head was somewhat unceremoniously struck off on Blacklow-hill, near Warwick, by

* Shakspeare's "*King John*," Act iii., Scene 1st.

certain great earls who did not like him, some five months before; and now his queen, Isabella, here presents him with a son and heir, to fill the vacant place in his heart, if he be wise enough to let him; and who is destined to one day fill the throne of England, by the title of Edward III. I dare say the armed retainers at the Castle "drank with open shoulders" the health of the new-born Edward of Windsor; that their draughts were copious, and their hilarity more hearty than decorous. The king himself is so far delighted at the birth of a prince, that he is at once reconciled to the barons, though they *did* treat his favourite with as little ceremony as the kitchen-wench does the duck she decapitates to serve up with her green peas for dinner.

It will lead us astray, if we look upon Windsor Castle in its present state, as the same fortress erected by William the Conqueror, improved by his son, Henry I., and where Edward III. was born. When the latter monarch came to the throne, he pulled down the ancient building, erected the present stately castle and the chapel of St. George, and enclosed the whole with a strong stone wall or rampart. The architect was the celebrated William of Wykeham (who, according to Dr. Oliver, was Grand Master of the Freemasons of England), and his salary was a shilling a day, and that of his clerk sixpence. It will no doubt interest my readers of the working-classes to know by what means the labour was accomplished, especially as it shows the progress of the people between that epoch and the present. Instead of advertising for a given number of artizans, as would be done now-a-days, the king assessed every county in England to send him a certain number of masons, tilers, and carpenters, the same as if he had been levying forces to oppose a foreign foe. Several of the impressed workmen having deserted, and gone to work for better wages, the sheriffs of London were commanded to make proclamation, that those persons who should presume to employ any of the runaway artificers, should have all their property seized; and as for the fugitive workmen, the sheriffs were ordered to arrest them, and commit them to Newgate. In the year 1350, "the king granted his letters patent," says Elias Ashmole, "to certain surveyors, empowering them to impress as many hewers of stone, carpenters, and other artificers, as might be necessary to the due honest performance of the great undertaking." In 1354, two commissioners were appointed to provide stone, timber, lead, iron, etc.; and fully empowered to seize carriages, wherever they could find them, for the purpose of conveying the materials to Windsor. In 1361, Edward issued his writs to the sheriffs of counties, directing them, under a penalty of £100 (which was an enormous sum in those days), to provide a certain number of workmen, and to send them to Windsor within ten days, to be employed at "the king's wages," for such time as they might be needed. A contagious disease having thinned the ranks of this industrial army, a fresh conscription was necessary; accordingly, on the 13th of March, 1363, we have a second issue of writs from the king to the sheriffs, commanding them, under a penalty of £200, to send to Windsor, by the following Easter, a stated number of skilful masons, and diggers of stone. By the year 1364, the Castle was ready for glazing, and persons were appointed to purchase glass in every part of the country where it could be obtained; but as glass was of no use without workmen to put it in, twelve glaziers were ordered to be impressed, and marched off to Windsor, "at the king's wages," as the masons, carpenters, and tilers, had been impressed before them: carriages again, ditto, ditto. From 1364 to 1370, the work went bravely on. If a number of workmen died or absconded, their number was speedily replaced by the industrial press-gang. Thus, year by year, up to the time last mentioned, fresh levies were made. The entire reign of Edward III. was an

arbitrary one; and never, perhaps, was political economy worse understood by any government, in any age, or in any clime.

The name of Edward III. is intimately connected with Windsor, in a variety of ways. Here, in the year 1344, he gave a grand tournament; and, to treat all the knights on an equality, he erected a circular hall, 200 feet in diameter, where he feasted them all at one table, which was called the Round Table, in memory of King Arthur. It was, indeed, the age of chivalry; and knights from all parts of Europe crowded to the Windsor tournaments and pageants.

In the year 1348, the Deanery of Windsor was established; and on the 23rd of April of the following year, Edward III. instituted the Order of the Garter here. Of the origin of this Order, the common tradition is the most probable, though much learned nonsense has been written to upset it,—viz., that the Countess of Salisbury, happening to drop her garter during a dance, and the king stooping to pick it up, at which some of his courtiers smiled, he declared that it should not be long before sovereign honour was done to that garter, and so established that now celebrated Order. The motto, too, is beautifully in keeping with the legend: "Evil be to him who evil thinks."

Many illustrious prisoners have sojourned at Windsor. David, King of Scots, who was taken prisoner by a Northumberland squire, at the battle of Nevil's Cross, near Durham, October 17th, 1346, and kept a captive in England until November, 1357, is said to have passed a portion of his eleven years' imprisonment at Windsor Castle, and to have here done fealty to Edward, whose sister he had married. John, King of France, who was captured by the Black Prince, at the battle of Poitiers, September 19th, 1356, was a prisoner here, on parole of honour, an indulgence which does not appear to have been granted to the Scottish monarch. "The French king was removed from the Savoy to the Castle of Windsor," says old Froissart, "and all his household, and went a hunting and a hawking thereabout at his pleasure, and the Lord Philip, his son, with him; and all the other prisoners abode still at London, and went to see the king at their pleasure, and were received all only on their faiths." Yon tower in the west is still called King John's Tower, from the circumstance of its having been occupied by him.

It is the year 1390: Edward of Windsor is occupying a grave in Westminster Abbey, and his grandson, Richard II., reigneth in his stead, when a more illustrious name than any I have hitherto mentioned, as borne by a resident at this honoured Castle, has now to be associated with the venerable pile.—I allude to brave Geoffrey Chaucer, who had, during the previous year, been appointed clerk of the works at the king's palaces, and under whose direction Windsor Castle is undergoing repairs.

Let us take a good look at that wonderful man, for he is one of the three great poets which the middle ages have produced, and Italy claims the other two.* He is sixty-two years of age, but the fire in his eye is not dim; his stalwart limbs bend not beneath his body, as though overtaken, nor are there any of the usual symptoms of one whose life has run its course. Though Chaucer has seen and suffered much, the light of genius still beams from his benevolent countenance, and his massive brain has other work to perform before he is acknowledged as "the father of English poetry."

It is the reign of Harry V., and the year 1414, when another royal prisoner is brought to Windsor Castle, and probably confined in the Round Tower. He is an intelligent young man, of some twenty summers, a younger son of Robert III., of Scotland, and is destined in a few years not only to succeed to his father's throne, by the title of James I., but, higher honour by far, to occupy one of the highest positions amongst the poets of his age.

* Dante and Petrarch.

Windsor Castle is the burial-place of several of our crowned heads. Henry VI., the last of the royal line of Lancaster; Edward IV., the first of the house of York; Henry VIII., in whom the two long-rival Roses were blended; Charles I.; the Third and Fourth Georges; and William IV., are all interred here. Several other eminent persons have also here found their last resting-place.

Beside the monarchs I have already mentioned as residing here during some portion of their reigns, I may enumerate nearly all who have swayed our sceptre since the Norman Conquest, unless it be the two first Georges. It was also one of the abodes of Oliver Cromwell, the mighty uncrowned majesty of Britain.

The Earl of Surrey, who was born in 1516, and beheaded in 1547, passed his "childish years" here, and was a captive in this Castle previous to his decapitation in London; and it was here he wrote that beautiful poetic description, beginning—

"So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy."

Here Queen Elizabeth kept the festival of St. George in great state, just one year before the birth of William Shakspeare; and here it is not improbable that Shakspeare and his company may have performed before her. Who knows but the first sketch of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," which Shakspeare is said to have written at Elizabeth's request, to show Falstaff in love, may not have been first presented in one of the rooms of this castle? Here, in 1621, Ben Jonson's masque of "*The Gipsies Metamorphosed*," was played before James I.—rare Ben, who was then poet laureate, most probably being present, with no gentle words for the actor who might not be perfect in his part.

I have said that Windsor was despised by the first two Georges; and in the reign of George III., between the years 1778 and 1782, instead of taking up their abode at the old Castle, the royal family had a building erected at the foot of the hill, called the Queen's Lodge, a mere lath and plaster affair, white-washed, which has since very properly been pulled down. The architect of the unsightly structure was Sir William Chambers. In the year 1805, George III. resolved to inhabit the glorious old Castle; and on the twenty-fifth of February of that year, he gave a *house-warming* to upwards of four hundred of the nobility and others, which cost fifty thousand pounds. A splendid linen table-cloth used at the banquet was entirely spun by the princesses; which reminds one of the old fairy tales, in which a princess is generally described with her distaff. Alas! Windsor Castle was to be to George III. but a lunatic asylum; and the events which would have caused to him joy or sorrow, were to be accomplished without his knowledge that such things were.

George IV. having announced his intention of taking up his abode at Windsor,* the Queen's Lodge was pulled down in 1823; and, in April of the following year, Parliament voted the sum of £300,000 for improving the fortress-palace. The foundation-stone of George the Fourth's Lodge was laid on the 12th of August. Other grants were afterwards made, until the sum I have just named swelled to £771,000 down to the end of the reign of William IV. Yon extensive range of buildings on the south side, to the west of the Long Walk, situated only 400ft. from the castle, are the new stables, of which you have heard so much; for which Parliament, in the present reign, voted the sum of £70,000.

* George IV. took up his abode at Windsor Castle, December 9th, 1828.

And now, good Brother Cole, if our fair friend can drag herself away from this noble terrace, with its glorious landscape, we will vacate our seats in favour of fresh visitors, and go in search of other sights.

Having paid a visit to St. George's Chapel, and examined it well before service, and staid for the first portion of the Litany, so as to hear the fine organ and the chaunting, we would fain have remained, but we had arranged to spend that day (I trust devoutly) in the Forest. I will not attempt to describe St. George's Chapel here: suffice it to say, that it is indeed beautiful, in the style commonly called Gothic, with painted windows of exquisite workmanship, and on each side the choir are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, with their banners suspended overhead.

Issuing from George the Fourth's Gateway, which directly faces the Long Walk, we at once enter Windsor Park. A fine straight coach-road, of some three miles in length, conducts us right across the Great Park into Windsor Forest. On each side of the coach-road is a delightful footpath, rendered cool by a splendid avenue of trees. Miss Cole, like a sensible woman, proposes that we avail ourselves of their friendly shade: the proposition is at once carried, and put in force. How refreshing is the fine green of the grass and foliage to eyes that have been poring over books, instead of gazing on the beauties of nature; how redolent of health and joy and peace is this balmy air! The rustic huts for the foresters, how placidly they stand! Better to live on fifteen shillings a week in one of them, than to be pent up in a black, smoky, manufacturing town, amidst the rattle of machinery, for thirty.

And now, after a pleasant ramble of three miles or more from the Castle, with herds of deer on every hand, we reach the colossal equestrian statue of George III. at Snow Hill. It is erected on an artificial rock of granite, and is a good bold monument of the farmer-king. There is a delightful view of Windsor Castle and the surrounding landscape from this eminence, I therefore propose a seat on the green sward, whilst Brother Cole and I smoke a cigar. Miss Cole, however, moves as an amendment, that we partake of her sandwiches before we commence smoking; and the mover and seconder of the original proposition, being both favourable to the amendment, at once agree to withdraw their motion for the present. Accordingly, a neat white cloth is spread on the grass: and London bread, and Yorkshire ham, and Berkshire beef, and Cheshire cheese, and Durham mustard, supply a luncheon fit for a forester of old, only wanting a flagon of good ale to wash it down. Brother Cole, however, has got a decent flask of brandy-and-water, which we are graciously pleased to accept as a substitute; and so, after I have said grace, as the Friar Tuck of the forest party, and we have all regaled ourselves with such healthy appetites as I wish Brother Cole and his companions in their New Zealand settlement, we two Odd-fellows light our cigars, and thank God for the beauty of the scenery: for it is a good and fitting thing on such occasions,—

“To look through Nature up to Nature's God.”

The poets have ever loved the woods, and doubtless many of them have drunk in their inspiration in this very forest. Of the connexion of Chaucer, and Surrey, and the royal poet of Scotland, with Windsor, I have already taken cognizance; and it is most probable that Spenser, and Sidney, and Shakspeare, and Chapman, and Drayton, and Ben Jonson, have all rambled here, and rested themselves many a time and oft—

“Under the greenwood tree.”

Other poets we *do* know have loved to loiter in these delightful shades. Sir

John Denham, whose principal poem now read takes its name from the neighbouring eminence of "*Cooper's Hill*," proves himself to have been familiar with all this locality. It was in this forest that Pope* wrote his "*Pastorals*," his "*Temple of Fame*," his "*Essay on Criticism*," his "*Rape of the Lock*," his "*Windsor Forest*," and others of his poems; and here he commenced his translation of the "*Iliad*." Elijah Fenton, an honourable and upright man of letters, who assisted Pope to translate the "*Odyssey*," resided for some time at the neighbouring village of East Hampstead, and died there on the 13th of July, 1730. Swift, though he had not much poetry about him, must also be mentioned as one who has trod those lawns; the author of "*The Seasons*" was no stranger here; and Shelley, in the summer of 1815, composed his "*Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude*," "under the oak shades of Windsor Great Park."

And now, my friends, we will rise, if you please, and wend our way across yonder neat stone bridge, which Brother Cole informs us leads to Virginia Water. A very pleasant walk brings us there, and it certainly is a place worth seeing. It is an artificial lake, of considerable extent, made by Duke William of Cumberland, who, in the year 1746, was made Ranger of Windsor Great Park, as a reward for his military services at Culloden. In the neighbourhood of his official residence, since called Cumberland Lodge, was a swamp, whose waters drained into a large natural basin, and then flowed on to join the Thames at Chertsey. The royal butcher, who had "no delights to wile away his time," except drinking and sleeping in the little Chinese summer-house which stands at the head of the lake, by some means or other got it into his head to form this beautiful lake:—perhaps it was suggested to him by Thomas Sandby, under whose direction the whole landscape-gardening was done here. The small brig in the water was the plaything of the sailor king. As we cross the wooden bridge over the narrow portion of the water, our attention is at once arrested by the fine water-lilies in full flower, whose petals float so complacently on the surface of the lake. But we will just step over to the neighbouring village of Sunninghill, and refresh ourselves at the neat inn there, with the remainder of the sandwiches and a jug of the best Devonshire cider.

Having rested at the inn, where we obtained both good cider and ginger-beer, we resumed our march homeward, paying another visit to Virginia Water, skirting its margin until we came to the *artificial ruins* erected at the caprice, if I remember rightly, of George IV. Though no man loves more than I do to contemplate by the ruins of some ancient castle or monastery, I have no sympathy with the maudlin minds that can be amused with such mockery as this is. The very phrase, *artificial ruins*, is distasteful to me; "my gorge rises at it."

Returning by way of Englefield Green—which is in the immediate vicinage of Runnymede and Cooper's Hill—another route brought us through the forest back to Windsor. As we passed along, amidst gigantic ferns, and under noble trees of oak and beech, I fancied ever and anon that old "Herne the hunter," who was—

"Some time a keeper here in Windsor Forest,"

did "walk round an oak" before me. And then the vision would vanish, and the scene change to sweet Anne Page and her brother, "and three or four of their growth," all dressed—

"Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands,"

* During his residence at Binfield in Windsor Forest.

who, "upon a sudden," rushed "from forth a saw-pit," and, "with some diffused song," encircled what I knew to be "the unclean knight," Jack Falstaff, who was—

"Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head."

And then they pinched him in malicious sport, and asked him—

———"Why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so secret paths he dared to tread,
In shape profane?"

And then I saw what appeared to be a satyr, but it was only Sir Hugh Evans in disguise; and there was Pistol as busy as anybody; and I thought I heard a voice like Falstaff's muttering, as he eyed Sir Hugh askance—"Heaven defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!" but the noise was drowned by the shrill voice of Mrs. Quickly, who roguishly said:—

"With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart."

And as they were burning his finger-ends with their torches, and pinching him, and in other ways punishing and tormenting him, I thought I saw Dr. Caius come one way, and take off a fairy in green; and Slender come another way, and take off a fairy in white; and Fenton come and steal off the fairy queen, whom I knew to be sweet Anne Page: and then a noise, as of hunting, broke upon mine ear, and the few remaining fairies disappeared from my vision, and the buck's head dropped from old Falstaff's cranium, and in rushed Page and Ford, and the two Merry Wives of Windsor, and they all four got firm hold of the lecherous old man "to mock him home to Windsor;" and many jeers and cutting jokes they had at Sir John's expense; but what seemed to gall him most of all was Sir Hugh Evans' saying: "Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you." I could just make out something Falstaff said about "being ridden with a Welch goat too;" about having "lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English;" and of it being time that he "were choked with a piece of toasted cheese;" when I felt myself shaken smartly by the left arm, and I was roused from my reverie by Miss Cole, who asked me very kindly whether I was going to get into the railway carriage or not, as the train was just about to start! and I heard Brother Cole's merry laugh; and I heard the engine going—puff! puff! puff! and presently we were off towards London,—a place which my companions informed me I should not have reached with my return ticket had they not taken charge of me. I had been, they said, for some time, like one in a dream. And I could believe them very well,—for the day-dream which had visited me in Windsor Forest, was one conjured up by the potent power of that greatest of all magicians—William Shakspeare.

DREAMLAND.

DREAMLAND has gone out of fashion. A dreamer is now a term of contempt—something between a simpleton and a sluggard—perhaps with a little mixture of both. One who, instead of investing his capital in building societies, or planning reasonable habitations in bricks and mortar, must needs rear them in the clouds, with utter disregard of the inevitable law of gravitation which seals the doom of all such airy edifices. Yes, Dreamland is out of fashion. How should it be otherwise in an age of iron and of progress, which must “keep moving” even if it be in a circle, which is continually boasting its superiority over winds and waves and other unreasonable obstacles, and thinks the Victoria Bridge a much finer thing than the Falls of Niagara. We are a sound, practical people of trade and barter, and physical science. We approve of historical investigation, but it must be of the sensible sort; tearing up and knocking down all the old traditions and legends, which our credulous forefathers believed in. Even our modern poetry we like best when it gives us good hard work to understand it. It was very well to talk of martial ardour and the love of glory as leading to victory in those ignorant old days; but we consider that heavy cannon and Minié rifles are far more necessary and rational agents in winning a battle. The practical man will give you to understand that if affairs had always been managed in a sensible business-like way, the whole national machinery, social, political, and religious, would now be in good working order; and, that Reform would not have been left, like the sword of Damocles, hanging *in terrorem* over the heads of successive statesmen. And yet we may venture to question whether this universal application of the utilitarian spirit is not a part of his own world of dreams and visionary speculations. For Dreamland is not restricted to the poet or the enthusiast alone; it haunts the most commonplace individual, and enters the grave and substantial meditations of the man of business. He who traces the outline of some distant continent may give us the exact boundaries and unchangeable features of the locality he describes; but the mental geographer would have a harder task if he sought to define the limits of dreamland, for it stretches to all the varieties of the human race, and includes their myriad projects. For what is it but the airy country of our hopes and visions—the unreal, that we would have real if we could. The bay wreath of the poet—the soldier’s marshal’s baton—the statesman’s seals of office—the philanthropist’s Utopia—what are they but part and parcel of that world of dreams, which includes the merchant’s profitable investment, and Miss Jemima Evans’s coming “young man.” Few of us go through life without plans or wishes for some vague future time. “If” and “when” are favourite words in the mental vocabulary, though it may be “If I am ever in the cabinet,” or “When I give up the shop.” Yes, Dreamland is very near to us all, but it takes its form and colouring not only from the circumstances around us, but from the elevation or mediocrity of our individual idiosyncrasies. The flat plain of the selfish commonplace man, the bold ascents and frowning crags of the adventurous spirit, the fair gardens and mystical moonlight of the poet’s vision—all these changing images will this chameleon-like land assume. It is quite as well for us sometimes that we regard the Future through this magic kaleidoscope, always shifting according to our wishes, yet never dull or disappointing, instead of looking steadily through the exact but uninviting telescope that Truth and Fate might show us if they would. Alas for poor Dreamland! Its shining

palaces and bowers of roses were never made to stand the storms of Life and Care. Down they go—

“Crumbling story after story,
Cloudlike driven, where, ah, where?”

The fiery youth feels the martial spirit strong within him. He will lead the forlorn hope, his name shall be in the Gazette. He cannot quite decide whether he will live to an honoured old age, or die on the battlefield and be mourned for by a grateful country. Well, we will suppose he realizes his wishes (which very few of us do), and enters upon a military career. He soon finds that enthusiasm is rather out of date, and with a few sighs over his dreams of distinction, he falls by a stray shot in some insignificant skirmish, or settles down into the old half-pay officer, grumbling alternately at the rheumatism and the injustice of the Horse Guards. Well, it is very sad, to be sure, but a military life is always dangerous and doubtful; and with other classes it may not be so bad. Of course we don't mean poets and authors; we all know that story by heart; of their running about with epic poems and bundles of manuscripts under their arms, frightening the publishers from their propriety, and finally starving in garrets. Nor do we mean artists—men who live up some impossible elevation, and whose pictures the Academy won't take or will hang in the wrong place, which, as it hangs most pictures in the wrong place, is not very surprising. But sensible men who take the world as they find it and do as others do, if they entertain rational projects and wishes, are pretty sure to get on. Yes, the miser devotes himself entirely to the acquisition of money, and that we admit is a dream which is often fulfilled to the letter. When a man gives up every other feeling and lets nothing stand in the way of making money, if he be hard, grasping, callous, narrow-minded, ready to trample on others, to snatch every chance of gain; if he have the common shrewdness and business faculties, generally accompanying such a character, he is pretty sure to attain his object. But setting aside the sacrifice of higher qualities, we must question whether the craving, unsatisfied spirit, the dread of spending, the nervous fear of loss, of failing investments, of breaking banks, and the thousand chances that lie in ambush round him, leave him rich in reality. He is haunted by the idea of being imposed upon, he hardly dares to own he is wealthy for fear people should want to borrow money of him, or expect him to do things which “he cannot afford.” Truly he has laid up his treasures where thieves break through and steal. Poor Dreamland! it is a sad story-teller after all. Most of its visions are woefully illusive. The politician enters the stormy arena of public life. He is going to inaugurate a new epoch in the history of his country. He is about to show the world a sample of an upright public man, whose talents and independence all shall admire. The whipping in, the back stairs influence, the hints and whispers, and bribes and blandishments, shall be nothing to him. He will never be the tool of such appliances, he will serve unbiassed, or he will rule by strength. Is he one of a party? He soon finds that it is very different to talk on the hustings and to act on the green benches. There was some little trouble about his election, and Smith helped him through. He can't refuse to give that vote for Smith, it's a matter of no importance. Then there's that railway line coming right through his property, he must ask Jones to speak to Brown to use his influence and get it turned just a little out of the way. Jones and Brown are obliging and in return want a trifle from the minister, who in his turn wants a vote on a government question. It is not the side he meant to take, but the hero who was to have been “like Cato firm, like Aristides just,”

begins to think you must expect the oyster shell if you keep to such rigid principles. But he is by no means prepared to accept such an unpleasant alternative, and shaking his head over his early Dreamland, he resigns himself to looking out for pearls instead. If he is a leader he has learned to conform to the sayings and doings of all around him long before reaching that enviable elevation. Dreamland, ever shifting, changes its outlines, and the visions of statesmanship that should alter the face of the times, of wonderful reforms proposed and impossible measures carried, soon pass off the scene, to be replaced by devices and expedients to get A. to put off that inconvenient motion, or projects to secure B.'s support without giving him what he wants.

Dreams less lofty are quite as unstable. The man of business wants to gain an honourable independence; to make a provision for his family. A panic in the money market, the loss of a cargo at sea, the gradual decline of his business, the competition of rivals, keep him toiling wearily through that old age which in Dreamland was full of peace. The maiden dreams, not perhaps of knights in armour, they are out of date, but of the nearest present approach to them; of a suitor, young, rich, and elegant, always kind and polite, always gay and generous. Ah! could she but look through that dreadful telescope instead of in the magic glass, she would see stout, stingy Mr. Brown, grumbling over the household bills. The young parents bending with such pride over their first-born, might see in the dark days, when the reign of Dreamland is over, the reckless undutiful son who shall bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Is it not as well then that this merciful illusion is lent to us? Which of us, on looking back a few years, would have endured the prospect before him? Though not, perhaps, full of great griefs or irrevocable sorrows, they have brought to most of us so many harassing cares, so many petty annoyances that we should certainly not have pictured them in our land of dreams; for though the wayward, wandering fancy may not shrink from facing the grand catastrophes of life, and may even picture itself as nobly subduing Fate, or wearing the crown of martyrdom, who ever chose for himself the routine of carking daily cares? Who ever pictured the ignoble troubles of life as his future portion? Which of us would choose long, anxious, trying days with no particular result? Which of us conjures up the sleepless night, the jarred nerves, the irritable excitement, which shall come to so many? Who would like to anticipate the family disputes and feuds, and antagonisms of temper, the misunderstandings and misjudgments which we are fortunate if we escape? Who would choose to dream that he should spend his days in the "Little Ease" of an income beneath his position; in all the striving to make both ends meet, and shabby gentilities that such a situation entails? Who would resign himself to the belief that years shall pass in a fruitless struggle with debt and difficulty? Yet thousands do so, and very probably go through life without any overwhelming misfortune and consequent pity. And, after all, though these petty cares and incessant "worries" are what none of us would choose to foreshadow in our Dreamland; though they are what the lightest heart and boldest spirit might shrink from if they foresaw; are not these the daily touches that mould the character, that shape the individuality of each? Few and far between are those who can rise to meet a great emergency, who are not either crushed or hardened by a great sorrow, if they have the capacity of feeling it deeply, which many have not. But the incessant presence of petty cares, petty anxieties, petty troubles, are telling upon us constantly. Well met, honestly faced, and boldly grappled with; it is these that give strength and stability to the character. It is said with justice, that it is sometimes easier to bear great troubles than small

ones; but we may depend upon it, that those who weakly or wickedly yield to the small will never rightly face the great.

Though it may be very impractical, let us keep our Dreamland still. Keep it we must, so long as we have any ideas or anticipations out of our ordinary routine; but let our world of fancy be above us, rather than below us; let it take the form of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, rather than of a subterranean grotto. Let us indulge in good earnest dreams of honourable advancement for ourselves, and a helping hand to others—not mere selfish anticipations of one day outshining Jones, or outbargaining Smith. Visionary enthusiasts are not likely to be too plentiful in these days. In our just pride at our progress, with the sense of increasing knowledge, and yet undeveloped powers, there is little likelihood that any aerial machine will compete too successfully with Leviathans and steam-engines. But an absolute division of society into dreamers and workers is not good. A little more practical sense to the theorists, and a little more acknowledgment of the intangible forces to the matter-of-fact man, would be an advantage to both. The one class, disdaining to notice the actual and positive, float away on their theories, till they lose themselves occasionally in a very cloudy atmosphere; the other, with their eyes obstinately bent downwards, are surprised at the sudden tempest that breaks their routine, and bears witness to the uncontrollable nature of elements they refused to recognise.

But Dreamland has room for all. Like many another fair country, it has its hills and vales, its lights and shadows, its mirage in the arid desert, its smooth and flowing rivers, which

“Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.”

Let us walk bravely along the broad highway of existence, not too proud to turn for rest or refreshment into the shady places and flowery lanes by the wayside, but not forgetting that the main road leads us to our journey's end. And let us not be too downcast if we find our mental kaleidoscope deceptive. It is but a child's plaything, after all; and, as the American poet just quoted has so finely told us,—

“Life is real, life is earnest.”

Because the reality does not take the shape of the romance, that is no sign that its essential nature is prosaic. Could we see things as they are, the mighty strife between good and evil that is going on in each of us, the force of the temptations we battle with, the heroism of the resolution that overcomes them, the intensity of suffering, the depth of sorrow, the strength of love,—could we see the warfare of might against right that is waging every day around us, the oppressions, the anxieties, the affection that our eyes look upon indifferently and fail to recognise,—could we see them as they really are, we should not talk about the romance of dreams. Human life and the human heart are inexhaustible romances; and, though practical men may look upon them as things of trade and barter, and the philosopher discuss their psychological idiosyncrasies, they are the real origins of Dreamland, and the inalienable possessors of its fairy realm.

F.

SONNETS ON SABBATH.

BY JAMES BRADLEY,

A Member of the "Earl of Clarendon" Lodge, Hyde District.

I CANNOT tell the gratitude and love
That fill my soul for all my Sabbath hours,
In which the Christian's spiritual powers
Are bathed in thoughts of holier things above.
The Sabbath is the poor man's sweet recess
From daily toil, and worldly conflicts rife ;
It seems a foretaste of the future life,
Devoid of sin, pain, sorrow, and distress.
Oh ! we should love, adore, and ever bless,
The Giver of this sacred boon divine,
And let our heaven-aspiring souls combine,
To keep this day in peace and holiness ;
For angels whisper in each pious breast,
That we should not profane this hallowed day of rest !

On this sweet morn, a calm broods o'er the land—
A holy calm—which never fails to bring
A solace to the soul that loves to sing
Of God's deep love, and His all-giving hand ;
And this sweet, holy calm, we understand,
For it pervades the earth with its broad wing
Of holiness, to which our souls should cling
With love and truth divine ; for these expand
The grateful heart, endow it with the power
Of an exalted hope, which lulls the soul,
Subdues its passions with a mild control,
And leaves it breathing in a loftier dower.
If Sabbaths here on earth such blessings lend,
What will that yield in heaven which has no end ?

WANTED A STORM.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

THE cathedral clock of St. Stephen was striking eleven; and the sound re-echoed, with a deep solemnity, along the silent and empty streets of Vienna; when, as the hammer fell for the sixth time on the bell, the door of an humble house, which bore on its face the swinging advertisement of a hair-dresser, was opened by the hand of a young man about nineteen, and closed again at the seventh stroke, with such accurate precision, that the noise of the latch was effectually drowned by the loud note of the time-piece. This ingenious precaution, however, was perversely frustrated by the thoughtlessness of the youth himself; for, as if some instinctive impulse, that overruled his prudence, had made him forget that silence was a necessary element in secrecy, he had already stepped into the street, when he sang out in a clear and thrilling voice an impromptu accompaniment to the bell, which he concluded with a long F sharp, just as the clock uttered the same note two octaves below.

"Is that you, Joseph?" said the master of the establishment, whose name was Keller, making his appearance above through a window. "I thought you came in some hours ago! What the deuce are you doing in the street at this time of night?"

"Is not the tone of that bell beautiful to-night, Master Keller?" said the youth, artfully substituting a question for an answer. "When all else is silent, the voice which the art of man has given to time floats up to heaven—a sort of musical incense—and awakens a feeling of devotion."

"Likely enough," said the hair-dresser, "but this very subtle criticism, which I confess I do not understand, does not inform me why you are in the street so late, singing like some unlucky night-bird. You will lose the little that's left of your voice, and then, farewell to your pupils!"

"What does it signify," replied the young man, "if I were dumb altogether? Catgut and wire will sing for me! Do you think I am created into the world, only to sing? Never you fear, the music that I have in my head shall never want a voice of one sort or the other."

"Well! I know you are a wonderful musician, Joseph," said the other; "and I said so, the first moment I heard you. That was why I took you into my house, when you were expelled from the soprano class at St. Stephen's, for some juvenile waggery that might have been more mildly punished. But, take care, Joseph, that you don't lose the substance for the shadow."

This remonstrance was spoken in a tone of sincere affection; for, like the rest of his countrymen, Keller was an enthusiast in music, and felt as deep an interest in Joseph's success, as if he were his own son. Though his own means were very limited, he sheltered him, partly through charity, and partly through a conviction that he was rescuing a future luminary of the musical world from being blown out by the chilling breath of destitution. Looking forward, therefore, to the time when his *protégé* should become a master of song, it was with some vexation that he found him taking liberties with a voice that, although not by any means powerful, was peculiarly sweet and thrilling.

Pressing his remonstrances again more earnestly, and perceiving that they

were not likely to take much effect, he commanded him unequivocally to enter the house.

"That's out of the question," said Joseph; "because, instead of any idea of coming in, I was going out when you opened the widow."

"Yes! and as I hope for heaven," said Keller, "as well as I can see by the light of the moon, you have dressed yourself—you have put on your black coat, that you wear only on particular occasions. Ah! Joseph, I fear you are falling into some mischief."

"Don't be alarmed for that," replied the youth. "You know of my engagement to your daughter Anne, and besides her, I have no love but for the muse who whispered to me in my cradle, and taught me to express in music the thoughts of my head and the emotions of my heart."

"Where are you going, then?"

"To sing under a lady's window, it is true; but only to hear her opinion of a serenade which I composed yesterday. Two friends, who will play the accompaniment, are waiting for me behind the church."

"And who is the lady? if I may ask."

"The wife of the Italian Harlequin, Bernardone; she is a first-rate musician, and enjoys the acquaintance of the old Count Staremborg, who is an enthusiastic *dilettante*, and most liberal of his patronage. So, good night, Master Keller—we have been talking nearly a quarter of an hour; my orchestra will be out of all patience; and, as the night is growing cool, you are too lightly dressed to stay longer out there, with your elbows on the balcony."

Stepping away hastily, Joseph turned the corner of the street, toward the church, and joined his companions; when the three youths took their way to the neighbourhood of the theatre (the Carinthian), of which Signor Bernardone was at that time the manager, and stood before a window, from which a light shone, softened and tinted by the close-drawn curtains.

The serenade was begun, and performed to the end without eliciting any demonstration from within, and the musicians were looking round upon each other with an air of disappointment, when the door was opened, and Signor Bernardone himself stood in the aperture, and inquired whose music that was, which they had just performed.

"The music is mine, Signor," said Joseph; "and, as I flattered myself that it was not worse than the average, I desired to submit the first rehearsal of it to the Signora."

"That music yours, young man—at your age! I must tell you, that its merits have already provoked a discussion between my wife and the Count Staremborg, who honours us with his company this evening. The Count, who is not in his best humour just now, declares that it is miserable; the Signora insists that it is perfectly enchanting; and I have left them debating the question rather warmly. As to myself, all that I can say is, that, if you set that air as a dance of any sort and bring it to me to-morrow, I shall pay you handsomely."

"Many thanks for the offer, Signor; but, a serenade it is, and a serenade it shall remain. As for dance music, I have enough of that in my head to keep a score of harlequins in motion all their lives."

"*Corpo di Bacco!* young man," said Bernardone. "I like your humour; probably you could compose me an opera?"

"Not a doubt of it, Signor."

"Well then, come in; and we will arrange the terms."

Desiring his friends to wait for him, Joseph accepted the invitation; and was led into a very richly-furnished apartment, slightly perfumed, and decorated in the style patronized by ladies who wish to give a drawing-room

somewhat of the character of a museum. All this, however, was lost upon the visitor, whose thoughts were so monopolized by the idea of his opera, that he failed to perceive even that the Count, who was moving up and down the room, with his arms folded and a sulky expression of countenance, was frightfully lame. He was disappointed, nevertheless, to observe that the Signora, who reclined on a sofa, with her back toward the door, after looking round once, did not seem to consider him worth any further notice.

"My Lord," said the manager, "I have brought you the offender; and am very unhappy that I cannot coincide in your Lordship's opinion; for I feel persuaded the young man has something in him—he has just undertaken to compose an opera."

"I wish him joy," said the Count. "I shall go and hiss it."

"And I shall certainly go to applaud it," said the Signora, in an opportune spirit of opposition. "And I shall give him a subject, too," she added, opening a cabinet full of bundles of manuscripts; from which, having made a selection, she handed the paper to Joseph.

"Many thanks, Signora," said the young musician; "the ladies have been always kind to me. This very dress-coat which I wear, I owe to the generosity of an Italian lady to whom I gave some lessons in singing about a year ago at Manendorf, whither I accompanied the celebrated Porpora as a domestic."

The Count elevated his shoulders, and cast a look of annihilating contempt on the musician.

"Yes, madam," continued Joseph, "in return for the instruction of one of the most short-tempered of masters, I condescended to brush his clothes and powder his wig every morning. He paid me my wages in thorough-bass and counter-point; and the lady whom I mentioned, having learned my history, gave me six sequins for a dozen lessons. You are equally kind, Signora, in taking such favourable notice of my poor composition."

The Count, who was all this time limping up and down the room, at length stood still, and inquired the title of the manuscript; but Joseph, who could not forbear smiling to see it headed in large letters, "*Le Diable Boiteux*," was warned by a glance from the Signora, not to gratify his curiosity.

"Your Lordship must really excuse me," said he. "The title of the poem must remain a secret until the evening of its first representation. Your Lordship will know it sufficiently soon to have an opportunity of damning it; and I should prefer not bespeaking your hostility beforehand."

"This young man has some wit in him," said the Signora, soliloquizing.

"There's not very much in that, surely, to talk about," said the Count, who overheard the subdued remark; "the answer is a good deal more uncivil than witty."

The price arranged between Bernardone and Joseph was twenty-four sequins, on condition that the score should be completed within a week—a longer time, indeed, than was required by the composer, who found more difficulty in reducing to order the chaos of ideas that fluctuated in his brain, than in finding music to suit his purpose.

At the end of the fourth day the score was written, with the exception of one passage, which threw the composer into despair. Keller was first consulted; and on the failure of that first resource, application was made to the author of the manuscript.

"You have written in this scene," said Joseph, "'here a storm comes on,' but I have never seen a storm on sea, and cannot imagine or express it. Probably your experience has been more extensive than mine?"

"No! I am sorry to say," replied the poet; "and I wrote those words in

a parenthesis: because, though impossible in language, the thing might be imitated in musical sounds; but I have not any more than yourself ever seen either sea or storm."

The difficulty was serious. How were they to get through it? At last they thought of Bernardone.

"Have you ever seen a storm on sea, Signor?" inquired Joseph abruptly.

"*Di Certo!*" cried the Harlequin. "I should think so; for I have been shipwrecked, one, two, three times."

"Describe it then, my dear friend; and I will open the piano."

"Better still," said Bernardone, "I will act a storm for you;" and then, rushing into a pantomime of violent gesticulation, he flung his arms up and down, and swayed his body to and fro, whistling, and hissing, and screaming all the time, to imitate the sounds as well as the motions of the phenomenon. "You understand now, my dear boy!" said he, pausing to take breath.

"Not a bit, Signor! It must be something more than that;—your storm reminds me only of an animated nocturnal conversation between two cats."

"Can you not picture to yourself,"—he continued, throwing about the chairs and tables—"Cannot you fancy the sky frowning darkly, the lightning breaking through the clouds, the thunder growling, the wind roaring and whistling through ropes and sails, the sea all valleys and mountains, mountains and valleys swallowing each other up and pursuing each other as far as one can see, the ship rocking up and down, and tossed about like a straw? What the deuce!—I think it's all plain enough!"

Bewildered by this energetic representation, Joseph was running his fingers up and down the key-board, striking out brilliant chromatic scales and startling combinations of bass and treble; but making no nearer approach to the storm. Bernardone sank down exhausted, and the case looked hopeless; until, at last, in mockery of despair, the musician placed a hand at each extremity of the board, and brought them together rapidly.

"That's it!" said the Harlequin, starting up wildly. "*Corpo di mille diavoli!* There it is to the life!" and, springing over the displaced furniture, he clasped the successful composer in his arms.

The opera of the *Diable Boiteux*, thus miraculously completed, was a signal success; but the Count Staremborg, whose identity with the principal character became more notorious than agreeable, had sufficient influence to suppress it after the second representation. The consequence was that Joseph, becoming disgusted with dramatic composition, devoted himself thenceforth to his more congenial occupation of instrumental music.

It was just thirty-nine years afterwards, when a Calais packet, on her way to England, encountered a violent storm, which she appeared for some time unlikely to survive. Amid the terror and consternation of the other passengers, there was one elderly gentleman, who indulged in such demonstrations of joyous excitement, as suggested some doubts of the state of his intellect, and were the more remarkable from the previous reserve and silence of his demeanour. Being removed, almost by force, from a position which he had taken upon the prow, and from which he would inevitably have gone overboard in a few minutes, he still remained on deck, laughing in exultation, clapping his hands, and exclaiming at intervals: "There they are!—the mountains and the valleys, swallowing each other up—the lightning flashing—the thunder growling—the ship tossing about like a straw!—how very like this my storm was!"

These exclamations were utterly unaccountable to the rest of the company,

who were still further astonished to see the same man—when the danger was past, and their own spirits were reviving—relapse into his own former state of calm and silent abstraction. In an old-fashioned dress, which gave him somewhat the appearance of an Aulic Councillor, he had placed himself in a corner of the cabin, deaf and blind, apparently, to everything said and done around him.

"May I take the liberty, sir," said a young gentleman, acting on the general impression of the traveller's insanity, "of asking why you were so delighted with the storm?"

Recalled from his reverie by this interruption, the old gentleman arose; and, perceiving that the eyes of all present were fixed upon him, made a circular bow to the whole company, with an air of the exaggerated politeness which the conscious object of curiosity assumes when about to account for himself satisfactorily.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he. "It will probably explain away anything that may seem extravagant in my conduct, if I assure you that it arose merely from the recollection of an event which determined in a great measure the whole course of my life, and occurred many years ago, when I was composing my first opera."

"Oh, then, the gentleman is some distinguished musician?"

"For that I cannot answer. I do my best conscientiously. I attribute my success to a Power higher than my own. I have never written any work without prefixing '*In the name of the Lord*,' and inscribing at the end, '*Glory to God*.' My publishers are not dissatisfied, and my works enable me to live. My destination at present is London, where I intend to fulfil an engagement with the Concert-Manager, Mr. Salomon. My name is Joseph Haydn."

At this announcement, and amid a murmur of surprise, the whole company started to their feet, and the gentlemen removed their hats.

"Forgive me," said the young man who first addressed him. "I knew not that we had among us the greatest of living musicians."

"You have not, sir," replied Haydn; "for Wolfgang Mozart is not here; but it may probably interest you, ladies, if I recount to you the circumstances that made the storm a scene of so much enjoyment to me."

The offer was accepted by acclamation; the ladies formed a semicircle round him, and he related the foregoing history of the composition of the "*Lame Devil*."

"Ever since then," he continued, "I have enjoyed a real storm; and the circumstance has taught me at least one lesson which I have found it worth while to remember, and which may be useful to others. If there be any of you in whom the artist spirit is fermenting restlessly, and struggling for expression in words, in music, in colours, or in stone; though you may study the works of those who have climbed the steep before you, and observe how they have interpreted their inspiration, beware of imitating an imitation: make Nature herself your model, and compare your performance, not with that which other artists have achieved, but with abstract excellence. It is only by aiming at the transcendental, that we attain perfection."

IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

A WEEK but gone since heart-bound England sank upon our lee,
 As we steamed the Channel waters to sun-illuminated sea :
 A pang—one tear—Farewell we bade to our dear native shrine :
 The dragon-car had cleft us by the iron lengthened line.
 We shook the hand—but when again?—that bade us Eastward Ho !
 While the capstan barsmen cheerfully sang out their loud heave-yo !
 With swelling heart and filling eye, we watched the favouring wind,
 That wafted us from early home to far and orient Ind.

And, landsmen though we were, we yet were children of the sea,
 That guards the busy isle, whose sons it's glory aye to be ;
 We count the beads close-strung and bright on our historic chain—
 The leaves lie thick that conquests tell on this our long-won main :
 Each English face beams up in pride at the song-tale of the tar.
 From antique Seuys in days of yore, to Nelson's Trafalgar—
 From the Vikings of dim eld, to sea-masters of to-day,
 The line shines bright that stamps their deeds, and never shall decay.

The iron heart throbbed through the ship with a propelling bound ;
 Still sweeping through the heaving waves with calm continual round,
 Her white wings fairly dazed the sight in the winter's silvery sun,
 And starry sentinels came forth to illumine the evening dun ;
 The land had sunk to outline on the far horizon's haze,
 And straining eyes had given their long last wistful gaze ;
 Strange faces grew familiar in their mansion of the deep,
 And aching hearts and weary minds sought the troubled rocking sleep.

Up sprang the landward breeze, and lashed the billows to turmoil ;
 The storm-wind rode the blue waves as an avalanche the soil,
 And through the strained cordage creaked with an unceasing tone ;
 But stout timbers stood their ordeal with an oak-strength English grown.
 In black of night and waters' roar—in winds with fury hot—
 We penned shoremen cowered in our cribbed and cabined lot ;
 The seaman's eye was fixed and firm, though the lip might blanch with fear ;
 The heart was strong that beat beneath to combat death or drear.

Oh ! sadly came the wailing of the infant and the young,
 And strong men all were meekened to a tenderness unstrung,
 From the roughened life made common by the daily wear and tear,
 Hard sturdy hands showed softest hearts unto the feebler rear ;
 Far readier to the heart came this glory of our prime,
 Than e'en the memories of their deeds in the olden warring time :
 Such men are England's salt of earth, and shed a cheery ray,
 O'er all the horrors of that night in Biscay's stormful Bay !

HOPE WITGOLD.

Off Gibraltar, Jan. 25, 1860.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

II.

BEFORE I received my appointment as Relieving Officer, I have heard it remarked many times, by those who had some knowledge of the "duty," that no one ever accepted the office from choice. Since I have held my present position, I have many times heard it said by my colleagues, that no person *could* possibly hold the position, except from necessity.

The last assertion may possibly be looked upon as extraordinary (to say the least); for how is it, may naturally be asked, that so many respectable men continue to hold for many years an office not extravagantly paid in any instance, if the work is really of a disagreeable nature? Why do not such respectable men bid adieu to the disagreeableness of their post, and seek out some more pleasant occupation? Now, this is a question, I opine, more easily put than answered; but, without stating whether I became what I am from choice or necessity, I respectfully urge, that not by any means a majority of the population of England have much chance of choosing the means by which they may earn their subsistence. The majority of parents are only too glad to put their children to any work that may offer, whereby they may be enabled to earn honestly their living. In such way, many men, at all times (of unimpeachable character and excellent ability) are glad to seize any opportunity which offers to them a chance of honourably adding to their present means of procuring food and raiment.

As a rule, I think the officers under the present Poor Law Management are not extravagantly paid. At least, I know that those of my grade are not; and that it is a harder task to get out of office, when once fixed in it, than the generality of persons unacquainted with the facts would suppose. Imagine a man, tempted by a somewhat higher salary and the hopes of advancement, leaving a mercantile situation, to take office under the Poor Law Establishment. He, of course, feels the immediate benefit of the increase of remuneration, and rejoices therein; but it does not take him long to learn how few the chances of advancement—how slowly promotion takes place in this branch of the public service. Yet he finds himself cut off from his former mercantile friends—very soon forgotten by the commercial world, except in his capacity as a public officer,—and, after a while, arrives at the conclusion that he has become, in fact, unfitted for active work in the sphere he has left; owing to the very different and all-absorbing new duties which he has undertaken. He is one of another class now—he is an outsider, and must make the best of his position. Exalted as he is now to the privilege of being censured by coroners—abused by the editors of local papers—and generally snubbed by the bench of magistrates—let him go on in this useful course of life, and endeavour, if possible, to become that paragon which the public generally think he should be; seeing that every ratepayer in the town pays *a part* of his salary.

Not for worlds would I publish the many indignant notes (not to say insolent epistles) I have received from the rich greengrocer in Blank Street, or one of the vulgar and bullying letters composed for my good by the philanthropic draper residing in Dash Square. Of course, I know perfectly well that both these excellent and prosperous tradesmen are rate-payers—that they pay a great deal higher rent for their establishments than I do for my modest dwelling-place, and, of consequence, contribute a sum towards the support of the

poor out of their earnings greater than I do out of mine. But, I suppose, they do so much from the same cause as I do when I discharge the common obligation. There is, I suppose, no great merit in doing that which the law compels us equally to do; and little or nothing in the circumstance to warrant any one using harsh language on any occasion, until both sides of the question be fully heard.

I have relieved many a woman, whose husband has been sent into gaol by the rich greengrocer for a debt of a few shillings; I have, officially, found the means of burying many a poor sister, who stitched herself to the grave in the stifling pest-house of a work-room, belonging to the philanthropic one of Dash Square. But not a word has been said by the local press on the absurdity and cruelty of sending one on the verge of pauperism to prison for debt,—thus burthening the rate-payers with a family of paupers; nothing has been said by the coroner as to the death of the poor one poisoned in her youth by the stagnant atmosphere of the draper's back room. Enough of this—no neglect or cruelty of others, can excuse neglect or cruelty on my part. I am paid a salary for relieving the distressed, and if I do not my duty, I am liable to severe punishment; and, what is more, in such cases, I should deserve it. But, oh, what pain might I have been saved these last few years of my life, if my respectable fellow-townsmen had taken the trouble of simply relating to me what had been told to them by those in the garb of poverty of my official conduct towards them, and civilly asking me for an explanation of my mode of procedure—the reasons I had for such a course of conduct—instead of condemning me unheard! Why should my word not be as good, at least, as that old drunken, blind beggar-man's, who gets his living at the corner of St. Asterisk's Church-yard by pretending to sell two boxes of matches? His living! Aye; and the living of that dirty, blotted-faced sluttish, who leads him to his stand every morning? Did not the Guardians of the Poor relieve him for some months, until I, having to pass the church of St. Asterisk (which, being a mile or two from my district, I seldom pass), seeing the old humbug reeling drunk from the gin-shop round the corner, reported the same to the Guardians? Did I not make inquiry at said gin-shop, and receive for information that old "Scroggs, the blind 'un," was a most excellent customer, and his wife a better? Yes; and I received a "dressing" from the new incumbent of the above-named church for stopping the old man's out-door relief; but he, being new to the district, did not know much of the pauper element of his parishioners, or those who begged their living in his parish. So I called upon the worthy young clergyman, and invited him to accompany me on a visit to old Scroggs's cellar, appointing an hour for such visit after the "blind 'un's" business closed. We found the cellar in desolate state, truly—one table, one chair, one three-legged stool, a corner cupboard, (containing two or three articles of food and crockery) and a shake-down bed at one end of the apartment. On this wretched bed lay the wretched old man, so drunk that he could neither understand what we said to him, nor speak to us. On the hearth—her grey hair in disgusting disorder, part of her dress almost under the bars, which still contained a little smouldering fire—lay the old woman, so drunk that we thought it a charity to drag her to the dirty pallet where her partner lay; and, closing the door, we left them. How the young clergyman acted afterwards, with regard to this couple, it is not for me to relate. But this I can say, he gave me no more "dressings;" but frequently called upon me for my advice and assistance, which I am sure were always freely given.

To the credit of our common human nature be it said, that the poor blind seldom lack for human sympathy. But men of our way of life soon learn that

all blind men are not very worthy men ; and that very few of those who beg in the streets are such. Now, old Scroggs had friends and patrons besides those who, moved by his piteous voice and appealing blind face and attitude, dropped halfpence in his hat, as they passed to business of a morning. Two or three old gentlemen, who resided in the outskirts ; and a few old ladies, also received a periodical visit from the blind man, who never returned from their houses empty-handed. It was easy for so accomplished a hand as old Scroggs to tell a moving tale of my cruelty, &c. ; and easy for those soft-hearted persons to believe his story. The old man forgot to say that it was not *I* who stopped his relief, but the *Guardians*, on my report of his character, and in his own presence. They chose to alter the mode of relief, at all events ; and offered to provide for the old couple in the workhouse, if they liked to accept assistance in that form. It was with many a curse upon my head that the old blind beggar left our board-room that morning, and many a letter to irascible old and young people with kind hearts had I to write in defence of what they chose to call my tyranny.

It is a double source of pleasure to me that, in this case, I certainly did my duty to the rate-payers ; and that eventually I convinced those who blamed me for the course I had taken ; that I was not deceived, that I was not cruel, and that they were rather harsh in the hasty judgment they awarded me. It is not many days since I chanced to pass the corner of the churchyard before mentioned. There was the "poor blind," looking dirtier, and perhaps a little older ; but still driving a good trade with the passers by, judging from what I saw during my brief stay in the neighbourhood. I dare say he does not much miss the small weekly sum he was once in the habit of receiving out of the poor's rate. He does not appear to have sold the two boxes of matches yet, but they look a good deal dirtier, and much older.

I, as well as my brethren, often receive letters from rate-payers, complaining that impostors are regularly in receipt of relief from the Guardians. Sometimes the description of the impostors is given ; sometimes not. I invariably make a practice of calling upon those who thus kindly favour me ; and have frequently received most valuable information to reward me for my trouble. It would, indeed, be a wonder if I was not often imposed upon ; for, after all, a Relieving Officer, in his most efficient state, is but mortal : and, with all his tact and knowledge of character, cannot always get at the truth. The class of persons with whom I have mostly to deal are leagued together in a manner which would astonish the uninitiated. My entrance into a street is telegraphed from one end to the other, much more quickly than I can walk the distance. I used to be amazed when first I made my visits, to see the little ragged urchins in the streets run from me, as a colony of rabbits might do if disturbed in their gambols on the greensward by the step of man. Like the rabbits do these little urchins dart into their own particular burrows, no doubt informing the stay-at-homes of the stranger's presence. I soon became amused, rather than amazed, at these proceedings, when I discovered what a panic my presence had caused in the burrow. Perhaps my errand was to visit a family who had applied to me but a few hours before, stating that there was nothing in the house to eat. Well, I mount the stairs, or dive into the cellar, as the case may be ; and, lo ! my olfactory nerves are saluted by a most savory smell, quite overpowering the odour generally prevailing in such dwellings. Now, my sense of smell is tolerably good, notwithstanding the many trials it has been put to of late years ; at all events, I can detect the difference between the smell of beefsteak with onions, and that of boiled potatoes. "I thought," say I, "you had nothing to take to." "Divel a bit, yer hanner, but the taste of 'taties for the childher," says the wife, pointing to a tolerably

large pan of the excellent root, just ready to be eaten; all laughing at me through their cracked jackets, almost tempting me to beg one, for I delight in "the fruit," and am exceedingly hungry. "And where is the beefsteak you were frying, Bridget?" I inquire. "Is it the bit of beef that the neighbours sent me? Sure I'm afther aiting ut, me and the childher; and ther's me husband in the bed beyant sick, and me niver a ha'penny to buy him a dhrink." Just at this moment my eyes were directed to the bed "beyant," and sure enough I observed a small portion of the handle of a fryingpan sticking from underneath the bedstocks. I take the liberty of withdrawing the culinary utensil, and see a most excellent and ample dish of beef and onions, still gently simmering in the gravy. Encouraged by my success, I gently lift the soiled coverlet of the bed, and discover the husband with his jacket on. I request him to come forward, and he complies;—jacket none of the cleanest, trousers rather more dirty, and shoes worse than either. "And what ails you, Patrick?" said I. "Och, its a could I have i' me head, and a pain in me face, an' pains all i' me bones, an' a stuffin' an' a smotherin' about me harrat." What could I do but laugh in the great big fellow's face? I fancied I saw a twinkle in his eye also, and I then knew I had done better than scold him. Before leaving, however, I thought I would just peep into the cupboard; and, lifting a brown earthenware mug, I discovered a good uncut wheaten loaf. I did not take my departure, believe me, without giving a few words of reproof and admonition.

Thus was an attempt to swindle, my readers will observe, frustrated by a timely visit; and thus, by timely visits and judicious enquiry, are hundreds of much more ingenious frauds discovered and brought to nought. I need scarcely add, that the man did not come up for the physic I told him my doctor would give him; nor did I see any member of the family for a very long time. That time did come, however; and a very sore time it was, as many in our town know. It was the time of the Irish fever—a time we shudder still to name in our office. Poor Pat! I remember him well coming to tell me that his family was down "wid the favur," and that he had been out of work a fortnight. "No beefsteaks this time, Patrick?" say I, in not at all an angry tone. Poor Pat! He hung his head. "No, yer hanner, nor praties aither this time;" answered he, very sorrowfully. "Very well; I'll come and visit you. And now the next case;" for I was taking applications. And many sad visits did I make that day.

More of these anon. Poor Pat's family did not trouble us long. I have said, that the people with whom I have to deal are leagued together. What I mean is, that they combine to deceive the Relieving Officer; they think him fair game. Many of them have very little idea how the money is raised by which they are assisted, and have a notion that if they don't get it, the officials are all the richer. How much they are deceived in this respect, I, of course, well know. Like all things mundane, such combinations are liable to interruption. Persons who have been for some time parties to falsehood and deceit, quarrel. Some morning soon after, the Relieving Officer receives an anonymous note, informing him perhaps of certain income that so-and-so has, with which he has not made the officer acquainted; or of other changes in the position of a certain family, say, which place them out of the pale of pauperism. Very astonishing it will seem to many that any one should continue a pauper any longer than is absolutely necessary. Yet such is the fact. Well, of course I feel it my duty to test the accuracy of the anonymous communications; and I must say I have discovered many frauds through their agency. Some of them I have found, though, as full of lies as they had lines, in which case, of course, they did not answer the purpose of

the writers; for the person whom the kind neighbour intended to injure, remains in precisely the same position. Whilst on the subject of anonymous letters, of which I receive many, I am reminded of a racy one which came to hand the other day, and which I take the liberty of copying, *verbatim et literatim*, for the benefit of posterity. I omit only my own name, with which it commences.

"————— You make Your coffin I tacke your Life if Be hanged for you for your tirney you D—— I meet you in some Please Before 3 days is ofer Preper for death you tirent."

I should like much to know the individual who favoured me with the above; verily his reward would not be unearned. It is just possible I may live to "heap coals of fire on his head;" and not unlikely that he may come to understand what a foolish fellow he has made of himself.

Poems for Recitation.

III.—GODIVA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., POET LAUREATE.

*I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,

He answer'd, " Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it ; " and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bad him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition ; but that she would loose
The people : therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing ; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee ;
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair
Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway ; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity :
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see : the barking cur
Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses : the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity :
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little augur-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused ;
And she, that knew not, pass'd : and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one : but even then she gain'd
Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

SHREWSBURY, AND THE A.M.C.

"I don't know, reader, if you've ever been
 To Shrewsbury, that quaint and ancient city;
 But if it be a place you've never seen,
 It's worth a visit, for 'tis really pretty;
 And round its walls a river runs, I ween,
 Full oftentimes the theme of poet's ditty.
 If you should go there, I am sure t'will please ye;
 And, in these railway days, the visit's easy."

A FEW words respecting this ancient and beautifully situated town will not, perhaps, be out of place in the present number of the Magazine. Of course we cannot, in a magazine of this description, give more than a passing glance at some of the many prominent objects of interest with which this town abounds; but we will endeavour to put before our readers a brief, descriptive, and historical account of some of the most salient points, which would be likely to elicit enquiry.

The Britons gave to this place the appellation of *Pengwern*, the Saxons *Scrobbes-byrig*: both terms are synonymous, meaning *a fenced eminence overgrown with shrubs*. Our Welsh brethren call it to this day *Ammwythig*, signifying "The Delight." Shrewsbury is supposed to have been built in the fifth century, after the destruction of the Roman *Uriconium*, (of which we will speak anon,) as a place of refuge for fugitive Britons from their cruel Saxon invaders. In 1283, during the reign of Edward the First, a parliament was held at this town, this being "*the first national convention in which the Commons had any share of legal authority*." The memorable Battle of Shrewsbury was fought in the year 1403; the skirmishing began under the walls of the "Castle Gates," but the principal scene of action was about three miles off, at a place called "Battlefield." This was one of the most decisive battles recorded in early English history. The armies on both sides amounted, it is said, to 40,000, and the fight was severe and sanguinary. The fortune of the day, was, however, in favour of King Henry, who fought with an ardour worthy the crown he was defending. In Shakespear's play of Henry the Fourth, this battle is immortalized.

Shrewsbury was oftentimes honoured with royal visits; was a favourite retreat for Charles the First during his troubled reign; and in 1687 James the Second kept his court at the "Council House," on which occasion, it is said, "the conduits ran with wine;" and other most liberal entertainments and rejoicings welcomed the royal guest.

And now, having glanced briefly at its ancient history, let us turn our attention to some of the objects which will be likely to attract the attention of those who may choose to honour Shrewsbury with a visit. Premising that the visitor will come by rail, and supposing him to have given a passing glance at our handsome little station, we would direct his attention to "The Castle," with its stately towers and formidable walls, frowning in august pride, high above the surrounding plain. It is supposed to have been built in the eleventh century, as a measure of necessity, in order to restrain the hostile incursions of the Welsh, to which the town, from its situation near the borders, was frequently exposed. In the reign of Henry the First it became a royal fortress, under the custody of a constable; but on the union of Wales it was no longer important

as a place of defence, and the building began gradually to decay, although in the civil war it was repaired and garrisoned for the king, and afterwards escaped the almost general demolition of royal fortresses, by its surrender to the parliamentary army in 1645. The present remains, composed of a deep red stone, consist of the keep, the walls of the inner court, and the great semi-circular arch of the interior gateway, from which the last Norman Earl of Shrewsbury issued with the keys of the gates to make submission to Henry the First. The interior is much altered from its original appearance, and now forms a handsome private residence. On the south side, within the court, is a mount, rising upwards of 100 feet above the bed of the river. The summit is surrounded by a wall, and crowned by a watch tower, which forms a bold and beautiful object. It is now difficult to form an adequate idea of the original extent of this fortress; but it is certain that the castle formerly occupied a much larger space than is now marked out by its walls, the ballium (or outer court) extending within the town, probably as far as the water lane.

In close proximity to the Castle is the Royal Free Grammar School, founded by Edward the Sixth, by royal letters patent, dated 10th February, 1552. It is a handsome spacious structure of free-stone, built in the incongruous but fashionable style of architecture which prevailed in the 16th and 17th centuries, wherein the Grecian and pointed arches are fantastically mixed together. The amount of the present annual revenue is upwards of £3,000, which is appropriated in payment of the salaries of the masters, for scholarships, exhibitions in the Universities, &c. The school is open for the gratuitous instruction of the sons of freemen, and has maintained a character of high repute from its earliest formation. Of the many brilliant scholars who have received their education here, the most notable was the gallant and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, "the miracle of the age," and the ornament of the court of Queen Elizabeth. The present head-master is the Rev. B. H. Kennedy, D.D., whose high classical attainments, and profound erudition, pre-eminently qualify him for his responsible position.

Penetrating further into the town we will next notice the once collegiate Church of St. Mary, which stands in a commanding situation on the north-eastern side of the town, and is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in the county; displaying in its construction almost every variety of ancient architecture, and affording to the antiquary and man of taste a rich and unique field for observation. It is supposed to have been founded by King Edgar about the year 980; but it is very probable that this was only the renovation of an older church destroyed by the Danes, who in revenging the slaughter of their predecessors, did not spare even those buildings consecrated to devotion. From the tower of this church rises an octagonal spire of noble proportions, which may be ranked as *equal in height to the third loftiest spire in the kingdom*, and forms an interesting and prominent object from every part of the rich and beautiful scenery which surrounds the town. The interior of this church is lofty and strikingly noble, and calculated to inspire the mind with awe. In the great east window is the curious and beautiful ancient stained glass which filled the window of the old St. Chad's Church, prior to its demolition, and which was presented to this church in 1791. This glass, unequalled in point of beauty and colouring, represents the Genealogy of Christ, from the root of Jesse. In the north transept, against the west wall, is a most beautiful free-stone monument to the late Rev. J. B. Blakeway. We must not omit mention of the pulpit, erected to the memory of W. G. Rowland, formerly incumbent of the church. It is composed of Caen stone, octagon in form, and springs from the clustered pillar which on the north side supports one of the

great arches of the nave. For elegance of design, beauty of execution, and general effect, this delicate mass of sculpture has rarely been surpassed. Seldom do we see such a quantity of elaborate work on so comparatively small a surface, yet nothing appears crowded or irregular, but the *tout ensemble* is in the most perfect keeping. Passing by other monuments of particular interest and also the mural tablets, we would engage our readers' attention to the following quaint epitaph, which appears on the exterior of the western wall of the steeple:—

“ Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim,
How from a bold attempt to fly from this high spire,
Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
His fatal end! ’Twas not for want of skill,
Or courage, to perform the task, he fell;
No, no, a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his soul on high to take its flight,
Which bid the body here beneath, good night.

February 2, 1739.”

In the vicinity of this church are two others,—those of St. Alkmund, and St. Julian; but we have not space sufficient except to mention them.

In the “Market Square” is a chaste statue in bronze, of the great Lord Clive, by Baron Marochetti, on a pedestal of highly polished Portland granite, which was inaugurated on January 18th last. There is a great diversity of opinion as to the character of Clive, and we will here quote the words of the great historian, Macaulay. In his splendid essay he says, “Clive committed great faults; but his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.”

In the “Market Square” is also the Market House, chiefly used now as a corn exchange. It is one of the most spacious and magnificent structures of its kind in the kingdom; is of wrought free-stone, and in the fantastic style of the 16th century.

We will now ask our reader to accompany us on a visit to “The Quarry”—

“ Whose walks are ever pleasant; every scene
Is rich in beauty, lively, or serene.”

This fine public promenade derives its name from a disused stone quarry, nearly in the centre. A noble avenue of lofty lime trees gracefully unite their topmost boughs into a rich embowered arch; and, with their lower branches feathering to the gentle windings of the beauteous river, forms the principal walk; to the middle and each end of which, three other shaded walks lead from various streets of the town. Here the inhabitant may inhale the refreshing breeze wafted from the rippling river; the invalid find a cool and sequestered retreat, free from the noise of a bustling town; while the mind, alive to the charms of nature, may enjoy its philosophic contemplations in the ever-changing beauties of the seasons.

At the top of the Quarry stands the *new* Church of St. Chad, the exterior of which has many glaring architectural defects; but the interior carries with it an air of importance, grandeur, and extent; nevertheless, it has too much of the theatrical appearance to inspire in the mind those feelings of reverence and devotion which characterize most of our ecclesiastical structures.

We have only space for the mention of one other church, although there are

several not yet noticed ; also, there are several chapels and meeting-houses, too numerous even to mention.

In the street leading to "Lord Hill's Column" is the Abbey Church, built of a deep red stone. A noble simplicity, combined with a massive solidity, characterizes the whole structure, to which Time has given a most venerable appearance. The style of architecture is that of the Norman, combined with the earlier pointed style. In the west front, above the portal, is one of the most magnificent windows in the kingdom, forty-six feet high by twenty-three feet wide; the intrado of the arch is enriched by a small series of trefoil panels; the label rises high above it in the ogee form, richly crocketed, and terminated in a finial. The arched head is gracefully pointed, and filled with a profusion of the most rich and delicate tracery. The interior presents a majestic appearance of solemnity, calculated to raise devout and profound veneration towards that Almighty Being to whose service and honour the edifice is dedicated. The eastern window contains six resplendent figures in stained glass, viz., St. James, King David, St. John, King Solomon (as in the act of consecrating the temple), St. Peter, and St. Paul, with their respective emblems. Below this window is a series of highly enriched Norman arches, forming the altar screen, which gives a most imposing feature to this part of the church. There are several ancient and interesting monuments in this church, of which we cannot speak for want of space. Of the refectory belonging to the abbey no portion exists, excepting an elegant octagonal stone pulpit, from which one of the junior monks, in compliance with the rule of the Benedictine order, was accustomed to read to his brethren while seated at their meals. This interesting relic is the admiration of every antiquary. Six narrow pointed arches, with trefoil heads, support the conical stone roof, which is internally vaulted on eight delicate ribs, springing out of the wall, and adorned at their intersection in the centre by a very fine boss, representing an open flower, on which is displayed a delicate sculpture of the crucifixion, with St. John and the Virgin Mary at the foot of the cross.

A short walk now brings us to the column, erected by the voluntary subscriptions of the grateful inhabitants of the town and county of Salop, in honour of the valour and virtues, and to commemorate the brilliant victories and achievements of their countryman, Lieutenant-General Lord Hill. It is said to be the largest Grecian Doric column in the world. The first stone was laid by the Salopian Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, on the 27th Dec., 1814; and the last stone was laid on the 18th June, 1816, the anniversary of the glorious battle of Waterloo. The height, including the statue, is 132 feet, and the cost of erection was £5,973. The chastely-fluted shaft ascends from a square pedestal, raised on two steps, and flanked by angular piers, bearing lions couchant, and is surmounted by a cylindrical pedestal, supporting a statue of his lordship. A beautiful spiral staircase of stone (the munificent donation of the builder, Mr. John Straphen), winds round the interior of the shaft, and opens on the summit at the base of the pedestal of the statue, from whence the delighted visitor will enjoy a panoramic view over the fertile plain of Shropshire, unrivalled in extent and splendour :—

"Ten thousand landscapes open to the view,
For ever pleasing and for ever new."

The surrounding distances are replete with interest, being composed of fine undulating hills and mountains. To the east are the venerable and truly picturesque ruins of Haughmond Abbey, founded in the year 1100, for Canons of the order of St. Augustine. Near the remains of this once more noble pile

is the wooded ascent of Haughmond Hill, with a conspicuous shooting tower on its summit.

We have reserved for the concluding subject of this paper what will no doubt be considered by most of our readers as the most attractive and the most interesting part of the article, namely, the recent excavation of the Ruins of Uriconium, at Wroxeter, distant about four miles from Shrewsbury. This ancient Roman city of Viroconium—or, as it was called in the later Romano-British period, Uriconium—is known from the circumstance of its having been mentioned by the geographer Ptolemy, to have been standing here as early as the beginning of the second century. A continuous low mound indicates the line of the ancient town wall, which forms an irregular oval rather more than three miles in circumference. The only portion of the buildings of Uriconium which remains standing above ground is a mass of masonry, twenty feet high, and seventy-two feet long, with a uniform thickness of three feet, and which has long been known as the “Old Wall.” It stands nearly in the centre of the ancient city, which occupied the highest ground within the walls, a commanding position, with the bold isolated form of the Wrekin in the rear, and in front a panorama of mountains, formed by the Wenlock and Stretton Hills, Caer Caradoc, the Longmynd, the Briedden, and the still more distant mountains of Wales. With the exception of this wall, all that remained of the Roman city has long been buried beneath the soil. At the close of the year 1858, however, it was resolved to ascertain what these remains were, and an excavation committee was formed at Shrewsbury for the purpose of carrying this design into effect by means of a public subscription. In February of last year operations were commenced which have led to the most satisfactory results. Among the many interesting discoveries which have been made, we may mention, that in one of the hypocausts,* three skeletons were found, one of a person who appears to have died in a crouching position in one of the corners; and two others stretched on the ground by the side of the wall. Near the former lay a little heap of Roman coins, 132 in number, for the most part of the Constantine family of Emperors. It is supposed that in the midst of the massacre of Roman Uriconium, these three persons—perhaps an old man and two terrified women—had sought to conceal themselves by creeping into the hypocaust, and were suffocated there; or, when the house was delivered to the flames, the falling rubbish may have blocked up the outlet, so as to make it impossible for them to escape. It is not likely that they would have been followed into such a place as the hypocaust.

A stone altar, found near this site, in 1824, bears the following inscription—

BONO REI
PVBLICAE
NATVS.

Both prior and subsequent to this date many curious and interesting remains have been incidentally discovered, such as tessellated pavements, sepulchral stones with inscriptions, urns, moulds for coining money, seals of different kinds, and figures, including an Apollo, (four inches in length,) elegantly cast in lead. Near this spot a discovery was made at the end of the last century, which no doubt denoted the burial place of some family of distinction resident in the colony. It consisted of an enclosure of large stones a little below the surface of the ground, within which were deposited three large urns composed

* Derived from two Greek words, signifying *heat underneath*.

of a beautiful transparent green glass, each having one handle elegantly ribbed, and severally containing burnt bones and a glass lachrymatory. Some earthen urns, an earthen lamp, and a few Roman coins, were also found at the same place, the whole being covered with large flat stones.

The recent excavations at Wroxeter have brought to light two new classes of Roman pottery, (both evidently made in Shropshire,) and also many very interesting glass vessels. Among the personal ornaments already discovered are a number of buttons, fibulæ, buckles, finger rings, bracelets, glass beads, bone combs, etc. And of the number of objects connected with the construction of houses may be mentioned, roofing flags, tiles of various kinds, specimens of the concrete which covered the hypocaust, mosaic pavement, sculpture in sandstone, bases, capitals, and shafts of columns, iron bolts, roofing nails, &c., &c. Most of these objects, together with those found previously, are in the Shrewsbury Museum.

In conclusion we would express a wish that a very large number of our brethren will attend the next A.M.C., and partake of those pleasures of scenery and architectural beauty of which we have feebly endeavoured to give them a foretaste: and in the language of the committee's circular we promise them "a hearty Salopian welcome."

SPRING.

THE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
 With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
 And with it comes a thirst to be away,
 Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
 A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
 Restless to soar above these fading things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
 To find refreshment in the silent woods;
 And Nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
 Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
 Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
 To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
 The waters tripping with their silver feet,
 The turning to the light of leaves in June,
 And the light whisper as their edges meet—
 Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
 The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this,
 Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
 We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
 That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
 Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye,
 And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.—P.

The Lodge Room.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—PERSEVERANCE LODGE.

IN February, 1857, a new Lodge was opened in this district. It may seem strange that three years should elapse before a similar event again happened; and it will perhaps be well to show what in the meantime has been done in the district. At the close of 1856 there were 70 Lodges, having about 6400 members, and about £35,000 surplus capital, on the Sick and Funeral *alone*. Since then, not a single Lodge has closed, or failed, or found it necessary to amalgamate with any other; but, on the contrary, at the close of 1859 the 71 Lodges could boast numerically of more than 7500 members, and more than £50,000 as increased surplus capital. We use round numbers, as they are more readily apprehended; but we have said enough to show the district and its members have not been retrograding or idle. In this state of affairs, application was made to the last December Committee by P.G. Slade, of the Amicable Lodge, for the dispensation to open a new one; which was unanimously granted. We may remind our readers, that this mode of procedure is required by General Laws; the Prov. C.S. then sends a request to Manchester, and the proper formal document is prepared and returned. The present law of this district requires that 10 persons shall be ready to join the new Lodge, and £10 10s. be paid into the Lodge, assisting the new one in its opening. This, of course, tests whether the members are earnest in their undertaking, ensures a good start financially,—and is a practice well worthy of adoption by other Societies, who revel in an unhealthy state of excitement, through frequent and easy “openings” of new branches; and whose members, after undergoing the ordinary stages of fever, and then subsiding, become too often the victims of a disastrous collapse.

There was a large assemblage of members at the house of Host Millet, the Crown and Sceptre, Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, on Wednesday, the 1st February, 1860, to witness the birth of the “Perseverance” Lodge; and to enumerate the Lodges would be tedious, but we observed that the Marc Antony, Prince Albert, and Lord Nelson—all close neighbours—showed in the greatest numbers. In accordance with the usual practice on such an occasion, the Prov. D.G.M. Harris took the Chair, and as N.G. opened a supposed Lodge. New members were then initiated by Prov. G.M. Rough, and immediately afterwards he, assisted by P.G.M. Roe, as Prov. C.S., delivered to the members of the Perseverance Lodge their Dispensation, declaring the branch to be formally established. The election of officers was then proceeded with, P.G. Slade and P.V. Adams, of the Amicable Lodge, being chosen N.G. and V.G.; P.G. Corkett, of the Prince Albert, G.M.; and P.P.G.M. Dansie, of the Marc Antony, Secretary. The monies paid into the Amicable Lodge were handed over, the usual bill of charges for dispensation and case complete, account books, copies of laws for members, and District Officers' attendance, being about four guineas, was then voted; and the Lodge being fairly on its legs, enjoyment and harmony for the evening followed the necessary business; the proceedings closing in a quiet and orderly manner. Situate in a thriving

and populous neighbourhood, the new Lodge must, if common industry is exercised by the members, have a prosperous career. The three past Officers' names placed on the Dispensation were P.P.G.M.'s Ewart, Filsell, and Dansie, all of whom were present; and many promises of support were given by members from other large Lodges. In his remarks to those present, Prov. G.M. Rough stated, that at the end of 1839, the district had only 7 Lodges; and during the following 20 years, three others were opened in 1840; 11 in 1841; 11 in 1842; 13 in 1843; 36 in 1844; 21 in 1845; 8 in 1846; 3 in 1847; 2 in 1855; and 1 in 1857; making altogether 116. 19 of them had left for the purpose of forming new Districts; 16 had joined other Lodges, and 10 had closed, and shared the Funds, or established new Societies; leaving 71 at the end of the year 1859. The District Financial Statement will show that of the 72 Lodges now forming this the largest and most important district of the Manchester Unity, 1 was opened in 1823; 2 in 1827; 2 in 1838; 2 in 1839; 2 in 1840; 8 in 1841; 7 in 1842; 10 in 1843; 22 in 1844; 8 in 1845; 2 in 1846; 2 in 1847; 2 in 1855; 1 in 1857; and one in 1860. May success attend them all.

OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.

THE G.M. and Board of Directors having granted a Dispensation to the officers of the Ashton-under-Lyne District to open a new Lodge at the house of P. Prov. G.M. Sykes, Old General Inn, Dukinfield, to be called the "Loyal Star of Dukinfield Lodge," the ceremony of opening took place on Saturday, the 11th of February; when a procession was formed at the Odd-fellows' Hall, Stamford Street, Ashton; and, headed by a band of music, proceeded to the house of Mr. Sykes, where the procession was met by a large number of members from the neighbouring districts, who had been unable to arrive in time to join the procession, through the inclemency of the weather.

The Lodge was opened by Mr. William Ratcliffe, Prov. G.M., Mossley District; assisted by Mr. William Taylor, Prov. C.S., Ashton-under-Lyne District. The following also took part in the proceedings:—William Povey, Prov. G.M.; Charles Walker, Prov. D.G.M.; James Andrew, P.P.G.M.; James Whitehead, P.P.G.M., Ashton-under-Lyne district; Thomas Broadbent, Prov. D.G.M., Mossley district; James Clancy, P.G., Openshaw district; James Stafford, P.G., Stockport district.—After the usual business had been gone through, Mr. William Aitkin, P.P.G.M., was called upon for a toast; and on rising was greeted with applause. He gave "The Manchester Unity," and in a brief, pithy speech, contrasted the present condition of the M. U. to what it was some twenty-five years ago; he stated also, the finances of the Unity were better at present than they had ever been since the Order was established. The remainder of the evening was spent in songs, recitations, toasts, &c.; "The Star of Dukinfield Lodge" being repeatedly given, and responded to during the meeting. The following also contributed towards the entertainment:—P.S. Thomas Moss, P.G. Ruben Povey, P.G. George Platt, Prov. G.M. Middleton, P.G. Charles Walker, and others. After spending a very pleasant evening together, the party broke up about half-past ten; each being highly satisfied with the night's proceedings.

ANNIVERSARIES, PRESENTATIONS, &c.

ABERKENFIG.—A handsome gold watch was presented by the Loyal Traherne Lodge, which meets at the Angel Inn, Aberkenfig, to Mr. Francis Harrison, cashier of the Tondy Works, for the able assistance he rendered the Lodge during the period of his residence in the neighbourhood. The watch was supplied by Messrs. Dent of London, the cost being £21. On the back of the watch was the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Francis Harrison, P.G., by the officers and brothers of the Loyal Traherne Lodge, 2061, M. U., as a token of respect for his valuable services. January 31st, 1860."

AUCKLAND DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND.—On Thursday, November 21st, 1859, P.D.G.M. Likey, Acting N.G., presented Past Secretary Gayne, of the Loyal Parnell Lodge, on behalf of the members, with a gold ring, and the following testimonial engrossed on vellum, as a slight recompense for the able and efficient manner in which he performed the duties of Secretary for the past twelve months:—

"Testimonial to William Fitzjames Gayne, from the Loyal Parnell Lodge, Auckland District, of the I.O.O.F.M.U."

"BROTHER GAYNE,

"We cannot let you retire from the office of Secretary to the Lodge, without expressing not only our entire satisfaction for the correct manner with which you have kept the accounts, and the strict and unwearied attention paid to the duties of your office, but likewise the esteem we all feel towards you, both as a private friend, and as a brother Odd-fellow. We therefore take this opportunity to present you with a ring, which (though far inadequate in value as a recompense for the services you have rendered the Lodge) we beg of you to accept as a slight token of our sincerity; and trusting you may long live to wear it, as a memento of the good wishes and respect we have always entertained towards you—we wish you every future happiness, health, and prosperity.

"THOMAS COLE, N.G.,
GEORGE WOOD, P.G.,
JOHN COLLINS, Sec.

*"Auckland, New Zealand,
November 21, 1859."*

BELPER.—Charles Hardwick, Esq., of Manchester, Past Grand Master of the Manchester Unity, having been on a visit to Belper, to deliver a lecture on Friendly Societies, he was requested to devote one evening to a friendly meeting of members of the various societies in the town. Mr. Noon, whose guest Mr. Hardwick was during the week, having received that gentleman's acquiescence, conveyed the gratifying intelligence to members of the various societies; and accordingly they assembled on Thursday evening, Feb. 9, in the Lodge Room, at the Nottingham Arms. Mr. Edwin Noon, P.P.G.M., and Corresponding Secretary of the Belper District, M.U., was unanimously called to the chair; and the vice-chair was occupied by W. R. Lomas, Esq. The Chairman, in

opening the evening's enjoyments, alluded to Mr. Hardwick's unremitting and successful exertions to elucidate the important question which they had all so much at heart; and which possessed such a vital interest for themselves and their families. He said that, on seeing before him members of no less than six secret Orders, met to give a hearty welcome to Mr. Hardwick, it said far more than his feeble language could express, of their appreciation of the labours of one whose aim is to ameliorate human suffering, and by pointing out and urging the correction of error in their several societies, giving greater stability to such ennobling institutions.—Mr. Hardwick said: It afforded him peculiar pleasure to meet them that evening, as it was seldom the lot of any man to receive such a welcome from members of so many different societies. It was too frequently the case that there was too much jealousy of each other's exertions; this ought not to be the case, for, although bearing different names, they had all the same object in view; and he should be happy to meet in such assemblies as the present more frequently. They must inevitably lay the foundation of reciprocal good feeling, and increase the happiness of each other. It was his object and pleasure to labour for the people, to inform their minds, and to instruct them in the method of improving their condition by their own efforts. Mr. Hardwick then proceeded to direct their attention to peculiarities in their several societies which required alteration or amendment. The meeting then assumed a colloquial style, and no doubt the seeds of much future good were sown; glees, songs, recitations, &c., were interspersed; and after several hours had thus been spent in acquiring information and enjoyment, the meeting separated with a unanimous desire that Freemasons, Odd-fellows of every name, Foresters and Druids, should more frequently extend the hand of good fellowship to each other. Mr. Hardwick has lectured at Ironville, Belper, Ilkeston, and Nottingham; and in each place the members of these societies received him with enthusiasm.

BATH.—PAST GRAND MASTER HARDWICK'S VISIT.—Through the kindness of Corresponding Secretary W. Fennell, we have received a copy of *Keene's Bath Journal* of February 25, containing a full and interesting account of our friend Hardwick's visit to Bath. On Tuesday, Feb. 21st, the brethren of the Bath District welcomed him to their gay city, and in the evening celebrated the event by a Soiree and Ball in the Guildhall. The writer in the Bath paper says:—"A lecture on 'The Provident Institutions of the People, their vast social importance, their imperfections, and their remedies,' was delivered at the Guildhall, by C. Hardwick, Esq., a gentleman every way qualified to treat upon this important subject. The lecture was under the auspices of the Committee of the Bath District of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U.; who had also added a novel arrangement—that of having, at the conclusion of the lecture, a *soirée dansante*. A company of between 500 and 600 persons, among whom were many Odd-fellows who wore the insignia of the Order, assembled to enjoy the socialities of the occasion. Dancing was spiritedly maintained from about 10 till 2 o'clock, and notwithstanding the somewhat crowded state of the room, the most strict order and decorum prevailed throughout. The Committee acted as Stewards, and their arrangements were in every respect satisfactory, and such as not only reflected credit upon themselves, but afforded to their numerous guests an evening's unalloyed enjoyment. The band was under the leadership of Mr. Williams; and refreshments were provided in the Council chamber by the hall-keeper. It is to be regretted that amusements of this kind, under equally good management, are not oftener afforded to the young people of this city." But to return to the lecture. His worship the Mayor (Dr. Barrett) presided, and after some appropriate

remarks, introduced the lecturer. Mr. Hardwick, on presenting himself, was loudly cheered. Some preliminary observations having been made, he entered into the history of Friendly Societies. They were of comparatively modern origin. During the Saxon and Norman periods, in English History, nearly three-fourths of the population were slaves—serfs. They were the property of the landowners, and if they were disabled from labour, they were taken care of by their lords; therefore, Friendly Societies were not needed. If they were cast off by the lord, then their only refuge was the monasteries. In the reign of Elizabeth the first acts of parliament were passed, bearing on the relief of the poor by parish authorities. Neither could the trade “guilds” be considered Friendly Societies in one sense of the term. The guilds or corporations were formed by the middle and upper classes for their mutual protection. True, the members contributed to a fund. If any of their members murdered a slave, a fine was imposed by law—although a small one—and it was paid out of this common fund. He had examined the history of England minutely, and he found that this principle was continued at the time of the war of the Roses, and even until the reign of Charles II., when numbers of guilds became defunct. The lecturer further remarked in support of his position that he found acts of parliament positively and entirely denying to working men the privilege of selling their labour where they could get the best price for it. They were not permitted to leave the parish in which they lived in search of employment. If discovered doing so, they were sent back as acting contrary to law, although in their parish no employment might then exist. He believed that laws of this description were still on the statute-book unrepealed. The great statesman, William Pitt, was the first to see through and assist in remedying this unsatisfactory state of things. Up to within a comparatively recent period the labouring classes were little better than serfs. In 1596, Daniel Defoe published an “Essay on Projects,” and, among the number, was the establishment of some institution kindred to modern Friendly Societies; but such did not then exist, or Defoe would not have published the idea as a “project.” About ten years after, the first Friendly Society is mentioned. It was not, however, until the end of the last century that much information was ascertainable which might be relied upon. The societies were then, in fact, a sort of free-and-easy clubs. The Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows was not fairly brought out until 1812. The lecturer proceeded, at considerable length, to point out the erroneous tables of mortality which existed at the early formation of some of these societies, the researches on this subject by Dr. Price, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, Mr. Ansell, Mr. Neison, and Mr. Ratchiffe. Mr. Hardwick next entered into a discussion of average liabilities, and of the necessity for graduated rates of payment, to ensure stability in sick societies, clearly pointing out the importance of judicious investments, and recommending periodical revisions of the societies—at least once in five years. In conclusion, he alluded to the social improvement manifested by the working classes since the establishment of Friendly Societies. A vote of thanks to the lecturer and chairman concluded that portion of the evening’s proceedings; when, as before mentioned, the company gave themselves up to the pleasures of the dance.

BRIGHTON.—The eighteenth anniversary of the Loyal Western Star Lodge was held at the Odd-fellows’ Hall, on Wednesday Feb. 8th; when about 70 of its members and friends sat down to a substantial dinner, provided by P.P.G.M. Nunn; P.G. Wilmshurst occupied the chair, supported by the Mayor, W. Algar, Esq., and the ex-Mayor, Cordy Burrows, Esq. There were also present Dr. Barrett and Alderman Cox. Brother Porcher filled the vice-

chair. After the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal toasts were given; and P.P.G.M. Dubins, of the Brunswick Lodge, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Western Star Lodge." He felt great pleasure in so doing, as he was intimately acquainted with many of its members, and always found the Lodge willing to lend a helping hand for the advancement of the Order.—P.G. Thompson responded in an able speech.—P.P.G.M. Morgan proposed "The G.M. and Board of Directors," speaking in high terms of the able manner in which they conducted the business of the Order.—P.G. Thompson proposed "The Brighton District," and spoke at some length upon the district, and the Order in general.—P.G.M. Hill responded, remarking that 363 members were initiated during the last year in the district.—P.P.G.M. Dubins, in proposing "The Widow and Orphan Fund," said: It was looked upon as the gem of the district, that, after relieving a large number of widows and orphans, they had an accumulated capital of about £5000.—During the evening, Mr. R. Ratching, the Permanent Secretary, gave some interesting statistics of the sickness during the past year; they had about 330 members, with a fund of upwards of £1300. Several other toasts and songs concluded the evening, with satisfaction to all present.

BRIGHTON.—On Monday, Jan. 30, the members of the Brighton District assembled, at the Odd-fellows' Hall, to witness the presentation of a handsome gold watch and chain to Mr. Edward Saunders, of Western Road, Hove, on his retiring from the office of Secretary of the District, an office which he had held for fifteen years. Mr. George Lockyer presided; Mr. William Hill in the vice-chair. There were nearly 300 members present; refreshments were supplied by Mr. Cox, of the Morning Star Inn; a portion of the Railway Band attended, and performed several pieces; and a convivial and happy evening was spent. Mr. Afflick and Mr. John Lynn kindly gave their vocal services; and some excellent singing was afforded by the members. Mr. T. Aucock made the presentation, in a highly complimentary speech. The presentation consists of a handsome gold lever watch, furnished by Mr. Stenning, Western Road, Hove; with a massive Albert gold chain, supplied by Mr. Challen, jeweller, King's Road. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the Members of the Brighton District, M. U., to Mr. E. Saunders, as a mark of respect for his fifteen years' services as C.S. Jan. 30, 1860."

BRITISH OAK LODGE.—On the 30th January, was celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of the British Oak Lodge, at the Gate House Tavern, Highgate. About 80 assembled, and P.G.'s Chapman and Hughes filled the chairs. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts (including the "Volunteer") being disposed of, the chairman proposed "The Manchester Unity, its Directors, and the North London officers," which was ably responded to by G.M. Rough. The "Widow and Orphan Fund" was replied to by Sec. Cumpston, who explained it was an adjunct to the district; and that in 22 years £21,500 had been distributed to widows and children, and that there was now in hand £9500. Continued prosperity to the British Oak Lodge, and the health of Mr. Broadbent having been drunk, that gentleman, as one of the founders of this Branch, returned thanks. He gave, as an instance, the experience of this Lodge—one of 3000—to show the good that must be effected by the Order. 145 members had been initiated since the opening; 6 had died, and allowing for the secessions and those removing, they had now 41 good members. About £215 had been paid away for sick relief, and the surplus funds were £427. Mr. Haines, a long resident at Highgate, responded to "The Visitors," expressing

his pleasure at hearing such a favourable report; and no little amusement was caused by several gentlemen rising together, announcing their intention to become members. The musical department was admirably conducted by Mr. E. G. Alford, and the fine old Assembly Room was tastefully decorated by Mr. Baggs.

CANTERBURY.—The half-yearly meeting of the Canterbury District was held in the City of Canterbury Lodge Room, Freemasons' Tavern, in the city of Canterbury, on the 26th December, 1859; and afterwards the officers and delegates attended the City of Canterbury Lodge, when Alderman Cooper (who is Surgeon to the Lodge) presented (in the name of the district) to the Prov. C.S. J. W. Thomas, a valuable silver teapot, and highly complimented the Prov. C. S. for the manner in which his duties were performed. He thought the Canterbury brethren very fortunate to have secured his services as their Permanent Secretary; and he trusted they might long retain him among them. He then handed the testimonial to the C.S.—Brother Thomas, in reply, thanked the members sincerely for so handsome a mark of their respect; and trusted the day might never arise when he should forfeit one iota of their friendship; and as long as they felt satisfied with his labours, he should feel proud and happy to continue in their service. The testimonial is a very beautiful piece of workmanship, and was furnished by Mr. W. H. Trimnell, one of the honorary members of the Lodge; its value is £16, and one side bears the Arms of the Order, and the other the following inscription:—"Presented by the three Lodges in the Canterbury District, to P.G. John Wm. Thomas, as a token of respect for the able manner in which he has performed the duties of Prov. C.S. of this district for a period of 14 years. Dec., 1859." We are pleased to hear the Lodges in this district are in a very flourishing condition, and that the greatest harmony prevails among all its members.

COCKERMOUTH.—The officers and delegates of the Cockermouth District, with the members of the "Loyal Cocker" Lodge, held their annual meeting in the Lodge Room, on Thursday, December 29, 1859. The business of the meeting being disposed of, P.G. John Chambers, on behalf of the district, presented Prov. C.S. Joseph Hewson with a handsome electro-plated teapot and lamp-stand, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Prov. C.S. Joseph Hewson, by the members of the Cockermouth District, for past services."—On rising to present the above testimonial, P.G. Chambers said:—"Permit me, sir, in the name of the members of this district, to present you with this small present, as a memorial of our high esteem for you, and of our sincere regard for the zealous and valuable services which you have so long and faithfully rendered to this district. We esteem our testimonial the more, because we flatter ourselves that it will be handed down as an heirloom in your family, and thereby become a lasting memento of the good and friendly feeling which exists between you and your brethren. I therefore beg your acceptance of it; and may you and your family live long to contemplate and admire the motives by which we were induced to do so. I also wish you every earthly happiness, and that you may live long to be a comfort and protection to your family, and a blessing to your fellow-men; and when you have finished your course on earth, and ended a life of usefulness, may you die in peace with all mankind, enter the Grand Lodge above, and receive the gracious welcome of our Redeemer."—Prov. C.S. Joseph Hewson acknowledged the compliment in suitable terms.

CORK DISTRICT.—The complimentary dinner annually given by the members

of this Society, to the Provincial Grand Master for the preceding year, came off in the Society's Room, Faulkener's Lane, on the evening of February 7th. The guest of the evening was Mr. Theodore Barnardo. The present District Grand Master, Mr. John V. M'Carthy, occupied the chair. About a hundred gentlemen sat down to the capital dinner; the company included in their number not alone many members of the various Cork Lodges, but also a considerable number of strangers. After the usual loyal toasts, and that of the "Manchester Unity," the Chairman proposed the health of Mr. Barnardo, which was most warmly received. An address was also read by Mr. Eustace, accompanying a presentation of a handsome silver cream jug and sugar basin, as a mark of the respect and admiration entertained for their former Grand Master. Mr. Barnardo responded in eloquent and appropriate language. In the course of the evening, Mr. D. M'Carthy, in replying to the toast—the "Cork District"—gave some account of the progress the Society is making in all parts of the globe. Mr. William Reardon, in responding to another toast, stated that, within a few years, upwards of £3,000 had been distributed by the Society in Cork.

GUERNSEY.—We have received a very gratifying report of the Loyal Guernsey Lodge (No. 3,859), from which we extract a few figures. Since the introduction of an improved administrative system in 1851, there has been a steady increase in the number of members, and in the amount of funds. On the 1st January in that year, the number enrolled was 151; on the 1st of the present month, 193. But 42 does not represent the actual addition during those nine years. Emigration to a comparatively large extent, with death in a lesser degree, and a variety of other causes, have combined to diminish the original number. The figures, therefore, denote a positive increase; although the sister Lodge (Pride of Sarnia) had in the same period received an accession of not fewer than 91 members. On the 1st of January, 1851, the sum deposited in the hands of the Society's bankers amounted to only £163 12s. 2½d.; whereas, at the corresponding period of 1860, its accumulated capital was within £6 3s. 8½d. of a thousand pounds. Of this sum £955 odd were deposited in the Savings Bank. In the year ending the 31st December, 1859, the income exceeded the expenditure by £108; while the increase of members was 12. Since 1851 the average annual surplus had been £92 5s.; the aggregate amounting to £830 4s. 1d. In the nine years, £690 16s. had been expended on account of sickness and death—viz.; Sick gift to members, £375; funeral donations for members, £221 6s.; for wives of members, £94 10s. The expenditure under the head of sickness for the year elapsed amounted to £75 12s. 8d., divided among 23 members,—the proportion of sick thus being as to 1 in 8 of the entire number. The experience of the medical officer, Dr. Collenette, tends indeed to show that the rate of sickness among the members has hitherto been below the ordinary average. Unlike many similar associations, its expenses of management and medical attendance are borne by a distinct fund, to which the members contribute at the rate of 6s. per annum. From this source the nett income for 1859 exceeded £20.

HYDE DISTRICT.—On Tuesday, Feb. 28, a public concert and soiree was held in the Hall of the Hyde Mechanics' Institution, by the members and friends of the Order in this district, to commemorate the occasion of presenting to the Trustees of the Ashton-under-Lyne Infirmary the sum of £50, in aid of the bequest of the late Samuel Oldham, Esq.; and also to present Mr. James Webb, Corresponding Secretary, with a suitable testimonial for the valuable services he has rendered the District and Order, during a period of 24 years

Grand Master William Hickton, of Stockport, presided; and on the platform were the following gentlemen:—Rev. A. Read, Rev. J. Malcolmson, Hyde; J. R. Coulthard, Esq., Dr. Wood, and H. T. Darnton, Esq., Ashton; James Kirk, Esq., Stalybridge; Mr. W. Aitkin and Mr. Heap, Ashton; Mr. W. Berry, Gee Cross, Mr. Sykes, Mottram; Mr. Thomas Quillan, Stockport; Mr. Hobson and Mr. Nield, of Stalybridge. A choir of talented vocalists attended, and Mr. D. Oldham presided at the organ.—The Chairman opened the proceedings by observing that it gave him great pleasure in having the honour of presiding over that meeting, for the business of the evening comprised two objects, which were identical with the great principles of Odd-fellowship. The first was to present a sum of money to the trustees of a charitable institution establishing in the neighbourhood for the relief and amelioration of the necessities of the working classes; the second object was one of conferring honour to whom honour was due—a worthy and deserving member of their society, who had not only, through a long series of years, taken a very active part in the affairs of the Hyde district, but rendered important service to the Order at large. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, came “The Clergy,” to which the Rev. J. Malcolmson responded; and “The Independent Order of Odd-fellows; and may it increase in numbers and usefulness, and its influence be extended to the extremity of the earth.”—Mr. W. Aitkin, in responding, said: He believed that those who entered the society, not only became better husbands and better fathers, but much better members of society generally. If that meeting had done no more good than present £50 to the trustees of the Ashton Infirmary, he thought it was sufficient to recommend the institution to the serious consideration of all who were not yet connected with it. The report of the increase of the Order during the past year would confirm all that had been said, and he fervently hoped that it would still go on prospering. The speaker resumed his seat amidst loud cheers. The next toast was “The Ashton-under-Lyne Infirmary, and may it have the fullest beneficial effects intended by its noble benefactor.”—Mr. H. T. Darnton, after moving the above resolution, said: It was a pleasing duty of his to attend that meeting, with other gentlemen also connected with that beneficent institution, as he felt it a bounden duty to attend to do honour to a most honourable and praiseworthy gentleman. Receiving the £50 was a consideration secondary to the other business of the evening—to mark their estimation of one who really deserved all the honour that could possibly be conferred upon him. He had great pleasure indeed in thanking that society for the handsome manner in which they had come forward in aid of the bequest of the late Mr. Oldham; which he viewed as a generous act of philanthropy, and hoped that others would follow their noble example.—The Rev. A. Read, in an eloquent address, then presented Mr. Coulthard, Treasurer of the Infirmary Fund, with £50; on behalf of the members of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows of this district. The act of handing over the donation was welcomed with loud and continued cheers.—J. R. Coulthard, Esq., in accepting the donation, warmly thanked the contributors, and most heartily wished the Order to which they belonged, might still press onward, and be crowned with success.—Mr. Hope then came forward, and in appropriate terms presented to Mr. James Webb, from the members of the Hyde district of Odd-fellows, as a token of their estimation for the valuable services rendered to the district for a long series of years, a gold lever watch, with guard and other appendages, value £26, bearing the following inscription:—“Presented to Prov. C.S. James Webb, by the members of the Hyde district, in acknowledgment of his having faithfully and zealously served the district and Order during a period of 24 years. Feb. 28th, 1860.”—Mr. Webb, in acknowledging the tribute, said: He was not aware he had done

anything but his duty. It was 25 years since he joined the society, during which time he had always been in office, and was so still. It gave him very great pleasure in having not only clergymen, but other influential gentlemen on the platform of their meeting. With respect to the Oldham Bequest Fund, he really thought it a treasure which ought to receive that aid that it richly deserved—an energetic effort from all to carry the same into effect; and, after describing the various duties that fell to his lot in getting up a procession and special sermon for the aid of the Bequest Fund, which was kindly preached by Mr. Read, feelingly thanked the members for the valuable present with which they had honoured him that night; and assured them that it would be treasured in deep veneration by him during his life, and handed down to his family untarnished.—Rev. A. Read said: He considered it an honour to have the opportunity of taking part in the proceedings presided over by the Grand Master of a body of men like the Odd-fellows. The rev. gentleman, after complimenting Mr. Webb for the praiseworthy energy by which he had so honourably distinguished himself in fulfilling his miscellaneous duties, concluded by passing a warm eulogy upon the officers and body of Odd-fellows; believing that, so long as they had such clear-headed men at the head of such societies, there was no fear of England falling from her greatness. Three times three were then heartily given to the Trustees of the Bequest Fund.—“The Grand Master and Board of Directors; and may their deliberations be alike distinguished for their magnanimity and impartiality;” “The past and present officers of the District;” and a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman, brought the interesting proceedings to a close.

IPSWICH.—ORWELL LODGE.—We have been favoured with a copy of the Sixteenth Annual Report of this excellent Lodge, which consists of 343 members; of whom 129 are under 30, and 127 under 40 years of age. The Auditors, in addressing the officers and brethren, said:—“Having closed the sixteenth year of our existence as a Friendly Society, we congratulate you on the blessings of prosperity that has hitherto attended us. During the past year we have paid to our sick members the sum of £198 8s.; yet, at the same time, we have the pleasure of informing you that a saving of £346 6s. 11d. has been made on the year, and added to the funds of the Society. Our Incidental Fund is also in a flourishing condition, showing a balance of £44 11s. 7d. being about £12 more than on the previous year. We cannot refrain from calling your attention to the Capital Account, which you will observe is no less a sum than £4088 12s. 8½d. producing an Interest of about £170 per annum, which was, in the past year, within £28 8s. 0d. of the whole sum paid for sick relief during the same period. To all who have shown a desire to discharge the duties of their respective offices with punctuality, the thanks of the Lodge are due, more especially to C. S. Jno. Crispin, for the clear and intelligible system pursued in keeping the books of the Lodge, and for the Annual Statement accompanying this Report, the statistics in which, we doubt not, will be perused with increasing interest. Our thanks are also due to the Trustees, Surgeon, and Treasurer, for their uniform attention. While we have thus to congratulate you on the past, we look forward to the future with increasing hope that we may all live to experience many more years of success.”

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—We received, on March 17, through the courtesy of P.D.G.M. Blakiston, a copy of the *Middlesboro' Weekly News*, of Dec. 10th, containing a long and highly interesting account of a Soirée to commemorate the entire freedom from debt of the Odd-fellows' Hall in that town. We re-

gret that the newspaper did not reach us in time for the last No. or, at least, previous to a date when the greater portion of the type for the present No. was ready for the printing press; as it is, we can only spare room to say that the meeting was in every respect a success. The Mayor occupied the chair, and was supported by several Aldermen and gentlemen of influence in the district. During the evening, addresses were delivered by Messrs. Anderson, Blakiston, Thompson, Jordison, Charles Hardwick, and Washington Wilks. From the report, read by Mr. Forster, we learn that—"The want of a proper lodge room, free from the influence of a public house, having long being felt, at a meeting held in October, 1852, it was resolved to form a company for the purpose of building a public room, to consist of 1,200 shareholders of £1 each; a provisional committee was appointed, and circulars issued, offering the shares to Odd-fellows only; and as the shares had been fixed at a low amount in order to induce the members of the several lodges to unite, it was expected that the whole of the capital would be speedily subscribed by Odd-fellows; in this respect the result was not what had been expected. Strong doubts as to the propriety of the scheme being entertained by some, and others predicted its failure. It was then agreed that the unappropriated shares should be offered to the public, which were immediately taken up, and the remainder of the capital, with £1,000 raised by a mortgage. The building was then proceeded with and ultimately opened on Wednesday, 1854. The funds of the lodges rapidly accumulating, in a short time they were able to purchase the whole of the shares held by individual members, and also those held by individuals unconnected with the society, the latter having taken shares merely to help them forward. The lodges having lately been registered under the Friendly Societies' Act, many difficulties have arisen relative to their investments in the property, but the committee, sensible of the duty devolving upon them, are having the Deeds prepared in accordance with the above Act. As a financial investment for the surplus funds of the lodges, the promoters have the satisfaction of knowing that their original views have been fully borne out by the result; several societies in the town are now holding and have for a considerable time held their meetings in the building. The gross income and expenditure, from the time of its opening to 30th June last, being a period of five years, is, income £882 4s. 4½d.: expenditure, including interest on mortgage, £673 0s. 10½d., leaving a balance in favour of the lodges of £209 3s. 6d. In conclusion, the committee congratulate themselves, and the members generally, in having been able to liquidate the debt upon the building in so short a period, and in having attained the proud position which they now occupy."

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—THE MAYOR AN ODD-FELLOW.—On Monday evening, March 5, W. Fallows, Esq., Mayor of Middlesborough, was initiated into the mysteries of Odd-fellowship, in the Joseph Warburton Lodge; on which occasion P.G. Forster acted as lecture master, Prov. G.M. Henderson as warden, and P. Prov. G.M. Anderson as conductor. After the ceremony was gone through, Mr. Anderson, in proposing the health of their new-made brother, observed, that so long as Odd-fellowship continued to be appreciated by such men as their worthy mayor, the Society had little to fear. He then presented brother Fallows, in the name of the Lodge, with a neatly-bound copy of the General Laws of the Order, and Bye-Laws of District Lodge, and Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The health of brother Fallows was received with great applause. In acknowledging the compliment, the Mayor made some very appropriate remarks, and urged upon members the propriety of insuring for annuities after a given period, and showed the benefits that would accrue by so doing.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—ANNIVERSARY OF SIR THOMAS DALLAS LODGE.—On Monday, February 20th, the sixteenth anniversary took place of the Sir Thomas Dallas Lodge, held at Host Smith's, the Saddler's Arms, Swallow Street, Regent Street, when about 80 assembled. The chair was occupied by their much-esteemed Secretary, P.G. Kinghorn; the vice-chair being filled by P.G. Krok.—In reply to the toast of the Sir Thomas Dallas Lodge, the Chairman said: Although they had been unfortunate in sick, having paid the large sum of £94 6s., they had added £50 to their capital. Twenty members had joined during the year; 5 deaths had occurred; they had 7 widows on the fund; and their total capital was £800.

NOTTINGHAM.—LECTURE BY P.G.M. HARDWICK.—On Monday, Feb. 6, Mr. Hardwick delivered a lecture, at the Exchange Rooms, on the History and Objects of Friendly Societies. Mr. Hine, Surgeon to several Lodges, occupied the chair; and the large hall was filled by an audience consisting, for the greater part, of exactly the right class—namely, working men; admission being free. A number of the principal members of the Odd-fellows' Lodges in this locality were upon the platform, at the back of which was suspended a large diagram, explanatory of the service of local statistics. After detailing at considerable length the rise and progress of friendly societies, and showing under what circumstances a benefit society could be said to be financially safe and successful, Mr. Hardwick proceeded to urge the claim of these societies upon all classes, as a means of educating the bulk of the people into habits of thrift, prudence, and order; quoting statistics to show the stake which the working men of England had in the country: and asking whether the natural tendency of this was not to bind them alike to resist foreign invasion, or internal disorder. After expressing the hope that any vexation existing upon this subject between different classes might be done away, he concluded by saying: And let us never forget the honour due to the brave pioneers of this great movement, those who bravely pushed out their little bark of discovery on the wide ocean of the future, like Columbus in search of a new world. They had no compass and no chart, save their own indomitable determination to be free and self-dependent; and if, like Franklin and others in their voyage of discovery, some of them perished in the attempt, they were none the worse men for their misfortune: and we who follow have all the advantage of their failure. It is a mistake to judge the merits of a cause by the test of its success merely. Many a one has climbed to victory over the neck of a far better man. Those who filled the ditch at the Malakoff and the Redan, and made a bridge of their dead bodies, by which the rear-guard passed over, were not less brave, but deserved as much praise as did the elegant engineers who afterwards marched in with drums beating, and blew up the docks. Hearty votes of thanks to the lecturer and chairman terminated the evening's proceedings.

OLDHAM.—On Wednesday, Feb. 15, a grand *soirée* was held, in the Town Hall, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan and Educational Funds. About 350 sat down to an excellent repast, enlivened by music provided by Misses S. and E. Lawton, Mr. A. Cook, and Mr. Mellor, who very agreeably enlivened the proceedings during the evening by the singing of glees, duetts, and solos, much to their own credit, and the satisfaction of the company. Mr. R. Greaves presided at the pianoforte. Amongst the gentlemen present were the Mayor (A. Leach, Esq.), in the chair; J. M. Cobbett, Esq., one of the Members for the Borough; Mr. Alderman Boyd; Councillors Knott, Taylor, Schofield, Dransfield, Milnes, Jackson, and Harrop; P.G.M. Charles Hardwick, Esq., of Manchester; P.G.M. A. Hilton, D.P.G.M. Taylor, and S.

Patterson; Messrs. Schofield (Bradford), Leenan (Isle of Man), Woodcock (Glossop), Rev. J. Allen (Halifax), Glass (Burslem), Members of the Board of Directors; P.P.G.M. Swailes, and P.P.G.M. Bardsley; Messrs. Barlow, E. Rye, G. B. Neild, Slater, S. Mills, T. Lister, W. Ainsworth, G. Hamilton, &c. The Mayor opened the real business of the evening, by stating the object of the meeting; and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, Mr. Slater proposed "The Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity," in a brief but telling speech. P.G.M. Hardwick responded in his usual happy manner, and expounded the principles and practice of friendly societies. Politically he believed that the Manchester Unity and other societies of this class, had operated most beneficially for the safety and security of the State; and he believed that, during the twenty or thirty years of their existence, they had done more to promote peace than the millions of pounds spent in fortifications and security against invasion. It was an old axiom, and a true one, that if they wanted to teach a man to command, they must teach him to obey; and he believed the converse was true also—if they wanted a man to obey, they must also teach him how to command. Among the great intelligent portion of the working men they had taught that principle. "The Health of the Members for the Borough" was proposed, and responded to by Mr. Cobbett, M.P. Mr. Councillor Schofield proposed "The Town and Trade of Oldham," and Mr. Knott responded. P.P.G.M. Swailes gave "The Grand Master and Board of Directors," to which Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop, responded; followed by the toasts, "The Officers of the Oldham District" (responded to by G.M. Hilton), "Prosperity to the Widow and Orphan Fund" (responded to by D.G.M. Taylor), "The Press," &c. Many of the gentlemen present handed in Subscriptions to the Widow and Orphan Fund; and after several other excellent speeches, the proceedings terminated.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—A very agreeable evening was spent on Monday, February 20, by the members of the Nelson Lodge, Goldenhill. Upwards of 60 sat down to an excellent supper provided by Mrs. Whiteley. Prov. D. G. M. John Johnson, Secretary of the Lodge, gave a very interesting account of the progress of the Lodge during the past 20 years, and said that, although they had reduced their contribution 4d. per month (which they were justified in doing, by having had a valuation made by Mr. Ratcliffe, C.S. of the Order), they had saved during the past year £50, and had now a fund of nearly £1200, with 95 members,—a very pleasant position for any Lodge to be placed in. The members separated highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

RIPON.—PRESENTATION.—The members of the St. Wilfrid's Lodge, M.U., met at the Star Inn, Ripon, on Friday evening, December 30th, 1859, to present Messrs. Tutin and Son, surgeons, with a handsome Silver Inkstand, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, and bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Messrs. S. and J. H. Tutin, Surgeons, for their valued services to the sick members of the St. Wilfrid's Lodge of Odd-fellows, M.U., during the past fifteen years. Ripon, December, 1859." P.G. Frederick Wood was voted to the chair, and G.M. John Scott to the vice. P.G. Robert Dudgeon, in a long and well expressed speech, stated the reason that had brought them together that evening, and passed many deserving eulogies on Messrs. Tutins' conduct to sick members, and then turning to those gentlemen, Mr. Dudgeon said, "May you be long spared to use this inkstand, and the day far distant when you will be taken from us; and when, in after days, you may take a glance at this testimonial, you may look upon it

as an embodiment of the friendly feeling of those who have contributed to it. I now, gentlemen, present you with this inkstand, in the names of the members of the St. Wilfrid's Lodge." Mr. S. Tutin, made a suitable reply, and was followed by P.G. John H. Tutin, who, in a short address, thanked his brother members for the handsome manner in which the testimonial had been presented to his father and himself. The healths of both gentlemen were drunk, with musical honours. The following healths were also drunk during the evening:—The chairman, P.G. Wm. Morton, P.G. Dudgeon, G.M. John Scott, D.G.M. John Harrison, Mr. Councillor Lumley, (an honorary member,) the Secretary, who read a note from J. Greenwood, Esq., M.P., regretting his absence; and the honorary members: and various toasts and songs were given during the evening.

RIPON.—WORTHY OF IMITATION.—We are glad to notice the good feeling which prevails amongst the Odd-fellows forming the Ripon District. During 1858-9, a hard-working, industrious brother of the St. Wilfrid's Lodge, had the misfortune to lose, by a terrible disease, four milch cows. The members of the above lodge thought this a fitting opportunity to display that charitable feeling for which the Order is celebrated. Other lodges in the district were solicited to lend a helping hand, and the following voluntary subscriptions were raised:—The Earl of Ripon Lodge, £3 15s. 10d.; the St. Wilfrid's £3 18s. 7d.; the Resplith Glory, 13s. 1d.; and the Duke of Cleveland, £1. Thus £9 7s. 6d. was raised, and presented to Bro. John Lonsdale. All honour, say we, to the brave men who have helped to cheer, comfort, and encourage one of their own class in the great "battle of life."

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—EAST MEDINA LODGE.—The fifteenth anniversary dinner took place at the Lodge Room, Star Inn, on Thursday evening, February 9th, 1860. P.P.G.M. M. Newman, of the Royal Eagle Hotel, in the chair; and P.P.G.M. William Beazley in the vice-chair. From the fourteenth annual Report, we learn that the Lodge, on the 31st of last December, consisted of 107 members; the average age of whom was 31 years 10 months. That it possessed a total capital of £1032 4s. 4d.; of which £77 19s. 6d. was the increase during the past year; that the sickness had been below the average; and that the financial and social condition of the Lodge was all that could be desired.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—TESTIMONIAL TO V.R. BURGESS.—The following particulars of the presentation to our esteemed friend, Mr. Burgess, Corresponding Secretary to the South London District, were crowded out of our last impression. The presentation took place at a soirée, under the able presidency of Mr. W. C. Day; at which were assembled a large number of influential members of our Order. It consisted of a splendid silver inkstand, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Vincent Robert Burgess, by the members of the City of London Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, South London District, as a mark of respect and esteem for his valuable and indefatigable services as Secretary during a period of 20 years. Oct. 18, 1859."—An elegantly-framed memorial accompanied the inkstand, with an address inscribed on vellum, as follows:—

"Mr. Vincent Robert Burgess, C.S. of the South London District, and Secretary of the City of London Lodge, I.O.O.F., M.U., Friendly Society.

"SIR, AND BROTHER,

"The Brethren of the City of London Lodge (of which

you are a distinguished member) being anxious to recognize the services you have rendered to the Lodge as its Secretary for a period of 20 years, have resolved to present you with the accompanying testimonial, as an earnest of their heartfelt thanks and high appreciation of the zeal and ability with which you have laboured and successfully carried out all matters appertaining to that office, to your own credit, and to the honor and welfare of the Lodge and the Order in general. Your brethren do not consider it as a recompense for the energy and ability which you have brought to bear on all occasions when the interest and wellbeing of the Lodge has been concerned, but as a memento shewing that they appreciate and value your untiring zeal, and the uniform courtesy and ability which you have at all times evinced in conducting the business of the Society; and they therefore beg your acceptance of this as a mark of respect and esteem. Hoping you may live long to enjoy its possession, and merit the approbation of your Brother Members, we beg to subscribe ourselves in the bonds of the Order, and on behalf of the Lodge—

T. N. DAY, P.P.G.M.,	G. GALLIENNE, P.G.,
J. PALLET, Treasurer,	G. HOLTZER, P.G.,
J. INMAN, P.G.,	F. GIPSON, P.G.,
W. HOLMES, P.G.,	W. LOADER, P.G.,
S. ROGERS, P.G.,	G. TAYLOR, P.G.,
S. CROUTER, P.G.,	J. THOMAS,
J. BAILEY, P.G.,	A. BEECHEY,
C. COKE, P.V.,	

W. C. DAY, P.P.G.M., Chairman,
J. YOUNG, P.G., Secretary."

Testimonial to the Lodge Surgeon.—On the same evening, the members of the City of London Lodge presented to H. Meadows, Esq., M.D., a Past Officer's Certificate, handsomely framed and glazed, as a slight memorial of their appreciation of his services for several years past. Several complimentary (but not less sincere) speeches were made on the occasion; and the evening was passed with great pleasure by all present.

STOCKPORT.—The members of the Mersey Lodge met on Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1860, to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary; when upwards of 40 members and guests partook of a most excellent dinner, provided by their worthy host, Mr. G. Needham. Mr. Ralph Howard, N.G. of the Lodge, presided; supported by Mr. W. Hickton, G.M. of the Unity, and the district officers. Under the chairman's able presidency, a very agreeable evening was spent. In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Mersey Lodge," the chairman coupled with it P.G. Norris Riley. Mr. H. Saunby, P.P.G.M., Bookkeeper of the Lodge, responded, and read the accounts, which were printed and presented to every member (as is their usual custom); which told their own tale. The next toast the chairman gave was "The Manchester Unity," coupling with it Mr. W. Hickton, G.M. Mr. Hickton, in an able manner, depicted the rise and present prosperity of the Unity; and eulogised the mode in which the Bookkeeper presented his annual statements. We have received the Quarterly Cash Account of this Lodge, from which we gather the following interesting facts:—The Lodge, on the 12th of December last, consisted of 38 members, with a capital of £539 8s. 6d.; which gives an average of £14 3s. 10d. per member. The Lodge was opened in 1841, since which time 81 members have been admitted—66 by initiation, and 15 by clearance. During the past year three new members were admitted, nine have ceased to be members by reason of death, and £28 7s. 6d. has been paid to sick brethren. The gain upon the

year was £27 12s. 6d. The present favourable position of the Lodge may be ascribed to two causes: first, good management; and secondly, to the important fact, that for the first ten years of its existence no death occurred among its members, and only about £83 was expended in sick money.

TROWBRIDGE DISTRICT.—On Tuesday, February 14, the members of the Mount Ararat Lodge, assembled for the purpose of initiating as honorary members the following gentlemen:—W. Stancomb, Esq., J.P.; J. P. Stancomb, Esq., J.P.; T. Clark, Esq.; M. Palmer, Esq.; A. Stancomb, Esq.; G. N. Haden, Esq.; and J. G. Foley, Esq. The usual place of meeting being too small, the Lodge adjourned to the Court Hall, where the chair was filled by P.P.G.M. James, N.G. of the Lodge; and the vice-chair by V.G. Hibberd. P.G.M. Jones, the lecture master of the Lodge, occupied the G.M.'s chair, and delivered the charge. The Secretary, P.G. Tabor, presented each of the newly-made members with a neatly-bound copy of the General District Lodge Laws. The surgeons and visiting officers reported the condition of the sick members, and the secretary stated, that since the formation of the Lodge, twenty-eight years ago, it had been joined by 239 persons. Of the seven individuals by whom the Lodge had been originally constituted, two only were now alive, and one of those revered members, had never received a single penny from the funds. Another old and respected member, who joined the Lodge shortly after its constitution, had received for sickness alone, the sum of £133 11s. 1d., and two other members, father and son, had received £172 4s.—The N.G. said, that the esteemed brother who, in consequence of sickness, had received the large sum named by the worthy secretary, was equally entitled to fraternal respect and regard with the brother whose robust health had happily obviated the necessity of an application to the exchequer of the Lodge. He congratulated those brethren, who, blessed by Divine Providence, had not required the assistance upon which they had an honourable and legitimate claim; and he also congratulated those who had received sick relief on the results of the provident care which had led to their having such a resource to fall back upon in the hour of suffering and necessity.—The brethren generally expressed their hearty concurrence in the sentiments of the N.G., after which he called upon brother J. W. Stapleton to address the newly-initiated honorary members.—Mr. Stapleton addressed the members in a long, eloquent, and interesting address; and concluded by wishing the worthy chief magistrate to preside at the next banquet of the Lodge.—P.G. Hibberd proposed a vote of thanks to those gentlemen who had honoured the Lodge by becoming honorary members, and, taking into consideration their influential social position, augured important results from the enrolment of their names among the members of the Order. The proposal was enthusiastically carried, with Lodge honours.—The newly-initiated members then severally returned thanks.—In commemoration of the above event, the members of the Lodge have resolved, that a donation of five guineas be given towards the erection of proposed alms-houses for aged cloth-workers of this town.

ANOTHER LEGISLATOR MADE AN ODD-FELLOW.—The brethren of the Bruce Lodge, Aberdare District, having presented an address to Henry A. Bruce, Esq., M.P., soliciting him to become a member of their Lodge, and to which he unhesitatingly assented, a large and influential meeting was convened at the Bruce Arms Inn, Mountain Ash, when the honourable gentleman was duly initiated. P.P.G.M. the Rev. Thomas Price having presented the honourable member with a handsomely-bound copy of the General and District Laws, and a list of the Lodges composing the Unity, Mr. Bruce most eloquently returned thanks.

Events in the Future.

GREAT METROPOLITAN DEMONSTRATION.

ADVANTAGE has been taken of the liberal subscription for a Testimonial to Past Provincial Grand Master Filsell, of the North London District, to inaugurate a Metropolitan Demonstration on a scale sufficiently large to attract public attention. On the 11th of April, the members of the several London Districts will unite in giving prominence to a Public Soirée and Ball at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Holborn. Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, has kindly consented to preside, and it is fully expected that Edwin James, Esq., M.P., will support him. Both these gentlemen were initiated members of the Order in the Marc Antony Lodge, in May last, and both have taken great interest in the working of Friendly Societies. Invitations have also been forwarded to Lord Ebury, Lord Claude Hamilton, the Solicitor General, and several other noblemen and gentlemen. The musical and other arrangements are of the completest character, and everything that is calculated to give éclat to the gathering will be warmly acceded to by the committee. Though this Demonstration was originated by a few members in the North London District, it is understood that the officers of the North and South London, Pimlico, and Stepney Districts, are extremely favourable to it, and promise their individual support. The prices of admission have been so arranged as to permit a very full attendance of members and friends—gentlemen's tickets being two shillings, and ladies' tickets, one shilling and sixpence. The order of the programme will be something like this:—Tea and coffee, with vocal and instrumental music, from six to seven; the chair will be taken at eight, when Mr. Ayrton will present to P.P.G.M. Filsell, a purse of gold, together with a silver snuff-box, an embroidered sash, and an engrossed memorial in a handsome frame. Other testimonials will then be presented; addresses will be given by several public and literary men; and at ten o'clock the ball will commence.—Freemasons' Hall is known to be one of the most elegant and commodious rooms in London; and, at the time we write, there is promise of a very full and enthusiastic meeting.

METROPOLITAN FETE FOR 1860.

THE joint committee for promoting the Annual Festival at the Crystal Palace, or elsewhere, has held two meetings, and the greatest enthusiasm with regard to coming arrangements is manifested by all the members. It is understood, we believe, that the Fête will this year be confined to one instead of two days; it being thought that, in the event of the Crystal Palace being selected, better terms may thus be made with the Company. When the Crystal Palace Company offered facilities for the visits of large numbers, the Foresters promptly availed themselves of the proposal and numbered very strongly, as the following figures will show:—

Year.		Foresters.		Odd-fellows.
1855	28,757	—
1856	30,754	20,718
1857	34,855	33,501
1858	45,738	32,745
1859	62,132	42,729

It will be seen that, in the matter of out-door fêtes, the Foresters have completely outstripped us; but if we all put our shoulders to the wheel, we think there is a chance of reversing the figures. It must never be forgotten, however, that—owing to causes not necessary to advert to here, but which are well enough understood—the Foresters far out-number the members of the Manchester Unity in the Metropolis. But then it must also be remembered, that the Order of Ancient Foresters is not split up into a dozen separate Unities, as with the Odd-fellows; though perhaps it would be as well if a distinction were made in that Order between the Courts green with financial wealth and Courts green with financial canker and rottenness.

Toasts for Lodge Meetings.

HAVING been requested to give a few Toasts and Sentiments appropriate to the principles of our Order, we cheerfully submit the following:—

A full Lodge, and good harmony.

A sound conscience and a kindly word—the best safeguard for a broken fortune.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

Constancy in Love, sincerity in Friendship.

Concord, Peace, and Harmony, wedded to Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Drink with me, brothers! While a relic of Truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine:
That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline.

Death to ingratitude, and resurrection to Friendship.

Friendship among brethren, Love for our homes, and Truth universal.

Farewell to noise and nonsense in all our social gatherings.

Friendship without interest, and Love without deceit.

Friendship without formality, Love without flattery, and Truth without reservation.

Health, Wealth, Peace, and Plenty.

Hearts to sympathise and hands to give.

Let us enjoy all we can while we may,
Let Love crown the night, and Friendship the day.

Let Honour and Friendship eternally reign,
And faithful Odd-fellows their secrets maintain;
Law, Order, Religion, be strictly defended,
And Love with our harmony ever be blended.

Lodges in Unity, and Unity in Lodges.

Love to one, Friendship to many, Goodwill to all.

Let our conversation and lives teach youth perseverance, women modesty, old age respect, and all the world respect.

May every good Odd-fellow be slow to censure his brother, quick to defend the absent, and ready at all times to give the cold shoulder to slander and prejudice.

May the heart that sympathizes in the distresses of others, never sorrow over its own misfortunes.

May our Lodge Meetings be instructed by Experience, enlivened by Good-Humour and Harmony, but never wounded by Rancour or Sarcasm.

Open hands and honest hearts in every lodge and every clime.

The three H's—Health, Honesty, and Happiness.

Though wine and good fellowship make us light-hearted,
May Prudence and Merriment never be parted.

The faults we can excuse in ourselves, let us not condemn in a brother.

Virtue to direct us, Justice to govern us, Love to influence us, Friendship and Charity to make us brothers all over the world.

When we finally make up our accounts, may all errors be excepted.—*A Secretary's toast.*

When Bacchus presides, may Reason and Prudence be his right and left supporters.

Wine to enliven the heart, and Friendship to uncork the bottle.

Obituary.

On Monday, March 5th, 1860, at Birkenhead, aged 61 years, died P.P.G.M. James Stanton. The deceased was a member of the Loyal Britons' Pride Lodge, Birkenhead District, having been initiated into that lodge in 1839, soon after its opening, and continued an active and persevering member up to the time of his last illness, which only extended over a few days. Deceased has frequently filled the chairs of his lodge, and in December, 1857, was elected, at the Quarterly Committee, to fill the office of Deputy Grand Master in the District, and in the following December, was unanimously chosen to fill the Grand Master's chair for the ensuing twelve months, which office he filled with credit to himself and advantage to the Birkenhead District. Mr. Stanton was a man of a quiet, peaceable character, one who was always ready to help a brother in distress, and who thought no trouble too much in promoting the good and welfare of Odd-fellowship and its members. If space would permit, numberless instances could be adduced to prove the goodness of his heart to his fellow-men. As a proof of the respect and esteem in which deceased was held, upwards of 200 members met to follow his remains to the grave. Members from every lodge in the district united together to do honour to his memory, which will long live in the hearts of his brethren; and though we feel his loss, we console ourselves in the reflection that "*our loss will be his gain.*"





Yours faithfully
James Webb

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. XV.

JULY, 1860.

Vol. II.

JAMES WEBB, PROV. C.S., HYDE DISTRICT.

MR. JAMES WEBB, one of the gentlemen selected by the delegates at the Leicester A.M.C., to have his portrait in the Magazine, is known as a most active and zealous member of our Order;—the honour therefore is well accorded. He was born at Pillsworth near Bury, in the county of Lancaster, on the 10th of June 1808. He is the eldest son of the late John Webb, calico printer, formerly of Hams, near Ratcliffe, and is a lineal descendant, by the side of his paternal grandmother, of the late John Collier of Milnrow, near Rochdale—that singular celebrity of wit, humour, and caricature, who rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of “Tim Bobbin.” Painter, poet, prosodist, wit, and philosopher, the name and writings of Tim Bobbin are universally known throughout these districts; but the works in which he excelled being written principally in the Lancashire dialect, are scarcely appreciated to the extent they deserve.

This passing tribute to a man of genius from whom Mr. Webb has descended, will not probably be considered out of place. On Mr. Webb's father removing to Hyde, he gave up the precarious occupation of calico printer, and commenced as a schoolmaster. For this profession he was pretty well adapted, having received a sound English education, which he gradually imparted to the subject of this notice. Mr. Webb commenced work before he was nine years of age, and in due time was apprenticed to a block printer.

About the time his apprenticeship was completed, he married Ann, the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Atkinson, on the 28th of October, 1827. They have been blessed with a family of thirteen children, five of whom, three sons and two daughters, only are living. Like most men who have to climb from the lowermost rounds of the social ladder, Mr. Webb and his partner have tasted of the bitters as well as the sweets of life. Shortly after marriage, and when his family began to increase, his trade of block printer was sadly depressed, and employment in it became very precarious.

Seeing no prospect of his trade reviving and that a livelihood must be obtained for himself and young family, he resolved to make application for

a situation as under-bookkeeper. In this he was successful; and through his assiduity and good conduct his employers soon raised him to be principal and general warehouseman, giving him at the same time a liberal advance of salary. In this situation he remained until the year 1836 when his father died, when he succeeded him in the school. Since this period he has followed the honourable profession of teacher, and now has one of the most numerous, and respectable private schools in the neighbourhood. By his own exertions, aided by his wife, he has acquired a humble competency, and occupies a position which by his energy, perseverance, industry, and honourable conduct, alike richly entitle him to enjoy and possess.

Mr. Webb was initiated in the Stranger's Refuge Lodge, Hyde District, on the 23rd of March, 1835. The Lodge night after his initiation, he was elected Assistant Secretary; and at the next change of officers was appointed Elective Secretary. In the same year he was appointed one of the Board of Management of the District. At this period in the history of the Hyde District, it was discovered that the officers had sorely mismanaged their accounts with the Board of Directors, and run the District considerably into debt. As no person could actually be made responsible for this state of things, it was determined that there should be a board of management; that the goods' department should be invested in Mr. Webb, and the remaining part conducted by the Board, thus virtually superseding the District officers. Things went on this way for nearly three years, during which time Mr. Webb served the offices successively of V.G., N.G., and G.M. of the Lodge, and was now eligible to serve as a District officer. He stood his poll for C.S. of the District, but was defeated by an older member, who retained the office for a few months, until he got hold of a sum of money, and then gave up his office and membership, having more respect for cash in hand than his own honour or the credit of the Manchester Unity. But, on Mr. Webb attaining the office of G.M., in 1840, he was compelled to refund the money in less than a week. As might be expected, the books had become confused through the late Corresponding Secretary seceding from the Order, and those of the Board of Management never having been properly audited. Mr. Webb was therefore appointed to audit the District accounts, and those of the Board of Management for the preceding three years; the ordinary auditors having declined the investigation. He was successful, and the District, seeing his ability in accounts, elected him C.S. This was in 1838: in 1839 he was appointed Prov. D.G.M., and in 1840 he was elected G.M. In 1841 he was re-elected C.S., which office he has held to the present time. During his term of office in the Lodge, he introduced many reforms both in the Lodge and the District, several of which have been adopted by not only our own order but by other societies. The declaration certificate for new members was first introduced by him; the Hyde District printed and distributed a considerable number of these certificates, which were entitled the "self-acting examining surgeon," at various annual meetings, and great good has resulted. In 1839 the attention of Mr. Webb was drawn to the enormous amount paid for travelling relief; by statistical tables produced and laid before the York A.M.C., Mr. Webb proved that where some districts were paying pounds, others were only paying pence for the relief of travellers. This, together with other information which he furnished for managing and improving the travelling relief, led to a nearer equalization of the system;

and he has, by this enquiry and reform alone, saved the Unity thousands of pounds, without at the same time compromising the honour or dignity of the Order. The present (247th) general law, containing the scale by which travellers are now paid was proposed and carried by Mr. Webb at the Bradford A.M.C., in 1843, and has never been disturbed since. Although the amount paid may seem low, a much larger sum could not be paid, with our present income, without serious detriment to the Unity, as was proved by the Isle of Man A.M.C., which granted one shilling and sixpence per day to each traveller, and which rule had to be suspended at the end of two months, as it would inevitably have devoured the larger portion of the funds of the Unity. It has been stated that prior to Mr. Webb taking up this question of travelling relief, the Order paid upwards of £6,000 per annum; but according to the statistics of our able C.S., Henry Ratcliffe, it will be seen, in the last quarterly (April) report that the average for the last seven years amounted to £388 7s. 7½d. These figures will tell their own tale.

Mr. Webb has also from the first taken an active part in the reduction of the initiation fee for young members. When this question was introduced, (by P.P.G.M. Aitken, Ashton-under-Lyne, in 1847,) he drew up an elaborate comparative table showing the advantages to be derived by the admission of young members, and forwarded the same to the Oxford A.M.C., by the late lamented P.G.M. John Bradley; this document was used in the discussion, and aided at the Preston A.M.C. in reducing the guinea fee.

Mr. Webb has attended the following Annual Meetings, in all of which he has taken an active part in the progressive principles which make the Independent Order of Odd-fellows stand out in bold relief from all other institutions organised for similar purposes:—viz., York, Bradford, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Halifax, Dublin, Lincoln, Leicester, and Shrewsbury. During the past year, Mr. Webb has materially assisted in raising the sum of fifty pounds towards a new District Infirmary now in the course of erection at Ashton-under-Lyne, which sum, as recorded in these pages, was presented by the Hyde District to the Institution at a concert and soiree held in the Mechanics' Institution on the 28th of February last. On the same evening the members presented Mr. Webb with a handsome gold watch and chain valued at twenty-six guineas, as an acknowledgment of his faithful and zealous services to the District and Order for upwards of 24 years. It may be truly said that no man has more hardly earned a tribute of gratitude from his fellow members than has Mr. Webb. Through his energy, perseverance, and the respect in which he is held by all classes in Hyde and the neighbourhood, he has been the principal cause of the establishment of a Savings' Bank in Hyde, for the purpose of affording to Friendly Societies and the labouring classes, a secure and profitable investment of such sums of money as they may be able to save. So highly did all classes think of his untiring energy and self-abnegation in this matter, that they voluntarily presented him with a purse of twenty pounds for his services. Such is a brief outline of the career of Mr. Webb, of whom it may be said, as Othello said of himself, he has "done the state some service, and they know it." Such men are a credit to our institution, and an ornament to society; and we heartily wish the veteran long life and happiness. May his example be followed by many aspiring members of the Manchester Unity.

THE LAW OF TRUSTEES.

"IT is a true act of friendship to accept an onerous trust. In the creation of a trust, the person whose property is to be the subject of it, has to weigh well how far he can confide in the integrity of the proposed trustee; and, to guard as well against dishonesty as against death, or an inability or unwillingness to continue a trustee, more than one is generally appointed. On the other hand, the proposed trustee has to reflect upon the liabilities which he will incur. He may well hesitate, for he can hardly have lived long in society without meeting with some family whose prospects in life have been destroyed by an innocent error of the head of the house, in the execution of a trust."*

These important remarks of a great authority deserve much consideration, and have more application to our modern Friendly Societies than the generality of members commonly suppose. It should be well understood, that such societies as have not received the legal certificate of a Registrar—and they are not few, but many—are really private partnerships; having trusts to be executed, with regard to which the trustees are amenable to the common rules and jurisdiction of the courts of law and equity. And those societies which are registered are also subject to these laws, but have, at the same time, the advantages afforded by the Friendly Societies' Acts, and the uniform rules, certified by the Registrar, for their guidance. This, however, is certain, that even registered societies will not be wise to act on *all* their rules, although passed by a Registrar. And the unregistered societies, as well as the registered, must bestow more attention than they have, up to the present time, to the subject of this paper, before trustees can be said to have that reasonable protection to which they are clearly entitled, or members feel secure and satisfied as to the position of the invested capital, or surplus funds, or whatever other term may be used to designate that which lawyers call the Trust Estate.

Almost any person may be a trustee; the chief exception being that aliens cannot as to real estate. It is good public policy which debars them from purchasing and legally holding land, and what they cannot do themselves they are not allowed to undertake for others, because fictitious trusts might be created to defeat the object of the laws, and to such an extent as to leave the soil of the country in the possession of foreigners and enemies.

Before a person can be a trustee, he is appointed by some deed, will, or other instrument, or authorised so to act, and he usually shews his acceptance of the trust by doing some act, such as proving the will, taking possession of the deed and estate, or discharging the necessary duties of his office. Once a trustee, he cannot divest himself of that character till he has performed the trust, unless with the consent of the Court of Chancery, or of his "*cestui que trust*," which words are commonly used, and are well understood, legally, to signify the person who is the real, substantial, and beneficial owner of the property held in trust. A trustee is not allowed to take remuneration by way of recompense or salary, but he may defray and reimburse himself, out of the trust funds, expenses legitimately and properly incurred. He is required to use customary care and diligence—that which is usually exercised by men of ordinary prudence and vigilance in the management of their own affairs. If he omits to sell property when it ought to be sold, and it is afterwards lost, though without his fault, he is liable, because the loss, though not directly occasioned by his default, would never have happened had he not failed in strictly performing his duty.

* Lord St. Leonards' Handy Book.

It is a strict rule of the Court of Chancery, that property under its control shall be invested on real security, or in the three per cent. consols, and it is an established duty on the part of trustees so to invest. If a trustee invests, or even suffers money previously invested to remain on unauthorised security, (which means any other kind of security than those just mentioned,) and such security afterwards fails, he will be liable, as he will also for the fluctuations of any unauthorised fund. To this, however, there is an exception by reason of the Act 22 and 23 Vic., cap. 35, (1859), which provides that where a trustee shall not, by the instrument creating his trust, be expressly forbidden to invest on real securities in any part of the United Kingdom, or in the stocks of the Bank of England, (including the New India Stock), it shall be lawful for him to invest the Trust Fund on such securities or stocks; but this sweeping measure is considered, by eminent lawyers, so contrary to the rules of equity, that parliament will probably repeal it. In the meantime, although the Court of Chancery will not permit or direct trustees to make such investments, it is understood that trustees, acting on their own account, will not be made liable or acts done whilst the statute is in operation, if they plead it. A trustee, authorised to invest on mortgage of real estate, should take security on land of the value of one third more than the money advanced; and if the security be on houses of fluctuating value, he should see that, under no circumstances, can it be reduced below the value of the money advanced; for if of a mill, or factory, or houses at a watering place, or the like, he may have the mortgage thrown on him, and be made responsible for the money advanced. The Court of Chancery has lately decided in a case where a trustee was directed to invest in the Public Funds, or on Government Securities, or on security of real or leasehold property in England and Wales, he was not authorised to invest upon security of railway mortgages, under the Companies' Clauses Consolidation Act, or on Great Northern Railway Debenture Stock. If authorised to lend on personal security, a trustee is not to do so to the husband who is engaged in trade, or to a trading concern. When trustees are directed to invest on Government Securities or on real estate, and they do not, they are responsible either for the money, at four per cent, or the stock which might have been bought when the investment should have been made, and the dividends. A trustee is never permitted to make any profit to himself, in any of the concerns of his trust, and if any advantage is gained by him, it belongs to the *cestui que trust*. Hence he is accountable for all interest which he ought to have made, and would have made, by investing the property on the security directed by the instrument creating the trust, or on authorised security, (as before stated), where there is no direction as to the mode of investment. He will also be answerable for any interest and gains beyond, which he has obtained through the trust property, if the amount of such extra interest and gains can be ascertained, or be made to pay interest.

Where there are two or more trustees, it is the duty of each to see that the property is duly secured or rightly applied. If, by the act or consent of one, the Trust Fund is paid over to the other, and he who receives misapplies or wastes it, each will be accountable for the whole, except where money is remitted to a co-trustee, to be paid by him in his neighbourhood, and where it would naturally have been remitted (instead of undertaking a journey) by the sender, had it been his own money. If one trustee improperly suffer another to detain trust money in his own hands, or lend it him, or join in lending to any one else, on insufficient security, each will be liable for the whole loss which may happen. If it be mutually agreed by trustees that one shall have the sole management of one part of the trust property, and the other of another part, each will be liable for any loss, because the party not acting was in fault for giving the other the power, and exposing him to the

temptation to commit a breach of trust. A trustee is responsible for his own acts and defaults, and for those wrongful acts and defaults of his co-trustees to which he is privy, and in which, though without any corrupt motive, he expressly, tacitly, or virtually acquiesces, or which would not have happened but for his own act or default. Each of the trustees jointly implicated in a breach of trust is responsible for the entire loss, and liable to make it good, and the *cestui que trust* may proceed against any or either of them singly or separately, even against the less guilty, and he who is compelled to make good the loss may seek contribution from the others. But if a trustee has not failed in doing a palpable duty, and has invested the trust property on good security, he will not be answerable for losses which happen without any want of customary care or diligence. The rule is, that where a trustee acts by other hands, either from necessity or in the common usages of mankind, he is not answerable. If, for instance, he deposit money with a banker in good credit, to be remitted by bill drawn by a person of good credit, and the banker or drawer should become bankrupt, the trustee would not be responsible. Where a trustee places trust money in the hands of a banker, he should take care to keep it separate from his own. If mixed in a common account, he would be deemed to have treated the whole as his own, be charged with interest, and liable for any loss by the banker's insolvency. Where a general trust of a public nature is created, it has been decided to be essential to the purposes of the trust, that a majority of the trustees should have the power, both in law and in equity, of binding the minority, and it is not, therefore, likely that the minority would be held responsible.

If a *cestui que trust* for a long time acquiesces in a trustee's misconduct, with full knowledge of it, a court of equity will not relieve in such a case. The court will not visit a trustee with the consequences of a breach of trust committed with the sanction or by the desire of the *cestui que trust*, or of one committed without such sanction or desire, if when it comes to the knowledge of the *cestui que trust* he has acquiesced in, and obtained the benefit of it for a long period. Every one who acquires personal property by a breach of trust of an executor, if he is a party to the breach, is responsible to those who are rightly entitled to the property. He who acquires it is not a party to the breach by buying or receiving as a pledge, because a sale or pledge is consistent with the duty of an executor, but by accepting the trust estate, knowing it to be such, in satisfaction of a private debt, or the like.

A trustee should have all documents of title; it is, in fact, his duty to keep them. He is bound to render every necessary information relating to the trust estate, and if he have it not, he is bound to ask for, and, if practicable, to obtain it. He may sell the trust property, or mortgage it, without giving notice of the trust; but the property will not be affected by any claim of creditors against the trustee. If he purchase from his *cestui que trust*, even at a public auction, the dealing must be fair, and both parties have equal knowledge, or the *cestui que trust* has the option of taking to or repudiating the transaction.

Where trustees neglect or refuse to do their duty, or misconduct themselves, or mismanage the property, new trustees will be appointed by the Court of Chancery. The Court will assist trustees and protect them, when they ask its aid and direction, to establish, manage, or execute the trust, and in any doubtful case it is best to ask for that direction. A cheap and summary mode is now provided by section 30, of the Act of 1859, before referred to, by which any trustee may apply to a judge of the Court for the opinion, advice, or direction of such judge, on any question respecting the management or administration of the trust property; and a trustee so applying is considered to have discharged his duty, and is indemnified. And it is to be observed,

that a trustee is not protected from the consequence of a breach of trust, even if he honestly takes and follows the advice of a solicitor or counsel, or means to assist or accommodate the *cestui que trust*.

Until lately, the liability created by a breach of trust was only regarded as a simple contract debt; but by the Act 20 and 21 Vic., cap. 54, "if any person being a trustee, for the benefit, either wholly or partially, of some other person, or for any public or charitable purpose, shall, *with intent to defraud*, convert or appropriate the property, or any part thereof, to or for his own use or purposes, or shall, with intent aforesaid, otherwise dispose of or destroy such property, or any part thereof, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour," and may be punished with penal servitude for three years, or imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for not more than two years, or be fined. The country is mainly indebted for this to the present Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell; and though a severe measure, Lord St. Leonardswell remarks, "that no trustee, acting with common honesty, need fear its provisions."

It might appear from the foregoing, that the law is "more prompt to punish than to protect trustees," but this is really not so. They are entitled, as before stated, to the aid and protection of the Court of Chancery, without expense to themselves; and by the Trustee Relief Act, they may voluntarily pay into Court the Trust Funds, in any case, leaving to the parties entitled to apply to the court, and establish their right to the property; but before doing so, they are bound to make every diligent enquiry for the party properly entitled, and hand over the property, according to the trust, in any reasonable way they may be directed. If also a trustee has any fair and honest doubt as to performing his trust, he may decline to act, and leave the *cestui que trust* to their remedy, by applying to the Court, under Sir George Turner's Act, for appointing a new trustee, or otherwise; but a trustee must not be guilty of causing unreasonable obstruction to vesting the property in any other properly appointed person, or he may have to pay all expenses he may occasion.

Having thus touched upon the main points of law affecting ordinary trustees, it remains to state those which relate to trustees of legally registered societies. The principal Act, the 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63, enacts as follows:—

Rule to appoint and remove Trustees. Sec. 25.—The rules of any Friendly Society shall set forth a provision for the appointment and removal of a trustee or trustees.

Appointment of Trustees. Sec. 17.—Every society established under this Act shall at some meeting of its members, and by resolution of a majority of those present, appoint a trustee or trustees for the said society, and the like in the case of any vacancy. A copy of the resolution so appointing a person or persons to the office of trustee signed by such trustee or trustees, and by the secretary, shall be sent to the Registrar, to be by him deposited with the rules. Where no trustee shall have been appointed in any society established under previous Acts, the treasurer or other person who has custody of the monies shall be taken to be a trustee.

Property vested in Trustees. Sec. 18.—All real and personal estate belonging to any society shall be vested in such trustee or trustees for the time being for the use and benefit of such society and the members thereof, and the real and personal estate of any branch of a society shall be vested in the trustees of such branch and be under the control of such trustees; and upon the death or removal of any trustee or trustees the same shall vest in those succeeding for the same estate and subject to the same trusts without any conveyance or assignment whatsoever, save and except in the case of stocks and securities of the Public Funds of Great Britain and Ireland which shall be transferred into the name or names of such new trustee or trustees. In all actions or suits or indictments or summary proceedings before magistrates concerning any

such property it shall be stated to be the property of the person or persons for the time being holding the office of trustee in his or their proper name or names as trustees of such society without any further description.

Trustees to bring and defend Actions. Sec. 19.—The trustees of any society may bring or defend any action suit or prosecution concerning the property right or claim to property of the society. And such trustees may in all cases concerning the real or personal property sue and be sued in their proper names as trustees of such society without other description. No such action suit or prosecution shall be discontinued, or abate, by the death of, or the removal from office of a trustee, but may be proceeded in by or against the succeeding trustees as if such death or removal had not taken place; and they shall pay or receive the like costs as if the action or suit or prosecution had been commenced in his or their name or names for the benefit of, or to be reimbursed from, the funds of such society.

Death, incapacity, or removal of Trustee. Sec. 36.—Whenever it shall happen that any person being or having been a trustee of any society in whose name any part of the several stocks, annuities, and funds, belonging to any society, transferable at the Bank of England or Ireland, or in the books of the governor and company of the Bank of England or Ireland, or in any Savings' Bank, is or shall be standing, and shall be out of England, or Ireland, or Scotland, respectively; or shall have been removed from his office of trustee; or shall be a bankrupt, insolvent, or lunatic; or it shall be unknown whether he is living or dead; the Registrar may, after receiving an application in writing from the secretary and three members, and upon proof satisfactory to such Registrar, direct the Accountant-General, or other proper officer for the time being, of the said governor and company of the Bank of England, or Ireland, or of any Savings' Bank, to transfer in the books of the said company, or of the said Savings' Bank, such stocks, annuities, or funds, standing as aforesaid, into the name of the trustee who shall be newly appointed, and to pay to him the dividends thereof: and if one of two or more trustees shall die, or be removed from office, or become bankrupt, or insolvent, the Registrar may, on the like application, direct that the other or others of the trustees shall transfer such stocks, annuities, or funds, into the name of such person as may have been appointed in his stead, jointly with the continuing trustee or trustees.

Removing Trustees, where rules contain no provision. Sec. 41.—All applications for the removal of any trustee shall be made in England, to the County Court of the district within which the usual or principal place of business of the society is situate; in Scotland, to the Sheriff's Court; and, in Ireland, to the Assistant Barrister; if the Society's rules do not prescribe any other mode.

Liability of Trustees. Sec. 20.—No trustee or trustees of any society shall be liable to make good any deficiency which may arise or happen in the funds, but only for the monies actually received by him on account of such society.

Treasurer's Bond. Sec. 21.—The treasurer's bond shall be given to the trustees of the society for the time being, and if the same shall at any time become forfeited, the trustee or trustees for the time being, may sue upon such bond for the use of the society.

Treasurer, &c., to account. Sec. 22.—Every treasurer or other officer, at such times as by the rules of the society he should render an account, or upon being required so to do by the trustees, or by a majority of the committee of management, or by a majority of the members present at a meeting, within seven days after such requisition, shall render to the trustee, or committee, or members, a true account of all monies received and paid by him since he last rendered the like account, and of the balance then remaining in his hands; and of all bonds, or securities of such society, which account the trustees, or committee, shall cause to be audited by some fit and proper person or persons,

by them to be appointed. Such treasurer, if required, upon the said account being audited, shall forthwith hand over to the trustees the balance which on such audit shall be due from him, and also all securities and effects, books, papers, and property, of the society in his hands or custody. If he fail to do so, the trustees may sue upon the bond, or sue such treasurer in the County Court of the district, or the courts of common law, or any other court having jurisdiction, for the balance due from him upon the account last rendered by him, and for all monies since received by him on account of the society, and for the securities and effects, books, papers, and property in his hands or custody, leaving him to set off the sums, if any, he may have since paid, and in such action the trustees shall be entitled to recover their full costs of suit.

Investment of Funds. Sec. 32.—The trustees of every society shall, from time to time, with the consent of the committee of management of such society, or of a majority of the members of such society present at a general or special meeting thereof, or in accordance with the rules of such society, invest the funds of such society, or any part thereof, to any amount, in any Savings' Bank, or in the Public Funds, or with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, or in such other securities as the rule of such society may direct, *not* being the *purchase* of house or land (save and except the purchase of buildings, wherein to hold the meetings or transact the business of such society, as hereinafter mentioned), and *not* being the *purchase* of shares in any joint stock company, or other company, with or without charter of incorporation, and not being personal security, except in the case of a member of one full year's standing at least, and in respect of a sum not exceeding one half the amount of his assurance on life; such member providing the written security of himself and two satisfactory sureties for repayment, and in case of such member's death before repayment, the amount of such advance, with interest, may be deducted from the sum so assured.

Purchase, &c., of Buildings. Sec. 16.—Trustees may, with the consent of a majority of the members present at a special or general meeting of the society, purchase, build, hire, or take upon lease any building for the purpose of holding the meetings, and to adapt and furnish the same; and to purchase, or hold on lease, any land, not exceeding one acre, for the purpose of erecting a building for holding the meetings, and the trustees shall thereupon hold the same in trust for the society; and, with the like consent, the trustees may mortgage, sell, exchange, or let such building, or any part thereof. Any building purchased or appropriated for the purpose aforesaid, (before the passing of the Act, it is also enacted) may be holden and dealt with as if it had been acquired under this Act; and the land or buildings vested in the treasurer, trustee, or other officer, shall thereupon vest in the trustees for the time being of the society, without any conveyance or assignment whatever. But all money spent in purchasing, building, hiring, or taking upon lease, any building for the purpose of holding such meetings, and in adapting and furnishing the same, must be raised according to the rules of the society.

Paying money on death of a child. Sec. 10. (amended by the Act of 1858.)—No trustee or officer of any society, upon an insurance of a sum payable on the death of a child, under ten years of age, shall knowingly pay a sum which shall raise the whole amount receivable from one or more than one society for the funeral expenses of a child under the age of five years to a sum exceeding £6; or of a child between five and ten years of age, to a sum exceeding £10; nor without the production of a medical certificate of the cause of death, and endorsing the amount upon the certificate. The making such payment otherwise than as aforesaid, subjects the trustee or officer to a penalty not exceeding £5 for every offence.

Subscribing to Hospital, &c. Sec. 39.—Trustees of any society may out of

the funds thereof subscribe to any hospital, infirmary, charitable, or other provident institution, such annual, or other sum, as may be agreed upon by the committee of management, or by a majority of the members at a meeting called for that purpose, in consideration of any member, his wife, child, or other person nominated, being eligible to receive the benefits of such hospital, or other institution, according to the rules thereof.

Dissolution of Society. Sec. 13.—An agreement for dissolving a Society duly made, signed, and deposited with the Registrar, “shall thereupon be an effectual discharge at law and in equity to the trustees, treasurers, and other officers; and operate as a release from all the members of the society to such trustees, treasurers, and other officers.” In the event of the dissolution or determination of any society, or the division or appropriation of the funds thereof, except in the way provided by the Friendly Societies Acts, any trustee, or other officer, or person, aiding and abetting therein, shall, on conviction thereof by two justices, be committed to the common gaol, there to be kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three calendar months.

Amalgamation of Societies. Sec. 14.—A society may transfer its engagements to any other, if such other undertake to fulfil the engagements, upon such terms as shall be agreed upon by the major part of the trustees, and the committee of management of both societies, or the majority of the members of each society, at a general meeting convened for the purpose.

Annual and Quinquennial Returns. Sec. 45.—The trustees of societies, or the officers thereof appointed to prepare returns, shall, once in every year, in the months of January, February, or March, transmit to the Registrar a general statement of the funds and effects of such society during the past twelve months, or a copy of the last annual report of such society; and, also, within three months after the month of December, 1855; and so again within three months after every five years succeeding, transmit to the Registrar a return of the rate or amount of sickness and mortality experienced by such society within the preceding five years, in such form as shall be prepared by the said Registrar, and an abstract shall be laid before parliament.

Trustees to disclose secrets. Sec. 12.—The trustees or other officers of any society, when required, under the hands of two of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, shall give full information to such Justices, of the nature, objects, proceeding, and practices of such society; and in default thereof the provisions of the Acts, 39, Geo. III., c. 79,* and 57, Geo. III., c. 19,† and 14 and 15, Vic., c. 48, relating to unlawful oaths in Ireland, shall be in force in respect of such society.

This is the statute law, and quite enough for trustees to remember.

In December, 1858, (see April Quarterly Report for 1859, page 14, &c.) the G.M. and Board of Directors considered it advisable to obtain the opinion of counsel upon the duties and liabilities of trustees; and, accordingly, Mr. John Rolt, an eminent Queen's Counsel of the Court of Chancery, and Sir William Atherton, the present Solicitor-General, were consulted.

The first question put to them was this:—“If the trustees of a branch society, (lodge or district,) either in pursuance of rules, or by direction of a majority of the members especially convened, invest their funds contrary to the provisions of the Acts 13 and 14 Vic., cap. 115, and 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63; that is, in the hands of private or joint stock banks, at interest in building

* “For the more effectual suppression of societies established for seditious and treasonable purposes, and for better preventing treasonable and seditious practices.”

† “For the more effectual prevention of seditious meetings and assemblies.”

Both Acts relate to unlawful combinations and confederacies, and contain many stringent provisions and penalties for their punishment, summarily and by indictment. These are the Acts referred to at pages 99, 132, and 260, of the present volume.—ED.

societies, or in the purchase of railway or other shares, and such banks suspend payment; or should any loss arise by the sale or transfer of such shares; would the trustees be held personally liable for such loss, and be compelled to make good any deficiency which might arise through such investment or sale?" To which the answer was:—"We are of opinion that the trustees of a general or branch society, registered as the Manchester Unity Friendly Society, is under the first-named Act: who should invest the Society's Funds contrary to the provisions of that Act, and of the second Act, would be held personally liable for any consequent loss, notwithstanding any rule of the Society, or direction of members sanctioning such investment. The trustee would, however, in our opinion, be safe as against such particular *adult* and competent members as should have instigated or actually consented to the investment. *No rule of the Society, or direction of its members, can contravene the express provision of the Act of Parliament.*"

The second question was:—"And if a breach of trust has been thereby committed, would trustees of a society, who have been only recently appointed, in like manner be held liable in case of loss, where the funds were invested before the passing of the first-named Act, but where the rules have since been certified by the Registrar, pursuant to that Act, and which rules contain no directions to trustees as to the mode of investment?" The answer being:—"We think that in the case put, the recently appointed Trustees would not be liable for losses consequent on investments of funds made before the Society became (technically) a Friendly Society, through registration under the first Act, the language of the investment sections, in both Acts, being prospective. At the same time, we should recommend the new trustees, in such case, as a matter of prudence, to endeavour to obtain the consent of the Society to a change of the investment, the new, or substituted investment, being in conformity with the last-named Act."

The third question raised was:—"Could not rules of branch lodges or districts, authorising investments prohibited by the last Act, being in contravention to that Act, and also inconsistent with General Law, (No. 1, sec. 4, 5,) if certified by the Registrar, be questioned, although section 26 enacts that rules so certified shall be binding on the members of the Society; and would the Act of Parliament be held to over-ride the Registrar's Certificate?" To which Counsel answer:—"We are of opinion that rules authorizing investments prohibited by the Act, although certified by the Registrar, might be successfully questioned. The legality or illegality of a rule is apparent on the face of the rule; and is, therefore, independent of the Registrar's certificate."

The fourth question asked was:—"If Counsel is of opinion that a Court of Equity would not, under the circumstances mentioned in queries 1 and 2, hold trustees responsible, would they not be held liable in case of loss, if the funds were so invested on their own responsibility; that is, when no specific direction is given (except that pointed out by sec. 32 of the Act, or the General Laws), either by the members, as to the mode of investment, or by the certificated rules of the branch society?" And the answer was:—"Thinking that a Court of Equity would, under the circumstances mentioned in query 1, hold trustees responsible, we are of opinion that *à multo fortiori* (much more therefore) trustees would be liable under the circumstances supposed in the fourth query."

The fifth question proceeded:—"Assuming that Counsel is of opinion that trustees have, although unconsciously, made improper investments, whether by direction of the members, or in accordance with the rules of the society, and thereby been guilty of a breach of trust, what steps would counsel advise the societies to take, as the ordinary release cannot of course be obtained where the *cetui que trusts* are so numerous, to absolve the trustees from the

consequences of the breaches of trust?" And Counsel answer:—"We advise trustees in the case supposed, to take the earliest opportunity of putting an end to the former and objectionable investments, and of replacing them by investments according to the letter of the statutes. Trustees acting thus, on advice given, and having acted throughout *bonâ fide* (in good faith), would have little to apprehend, even from those who had not sanctioned their earlier acts. From participators in, or advisers of, those acts, of course, nothing."

The sixth and last question put was:—"Are registered societies authorized by the 32nd and 33rd sections of the Act to invest their accumulated funds upon mortgage of freehold, copyhold, or leasehold (for lives) property; or upon debentures, mortgages, or securities of any company, incorporated by Charter or Act of Parliament, and paying a dividend on or upon the security of any County, Borough, or other rates, authorized to be levied and mortgaged by Act of Parliament?" To which the following important answer was given:—"Registered societies are authorized by section 32, to invest their funds in any security directed by the rules of the society, with certain exceptions specified in the section itself; and we are of opinion, that these exceptions do not embrace investments upon any kind of mortgage, whether with individuals or companies, or the mortgage of Borough, or other rates, authorized by statute to be raised and mortgaged. The debentures, and other securities of incorporated companies paying dividends, to which the sixth query refers,* would be illegal methods of investment, if they amounted to mere 'personal security,' which, we are of opinion, is all they would amount to, if they comprised the undertaking only of the companies for repayment. Any accompanying mortgage pledge, or the like, would make all the difference, and render the security perfectly legal.

It will be remarked that although the learned gentlemen do not consider the Act embraces investments upon any kind of mortgage, yet they approve, as has been shown a court of equity would do, mortgages upon *real security*. Enough has been said to make trustees and members aware that, in reference to investments, a weighty responsibility attaches, and great care and attention is required to keep in the right path. Societies generally are much mistaken in aiming to do important business without legal advice and assistance; and we would counsel them rather to incur expenses in obtaining such advice, than run the risk of losing their funds, or causing unnecessary trouble and anxiety to those who generously undertake the office of trustee. —LIBRA.

* The rule commonly certified by the Registrar, with reference to investment of funds, under the 32nd section, is this:—"So much of the funds of this lodge as may not be wanted for immediate use, or to meet the usual accruing liabilities, shall be invested by the trustees in such of the following ways as a majority of the members may decide at a summoned committee, viz., in a Savings' Bank, or in the Public Funds, or with the commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, or upon Government or Real Securities in Great Britain or Ireland, or upon debentures, mortgages, or securities of any company incorporated by Charter or Act of Parliament and paying a dividend; or on or upon the security of any County, Borough, or other rates authorized to be levied and mortgaged by Act of Parliament; or with a Free Member, any sum not exceeding one-half the amount of his assurance on life; such member providing the written security of himself and two satisfactory sureties for repayment; and, in case of such member's death before repayment, the amount of such advance, with interest, may be deducted from the sum so assured, without prejudice in the meantime to the operation of such security."—ED.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The substance of a lecture delivered by Mr. SAMUEL PERCY, Superintendent of the British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company, Manchester, at the Schoolroom in connexion with the Presbyterian Church, Coupland Street, Greenheys, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Manchester Unity.

CONSIDERING the vast importance of this subject, both commercially and scientifically, it is astonishing how little it is known or understood by the public. The term telegraph is derived from two Greek words, *tele* and *grapho*, meaning 'I write far off;' and is the name given to any mechanical contrivance for the rapid communication of intelligence by signals. Beacon fires were formerly employed to telegraph from one place to another, and were used as late as the Peninsular war to convey the news of victory or defeat. But these beacon fires were abandoned when the aerial or semaphore telegraph was invented. The semaphore telegraph (*sema*, a sign, and *phoreo*, I bear,) was employed a considerable period, both in England and on the Continent, before the electric telegraph was discovered. Various forms of semaphore telegraph were invented, before one could be devised to assume a practical character; and now all have given way to the present system.

The history of electricity carries us back to the age of conjecture and the dawn of philosophy. Six hundred years before the birth of Christ, Thales had observed that amber, or *elektron*, as the Greeks called it, possesses, when rubbed, certain properties of attraction which it did not otherwise exhibit. Besides giving the word in which our term 'electricity' originates, the early philosophers left behind them several accounts of electrical phenomena. Aristotle, Pliny, Cæsar, and Plutarch, all mention them. Singular flames were sometimes seen on the tops of the masts of ships in the Mediterranean, or quivering on the heads of the wondering mariners; and on several occasions Roman troops, while on a march had observed singular luminous appearances on the points of their lances. And coming down to a later period, we find Eustathius, in his commentaries on Homer, relating the case of Walimer, father of Theodoric, the Goth, whose body gave out sparks; and of another individual who, on drawing off his clothes, saw flames or scintillations leap from his skin with a crackling noise. From Thales to the 12th century is a long period, yet, scanty as is the record of facts, it is sufficient to show that electrical phenomena had not passed without notice; but, as far as we know, no attempt was made to reason upon them or define their nature. The first attempt towards such a result appears to have been the treatise termed 'De Magnete,' published by Gilbert, an Englishman, at the end of the 16th century; and from this period discovery has followed discovery, till we arrive at our present state of scientific knowledge.

Franklin's famous kite experiment, which proved the identity of lightning and electricity, may be regarded as the climax of electrical discovery in the past century. No sooner had the general nature of the new and startling phenomena become known, than the idea immediately sprang up of employing the mysterious agency in the conveyance of signals.

In 1819 Ørsted made a most important discovery, one which materially hastened the application of electricity to purposes of telegraphy. It was this—That a magnetic needle, delicately suspended in proximity to a conductor, through which an electric current was passing, had a tendency to place itself at right angles to such conductor. The application of this principle has been almost universally adopted in every form of electric

telegraph all over the globe. Another discovery, equally important, was made by the late Mr. Sturgeon, namely, the electro magnet. He discovered that a bar of soft iron, if surrounded with coils of wire, and an electric current be transmitted round the coils, that the soft iron bar instantly becomes a magnet, and is capable of attracting other pieces of soft iron or steel; that it remains magnetic so long as the electric current is passing round or through the coils, and that as soon as the current ceases the bar instantly loses its magnetic condition, and no longer attracts pieces of adjacent iron or steel.

The semaphore telegraph was capable of being used only for about one third of a year. Darkness, fogs, and storms of rain or snow were constantly cutting off all communication; yet, despite all these obstructions, it was difficult to prevail upon the government of the day to make even a trial of the electric telegraph, although this method not only sets at defiance all these interruptions, and conveys its messages with the speed of lightning, by night as well as by day, and carries its intelligence silently, either over the land, or under the earth, or far below the troubled waters of the mighty deep. Who shall say what may yet be accomplished by the agency of electricity? Much has already been achieved; but more, far more remains to be done. Vain were it for man to foretell the results which may yet be produced by this mysterious power. Many and great are the inventions that even now lie concealed in the womb of time; but the time will come when these shall be brought forth, to benefit and bless the community; and man, reviewing with astonishment the progressive results which the working of his genius, and the unwearied exertions of his mind and body, have already, one by one been achieved, will never rest satisfied, until all the powers of nature are made to minister to the wants, the comforts, and the pleasures of himself and his fellow mortals. Although it is as far back as 1774 (nearly a century ago) since Lesarge devised his first form of electric telegraph, yet it was never used as a commercial speculation till about 1844.

Who was the inventor of the electric telegraph? To this question we may reply—It is not to one person alone that the world is indebted for this wonderful invention; hundreds of scientific men have from time to time added their quota, both of discovery and invention. The origin of a great invention is like the source of a river; the more carefully you explore it, the more difficult does it become to discriminate between rival claims, and decide where and when it actually took its rise. During the age of religion and fiction, when the practical philosopher was unborn, seven cities disputed the honour of having given birth to Homer. During that of exact sciences, history counts pretenders to the honour of the invention of gunpowder, printing, the steam engine, and the telegraph, by the dozen; each nation has a favourite candidate, each city, each college, has something to advance in favour of its exclusive right. M. Quetelet asserted, in the bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Brussels, that the discovery of the electric telegraph was claimed by 62 persons, all of whose pretensions were founded on some shadow of reason. And if we endeavour to retrace the steps which the science of telegraphing has made, from the delicate and ingenious telegraphs of Morse, Wheatstone, Highton, Henley, and others, to the earliest attempts to give intelligence to the spark, we shall find it almost impossible to put our finger on the exact period, or the exact laboratory where the invention first saw light. Like the towering front of some massive edifice, the telegraph has been reared by many hands; and to ascribe the glory to any one, would be like awarding the prize of architecture to the mason who buried the first stone of the foundation, or who superposed the last cornice of the pediment.

We may well refer with pride to Watson, Franklin, and others, who methodised the science, and gave it a tangible form. More than a century has elapsed since these philosophers gave their discoveries to the world; but the long period which divides the first theoretical principle from the final practical application, does not impair their claims on our gratitude. The perspective, through which we contemplate their services, does not render their outline indistinct.

I will now proceed to give you some illustrations of how the presence of the electric current may be traced.

1st, by Sight. 2nd, by Sound. 3rd, by showing it as a Motive Power. 4th, to the Touch.

1st—Sight. The lecturer then proceeded to show how the presence of the electric current could be rendered visible by means of the electric telegraph, and the oscillation of the magnet needle on the dial plate, consequent upon the electric current passing round the coils.

2nd—Sound. In this case, a bell was rung from one end of the room to the other by means of electricity and the soft iron magnet—the latter, the invention of Mr. Sturgeon.

3rd—Motive Power. An armature was made to revolve at an immense speed, showing that electricity may be used as a motive power.

4th—The Touch. Several persons joined hands, and received, simultaneously, an electric shock, showing the passage of the electric fluid.

Having shown the audience these simple experiments, in connection with electricity, the lecturer explained the manner in which this agency is employed as a telegraph. In these experiments you will see to what a variety of the purposes of life electricity may be devoted to, but perhaps the most useful is the facility it affords to persons, separated by hundreds of miles, to hold instant communication with each other by night as well as by day, giving them the power, as it were, to annihilate space, enabling them to consult, admonish, inform, and condole with each other, as if they were in the same room, and having ended their conversation, to turn round and one to find himself in London and the other in Edinburgh. I do not hesitate to say that there is nothing in fiction more wonderful than this. Yet the means to accomplish such wonderful results appear so inadequate, that it is only when a number of human lives have been saved, or some wonderful calamity averted, through the aid of the telegraph, that we contemplate the extent of its utility. Every man having business or commercial transactions can now be advised half-a-dozen times in an hour if he likes, so that he may avail himself of any rise in the market, or cancel any orders that would be likely to operate against him; whereas, formerly, he had to send his order to London by post, the next day may have brought news to London, spreading gloom over all monetary transactions, and the unfortunate individual was in suspense for several days to know whether he had made a large sum of money, by a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, or whether he was irretrievably ruined. However, those are days gone, never to return. The communications entrusted to us for transmission, comprise the whole catalogue of human wants, wishes, business and pleasure, joy, friendship, and law. We have been asked to send a sum of money or a small parcel along the wires, by individuals, too, whose surprise showed the sincerity of their belief, that our instruments could perform what they desired.

The public and the press recognise the electric telegraph as one of the institutions of the country; and the extent to which it is used, by railway companies and governments, show that they are of the same opinion.

Every civilized country, one after the other, has had the telegraph erected, and we daily communicate, through the submarine cables, with Paris,

Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Rome, Naples, St. Petersburg, Hanover, and Turin, and the smaller towns in countries where those I have enumerated are capitals, and we shall shortly be connected with the East Indian system, by means of the Red Sea Telegraph Company. The East India Company constructed a most complete system of telegraph some years ago, under Dr. Shaughnessay, and it has already proved such an advantage, that competent authorities have declared, that it is equal to an augmentation of 50,000 men to their army. Now, if such advantages have been so great already, what will they be when Calcutta is brought into direct communication with London? Why, the Governor-General and the Indian Ministry will be able to play each other a game of chess—one in London, and the other in Calcutta! Then we may expect to hear something, bye and bye, again, about the Atlantic Telegraph Company—the shareholders in that unfortunate speculation can tell you more feelingly than I can, that their cable and capital are both together at the bottom of the Atlantic. The cable, which seems to have been wisely abandoned for telegraphic purposes, has, already, according to *Punch*—*been used as a clothes' line for the fishes.*

Although the telegraph, up to this time, has accomplished wonders, yet it is only in its infancy; the fact of telegraphing twenty columns of close newspaper print, from Birmingham, in a few hours, upon the occasion of John Bright's address to his constituents; and the fact of telegraphing in six minutes the news of the safe delivery of a son and heir to the Prussian throne, from Berlin to Windsor, are feats not to be despised; yet we all wish to see its application extended.

In conclusion, I need not remind you of the vast importance of the electric telegraph, so certain and undeviating are its effects, that a few vibrations of this little needle told us that the question of peace or war, some months ago, no longer trembled in the balance on the continent!

The earth, air, water, and every known substance, is a conductor. A line carried round from New York to our Antipodes would constitute a perfect telegraphic circuit, according to modern writers. The fluid transmitted into the earth, at either end, would instantly traverse the centre of the globe to rejoin the end of the wire buried at the other extremity.

Who knows but what in a few years hence the electric fluid will be traversing in every direction, with its own instinctive sagacity, the bowels of the earth; and, besides drawing the Colonists of Western America into close proximity with their Aboriginal tribes of Africa or Asia, will disclose to an astonished world those mysteries which the science of the geologist and electrician have hitherto sought in vain.

To the younger portion of my audience I would say you are, or ought to be, in search of information, and there is no subject I can name more interesting, or more likely to impart information, than a study of the electric telegraph, and the undeviating law by which electricity is governed. I have been much indebted to the writings, on this subject, of Messrs. Chambers and the late Mr. Highton, and I recommend you to study some well written works on electricity, and always remember what splendid results have sometimes followed small beginnings. The contracted muscle of the frog's leg formed a most conspicuous part in assisting Galvani to construct the galvanic battery. The apple falling from the tree, established the laws of gravitation, and what splendid discoveries may there not be in store, for unborn ages, in connexion with the electric telegraph!

DR. R.'S WAITING ROOM.

DR. R. was a very clever practitioner, a pleasant and remarkably popular man withal; but his waiting-room was neither pleasant nor popular, although almost daily filled to overflowing with patients.

Situated in the heart of the City, (for Dr. R., unambitious of a fashionable West End connexion, could not be induced to move to a fashionable West End locality,) it was always dull and gloomy, depressing to a degree to the nervous and hypochondriacal, and, most generally, in a haze of fog as well as of gloom.

Any time from November to January, nay, often for a longer period than that, fog, of every shade and consistency, reigned supreme over the staircase, and ensconced itself in every nook and cranny of the small, uninviting apartment appropriated to Dr. R.'s patients.

The furniture was gloomy, the paper was gloomy, gloomy also was the prospect from the dingy windows—a narrow alley, (the main-street fronted the consulting room,) with a blank facing of brick-work,—not altogether blank tho', for I can remember a narrow window, generally lighted up with gas, through which a high desk was visible, and two "heads," not of colleges, but of clerks, busily occupied with their pens. Literature was but sparingly provided for the frequenters of that unattractive room; and what there was rarely possessed the advantage of novelty. If a newspaper or a recent journal chanced to be there, it was always in possession of an earlier arrival, not on the table for my benefit. Some tracts, elucidating "the System," which was Dr. R.'s glory, and then (for I am writing of bye-gones) a novelty, and by many deemed therefore an absurdity, a London guide-book, a very far-back copy of Chambers' Journal, or the Illustrated London News, these were the staple subjects on the table, which were sometimes taken up eagerly, and put down rapidly and disappointedly, by the weary waiters.

Being thus thrown so completely on their own resources for beguiling the time, many of the habitués of the place were wont to bring a book or pamphlet with them, others (I was one of those "others") amused themselves with studying the physiognomies, and guessing at the maladies, of their fellow-sufferers; watching their impatient glances at the clock, and the restless bustling in and out of the room to communicate with the official behind the green curtain, who was always so ready to usher one *into* the lugubrious waiting room, and such a very long time in appearing to let one out of it, with the welcome "Your turn now, if you please, sir."

The "sirs" always ungallantly had the precedence of the ladies during the early morning hours, as stated in a written announcement over the waiting-room mantle-piece, for the accommodation of business men, with whom time and money are synonyms. But the ladies predominated towards noon, and continued arriving till the hour appointed for visiting patients in their own houses, when the waiting-room was closed till the following morning, and the "out" patients dispersed.

What a variety, of all ages and both sexes, that waiting-room was wont to contain! Sometimes an anxious mother, with a whole tribe of children and nurses in attendance, who had made a long journey by rail that same morning, for the sake of a few minutes' conversation with the great man, if no more than a few minutes could be accorded them.

The said anxious mother being most likely disposed to beguile the time,

and, if possible, interest her neighbours, by a detailed account of the indispositions and physical peculiarities of each particular darling; generally winding up with some laudatory expression of Dr. R.'s extreme *cleverness* in the treatment of children. Then there were others, poor half-starved looking women, ill-paid governesses, over-worked sempstresses, who were probably as much in need of wholesome nourishment, and wholesome air to breathe, as of anything which could be prescribed from the Dr.'s pharmacopoeia. Also there were restless, irritable patients, with nerves evidently acting upon their tempers, always trying to supplant others in their "turn" for entering the consulting room, and sometimes succeeding too, with the delicate, quiet sufferers, who had not the strength or the energy to maintain or dispute their rights. A few—it was not often that I was of the number, my time being rarely valuable, or my "case" urgent—would ignore the waiting room altogether, and pertinaciously make a stand, either on the staircase, or immediately outside the great man's door, in order to seize upon the first chance of admission. He durst not openly give a preference to any patient, but those with whom he was intimate were never turned away, if fortunate enough to catch sight of him as he bade farewell to a departing "case" by the door of his consulting room.

A trifling but, at the same time, tedious complaint caused me to be, at one time, a frequent visitant in M.-street, and thus many of the Doctor's patients became well-known to me by sight; and often, when accompanying him in his rounds, he would give me some account of those whose appearance had interested me—very touching, painful histories they were in many instances; but I have no intention of editing another "Diary of a Physician." That has been done by abler hands than mine, so I will not record here what was communicated, excepting in one instance. Of all the frequenters of that dingy little room, a stout, rosy-cheeked dame, the very picture of health, benevolence, and good temper, attracted, and at the same time, puzzled me the most. How often she was there, how long she used to remain there too! She never seemed in a hurry, never the least put out, if others stayed for an unconscionable time, in that second apartment, which all were so desirous of entering. There she sat, away from the fire in winter, most likely in the draught of the ever-opening door; she was never cold—heartly, cheery soul; so she made way for those who were;—never reading; others were more in want of the scanty supply of literature than she. She had evidently happy thoughts of her own, to make the time pass pleasantly; and certainly no anxiety as to the Doctor's opinion of her "case."

She was a chatty person too, and such as were desirous of expatiating upon their own, or their children's sufferings, found in her a ready and attentive listener; in fact, she studiously drew them out upon these topics, and with the children themselves, was invariably upon friendly terms, in a very short time.

There is a certain cast of physiognomy which attracts one irresistibly; this good lady's belonged to that cast. Devoid of actual beauty of feature, it possessed what I prize far more,—infinite beauty of expression. I could not fancy the owner of those clear, straight-forward eyes, guilty of a meanness; neither could I imagine that mouth shaping a falsehood, or uttering an unkind speech.

We met so frequently at the same place, and so very often were conjointly the last occupants of the waiting room, that at last a friendly understanding seemed tacitly established and recognized between us. We often entered into conversation, never upon matters strictly personal, but upon "things in general," and Dr. R. in particular. His benevolence, his skill, pleasant manners, and, above all, his conscientiousness and strict adherence to truth, were

subjects on which the good lady dilated *con amore*. She certainly must have had unlimited faith in him as a practitioner, to judge from the numbers of patients which she seemed to delight in introducing to the Doctor; for, after a time, I found out that she was not always unaccompanied when first arriving in the waiting room, although generally the last to leave it.

One day she had a little girl with her, whose appearance interested and perplexed me considerably. Related she could not be to my rosy-cheeked friend—there was not a vestige of likeness; moreover, her dress was of homelier materials and make than those of her elder companion, who was evidently very anxious about the child. I caught her watching the little pinched-up face, and restless, unquiet eyes, with an expression of sorrowful interest, which, when detected, was instantly changed for the hopeful, cheery look most habitual to her.

She was more desirous of seeing the Doctor early that day, and, after sending him in a little note, was almost immediately requested to “step this way,” rather before her time, perhaps, but she had so often given up to others that few, if any, could have begrudged her that one deviation from her usual practice. She did not return again to the waiting room; but I could not forget either her or the little girl, and the next time that I drove out with the Doctor, I asked for some information about them.

“I do not wonder at your interest in my most excellent friend,” was the ready response; “and, whilst we are driving along this most uninteresting Old Kent Road, I will satisfy your curiosity, as far as I can.”

There was a great deal to hear, but I must condense the Doctor's story. Miss Hayward—for my attraction was actually unmarried—had known many reverses; her earliest days had passed in poverty and sorrow; but, whilst still a child, her parents suddenly inherited property, which made them more than wealthy. She was an only child, and, from that time till the death of her father, was surrounded by every luxury, and accustomed to the gratification of every whim. When that event took place, the widow and her daughter were left in the hands of an unprincipled lawyer, through whose villany and mismanagement of their affairs, they were despoiled of all they possessed. Mrs. Hayward died broken-hearted, the daughter went out as a governess.

After a few years' privation and real hard work, she was adopted by an uncle, a widower, without heirs, possessed of considerable property, to whose whims and caprices she became quite a slave, not from any mercenary motives, but from the benevolence and kind-heartedness of her nature.

“It is not a great many years since that relative died,” added Dr. R. in conclusion, “but those years have been spent in unwearied efforts to benefit the poor and the suffering. Her beautiful house, not very far from town, is turned sometimes into a perfect hospital, for the accommodation of patients of mine, for whom she can do perhaps more than I can.”

“What, do you mean that she has them to stay with her?” I enquired.

“Yes: she feeds them, cares for them, and gives them the change of air and scene, which many require far more than medicine, yet have not the means to procure for themselves. Besides which, she brings me patients innumerable, of her own finding; that little girl you noticed is one of her latest protégées; she has been half-starved and otherwise ill-treated at some so-called charity school, which Miss Hayward chanced to visit, so the good lady laid violent hands upon her, and brought her to me for advice. I believe she means to write to the mother and offer to educate her herself, and then find a situation for her, as housemaid, nurse, or whatever else she may be fitted for. She never does things by halves.”

“But does not Miss Hayward find these benevolent schemes rather interfere

with her personal comfort? I do not think I should like the Belvidere (my ancestral domain) converted into a hospital."

"No, you would sooner cover the walls with paintings, and so give employment to the many poor in the artist-world, perhaps. You are a young man, and have other duties and other claims upon you. Miss Hayward is not young, and has no family ties, I had almost said no duties, but such as she makes for herself. There are times when her house is thrown open to other and more congenial guests; but there is one wing of that spacious building devoted entirely to such visitors as I have named. Of course she has an efficient staff of servants, and every 'appliance and means to boot,' for the effectual carrying out of her benevolent crotchets."

"And has she really done much good, do you think?" was my sceptical rejoinder; "for, with the best of intentions, one is not always successful, and her schemes do sound rather Utopian to me."

"Unquestionably she has done good; not perhaps as much as she would,—who amongst us can do that! Of course you have noticed her frequent visits to M.-street? When she visits my waiting room alone, it is generally to take note of the poorer class of those frequenting it, and to enquire of me subsequently as to the means and circumstances of some amongst them whom she could benefit. Occasionally she leaves money with me, where poverty and sickness have both to be contended against. Sometimes she obtains the addresses of those in rather better, but not *comfortable* circumstances, and to these, anonymous presents of fruit, vegetables, or poultry, are by no means unacceptable. The products of her farm and garden are nearly all given away, I believe; in fact, I think she would give away the very clothes she wears, if she had nothing else to offer, to those worse off than herself. But the decayed gentlewoman, the poor and friendless governess, for these her warmest sympathies and kindest feelings are awakened. Many an over-tasked teacher has been invited for a happy holiday to the Stonehouse; many a querulous sufferer, who has "known better days," has found the dull and dreary winter months pass pleasantly, amidst the comforts of a warm room, good living, and Miss Hayward's lively society. I have known her, in the summer time, start off upon a trip—continental or insular, as the case might be—solely to obtain the companionship of some one who needed change, but would have hesitated to accept an invitation to Stonehouse, as a guest.

"But you have touched upon a theme which I ought to have exhausted ere this, so for 'further particulars' enquire amongst those in her neighbourhood, should you ever visit it. There you will learn far more even than I have told you, of what that wealthy, single woman has the energy and the power to accomplish. Of course, one needs a disposition like Miss Hayward's as well as a long purse to do what she does; all cannot be benevolent after the same type, but, fortunately, there are many ways of benefiting our fellow-creatures, and unfortunately, there is no lack of variety in the classes which claim our assistance. Each can choose his own path for doing good, but none has a right to compel another to tread in the same steps. And now good bye. I must put you out here, so I cannot explain the connection between my last sentence and Miss Hayward's history. It had no reference to you, but to the patient I am about to visit—a benevolent bore, who, if he had his own way, would convert all with whom he comes in contact, into benevolent bores also; and possibly be the first to inveigh against them. Once more, good bye, and do not come to see me *professionally* for a long time!"

So we parted, and many months elapsed before I was again an occupant of the dingy room in M.-street. It was summer then, therefore without fog, though sunless, and very few patients were there; amongst them I did not recognize any of the "old familiar faces"—probably their owners had either

been killed or cured in the interim. Even that face which I had anticipated, and, if truth must be told, been so desirous of seeing, was wanting. I had determined upon making decided advances towards the further cultivation of her acquaintance, and feeling disappointed at her absence, was not disposed to interest myself in any strangers. A book, rather more attractive externally than those already specified, lay on the table. I opened it, and discovered Miss Hayward's name on the fly-leaf.

An extract, in the Doctor's hand-writing, dropped from between the pages as I took it up, so I supposed it had been lent to him, and, if returned again, left inadvertently by the owner. I did not wonder that Dr. R. should have admired the passage he had copied out; the sentiments, I am sure, found a ready response in his own heart;—they are those of Sydenham, whose well-earned fame still survives him. What conscientious physician but must agree with him, that "He who gives himself to the study and work of medicine, ought seriously to ponder these four things: 1st. That he must one day give an account to the Supreme Judge of the lives of the sick committed to his care. 2nd. That whatsoever of art, or of science, he has by the Divine goodness attained, is to be directed mainly to the glory of the Almighty, and the safety of mankind; and that it is a dishonour to himself and them, to make these celestial gifts subservient to the vile lusts of avarice and ambition. Moreover, 3rdly, that he has undertaken the charge of no mean or ignoble creature; and that, in order to his appreciating the true worth of the human race, he should not forget that the only-begotten Son of God became a man, and thus far ennobled by his own dignity the creature he assumed. And lastly, that he is himself not exempted from the common lot, and is liable, and is exposed, to the same laws of mortality, the same miseries and pains as are all the rest; so he may endeavour the more diligently, and with a more tender affection, as being himself a fellow-sufferer, to help them who are sick. For to take a higher, the highest example, we must 'be touched with a feeling of the infirmities' of our patients, else all our knowledge will go but half-way to relieve or cure."

I took the book into the consulting room with me, and found that the owner had left it accidentally, as I had surmised. I learned, also, that she was away from home; and the Doctor assured me there could be no objection to the work remaining in my hands, for awhile, if I wished to peruse it.

"You can bring it here at any time; I know that borrowed books are safe with you," he added; "and, besides, being on such friendly terms with Miss Hayward, I am certain she would let you have it."

So I took the little volume home with me, but had not the opportunity of returning it before accepting an invitation to the sea; therefore it accompanied me on my journey, for I was going by rail, and I generally prefer the companionship of a book, to conversation with my fellow-travellers.

I thought myself fortunate, in this instance, in securing an empty carriage, for I was a little behind time, and the train apparently on the eve of starting.

The guard slammed the door, I caught sight of the whistle raised to his lips, as I appropriated the two farthest seats to myself, not thinking that there was any occasion to keep watch against intruders, got out my book, and unfolded my "Times." We were off, at least I fancied so, when a delay occurred. I heard an agitated voice, then the hurried reply, "This way, this way, as quickly as you can, there's plenty of room here." The door was thrown open, some shawls and a cushion were hastily arranged on one seat, for an invalid, who was lifted in tenderly and carefully by the strong arms of the guard; a companion followed, who continued in an unsettled physical condition for some time after the train was fairly in motion. I heard, rather than watched her movements. I did not look at her, neither did I glance a second time at

the pale face of the invalid, but, holding up my newspaper as an effectual barrier to conversation, plunged at once into the leading article.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir;—would it greatly inconvenience you to take the seats near this window? My poor young friend is very ill, and the sun annoys her very much."

I started up with the utmost alacrity; the first tones of that pleasant voice were familiar to me; but I was mistaken in imagining myself recognized. Miss Hayward thought she was addressing an utter stranger; it was not till I answered her by name, or perhaps till she caught sight of the book I held towards her, that she remembered having met me in Dr. R.'s waiting room. We both did our best to make the invalid as comfortable as possible, with the shawls, cushions, &c., which had been so bountifully provided. How young she looked—quite a girl, yet with a widow's cap encircling her thin, sunken face. She thanked us both feebly enough in voice, poor thing; but her loving, grateful eyes rested upon Miss Hayward's face, till they closed once more in pain; and then, when the paroxysm had subsided, she dropped into an uneasy slumber. Miss Hayward then changed her position, for a seat beside me;—she dearly loved a chat, good woman; so, thrusting my newspaper into my pocket, I at once responded to her conversational overtures. She was no stranger to me, after all Dr. R. had told me about her; and the book which I had been perusing afforded ample scope for discussion.

"Oh, yes, I heard from Dr. R. to-day that it was in your hands, but certainly did not anticipate that I should fall in with the borrower so quickly."

"Have you been to M.-street this morning?" I enquired.

"Yes: and being detained there, almost caused us to lose this train. My poor young charge could not be admitted to the Doctor quite so soon as I wished. The Doctor, as you know, cannot be induced to make an appointment; and, as she was obliged to rest in the waiting room, we took our turn after many others."

Of course, after what the Doctor had told me about Miss Hayward's protégées, I was prepared to find the young invalid-traveller one of them; and, as Miss Hayward seemed quite ready to satisfy my curiosity, I ventured to ask a little about her.

"She is a very interesting creature—very, and so young to be a widow, only 19; but," she added, dropping her voice still lower, "she was scarcely married to a man of her own choice, fortunately too, as events turned out. A very hasty affair that marriage, brought about by her father, reported a millionaire, died insolvent, quite suddenly, three days after the ceremony. The son-in-law of his selection was just as much a schemer; when the crash came, leaving her penniless, he *died*," she glanced again anxiously towards the restless sleeper, "temporary insanity, you know, was the verdict after the inquest. The double shock was too much both for brain and strength, poor thing! she has never been the same creature since; but I trust that change of scene and careful nursing may eventually restore her—she is quite harmless, but she is not always herself—those dreadful realities haunt her dreams, and torment her in her waking hours."

Miss Hayward resumed her seat by the sufferer, who was again awake, and talked soothingly to her for some time, leaving me to reflect upon her sad history, instead of reading my paper. Before we reached our journey's end, I learned that they were going for a month to the sea, at Dr. R.'s suggestion.

Miss Hayward said that he was not quite so sanguine of a speedy recovery as she herself was inclined to be; but she always had hoped for the best, and always intended doing so.

"And may I ask whether the poor young lady has long been an acquaintance of yours?"

"She is the daughter of an old schoolfellow, to whom I was much attached, but who has now been dead some years. Her father I never liked, so kept up no intercourse with him since that event. It was in Dr. R.'s waiting-room that I resumed my acquaintance with his daughter."

We parted at Hastings—I was going farther, but not to any great distance, and Miss Hayward expressed so cordial a hope that we should soon meet again, that I promised to call upon her the first time I was in that neighbourhood. I did so more than once, but was not fortunate enough to find her at home. The weather—it was in September—was too beautiful to be wasted by remaining in-doors, so she and the young widow were out driving, or sailing, nearly all day.

Months afterwards I met Miss Hayward in society, at Dr. R.'s, she was unaccompanied by any protégée—for a wonder; but she told me that our invalid travelling companion was still her guest, quite restored mentally, but too weak and delicate to enter as yet upon the career of governess, the only one left open to her—poor thing, if she persisted in refusing the home offered her by the benevolent lady, who was not related to her, and upon whom therefore she considered she had no claim. Dr. R. and Miss Hayward had a very long confabulation, whilst other guests were amusing themselves with chess, music, &c.; probably they were discussing "cases" intimately known to both, for they gave me no opportunity of joining in their strictly private tête-à-tête. However, I escorted Miss Hayward to her carriage, and, as I shook hands with her, she observed—"If ever you should be in the neighbourhood of the Stonehouse, be sure to call upon me; I am less likely to be absent than when at Hastings; if you want to see me, come before one o'clock, if only to leave a card, afterwards. Good night."

But the neighbourhood of the Stonehouse was long unvisited, my time being taken up by a trip to the Continent and a duty visit to my patrimony of Belvidere, in which it must be confessed I took but little interest, although popularly considered "one of the finest seats in the county."

Dr. R. retired from the profession, so the waiting-room no longer afforded the opportunity for a chance meeting with Miss Hayward.

At length came a certain Christmas-tide, when a recently married friend of mine sent me an invitation, which I all the more gladly accepted, as my own family party was now entirely broken up, and I could not, even had I wished it, have drawn together so many as half-a-dozen tolerably assorted guests to fill the stately, but almost uninhabited, palace of Belvidere.

I had a bitterly cold journey, but a warm welcome awaited me; and as we chatted and laughed away that evening it struck me that Belvidere, as a residence, would be less uninviting, could I find an attraction for my fireside similar to that which my friend had taken home to his. I had not been at all an impressionable person, nor truth to say, despite my pecuniary advantages, one upon whom my few lady acquaintances had wasted much time in attempting to captivate.

I had certainly been on the point of thinking about proposing, merely because it is a sort of thing which it is proper to do once in a life-time, but found out, before I had done more than think about it, that the lady was secretly married, and had been doing the agreeable to me to propitiate a wealthy relative, ere divulging that fact.

I had never again given matrimony a thought, till this particular Christmas-eve, when my friend's evident felicity, as a Benedict, momentarily suggested it. By the next morning the idea had vanished—certainly it did not intrude upon me during the service conducted in that prettily-situated little country church.

We discussed the sermon, returned the friendly greetings of my friend's

friends, as we bent our steps homewards, thinking affectionately of the cherry-brandy awaiting us, after the very cold walk.

"Whose residence is that?" I enquired, attracted by an imposing looking family mansion, not very far distant from my friend's territory.

"It is called the Stonehouse, and belongs to a somewhat eccentric, but very benevolent, maiden lady. The curate who preached this morning is one of the protégés staying with her; her name is—"

"Hayward!" I broke in, much to the astonishment of my friends, to whom I soon communicated all that I knew about her. I had quite forgotten the whereabouts of the Stonehouse, although I had by no means lost my interest in its mistress. "And what has been the cause of the curate being added to Miss Hayward's list of unfortunates?"

"Well, he had been overworked in some densely populated parish and came down to recruit his strength and be idle for awhile. He certainly looked miserably ill when he first arrived, but I should pronounce him convalescent now. I suppose the pretty young widow—Miss Hayward's companion—is the real cause of his remaining so long. People say they are engaged."

"I do not believe that," observed his wife, "I fancy that's a report. When did you ever hear of two eligibles being under the same roof for a few weeks, and *not* being engaged?"

The next day I called at Miss Hayward's, just about one o'clock, and found her fully occupied with a large party of children, who were spending the Christmas holidays with her. Children left at school, because they had no home to go to—children but recently orphaned, perhaps, and some with parents in too much affliction, of one kind or another, to have any heart for Christmas festivities. It was a motley group, but a very merry one, that I saw gathered round the large table in the spacious dining-room, for they had just commenced their early dinner when I was announced.

"Come in, my dear sir, glad to see you; but I make no stranger of you, so we will go on with our work. Perhaps you will assist us."

Which I did most willingly, for there were many mouths to supply. The sight was as pretty as it was unexpected. The curate was the carver at one end, Miss Hayward at the other, the young widow, now looking full of life and spirits, was cutting up meat for the little ones, assisted in that occupation by a lady considerably her senior in age, whom I not incorrectly imagined to be a homeless governess out of employ.

Curiosity had, I own, been the chief incentive to my first visit to the Stonehouse; but other feelings drew me thither again and again. Somehow or other the young curate found his health perfectly established very shortly after I became so frequent a guest, and took his departure from the village altogether. I believe he is now a missionary in a far-off locality, in which hemisphere I have forgotten. I prolonged my visit—I will not say for how many months—perhaps should be there still, but for the unsatisfactory condition of a certain "valuable residence" which requires an immense amount of painting and decorating, before it will be in proper order for the reception of its future mistress. Not Miss Hayward, reader, but her widowed companion; although to the former lady I acknowledge an unpayable amount of gratitude: for who knows if ever I should have been fortunate enough to find and secure my "fellow-shell" if I had not first made Miss Hayward's acquaintance in

DR. R.'S WAITING-ROOM.

Y. S. N.

Poems for Recitation.

ADDRESS,

*Appropriate to Meetings for the Benefit of Widow and Orphan Funds.**

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

SLOWLY the gloom gathered over the West,
And the storm-clouds loomed black in their place of unrest;
And icicles hung from the lone workhouse door,
Where shiveringly cowered the hungry and poor.
Night came swiftly and cold, and the snow-mantled street
Faintly echoed the sound of the wayfarers' feet.
Not a star glimmered forth the bleak midnight to cheer,
But darkness and poverty closed over all,
And enshrouded the city as with a pall,
On that dreariest night, the last night of the year !

A change, a mighty change, in the night's history ;—
For dance and song,
And wit and glee,
The hours prolong,
In revelry ! [bells,
And out the bells, the clanging bells, the joyous bells, the midnight
Proclaim a new year born ! Another peal, and yet another, tells—
How, blythe and gay,
They ring away
The old year's misery, the new year's mystery !

The portals of the joy-filled house are opened wide,
And all the street is flooded o'er with light.
And one steps forth ; and, quickly by his side,
A muffled maiden braves the chilly night.
A word, a look, between them, and they come
Forth to the street from that warm, cheerful home ;
And hand in hand, through blinding sleet and snow,
With happy faces on their way they go.

* This address was written for, and delivered at, a Drawing-room Entertainment, in aid of the Limehouse Philanthropic Society, March 14th, 1859.

What seek they on this last night of the year?
 Want and dread poverty,
 Hunger and woe,
 Lying in highways,
 Doorsteps and byeways,
 Cowering in misery,
 Sheeted in snow !

Theirs is a mission the wretched to cheer !
 And, oh, who shall say,
 That, by night or by day,
 Such work unrewarded shall be?
 Not to us is it given
 By our Father in heaven
 The full measure of goodness to see !

They speak to the wretched and lighten their sorrow ;
 They render to misery Pity and Love ;
 Though downcast to-day, make them happy to-morrow,
 And reap their reward in the regions above.
 They turn not away from those desolate creatures,
 So cheerless and sad in their measureless grief,
 But cause smiles to pass over their passionless features,—
 Find the exquisite pleasure of giving relief !

Lend a hand, Christian friends, you whose purses are ample,—
 'Tis the noblest of aims to diminish distress,—
 And you'll never regret having set the example
 Of making the sum of life's bitterness less !
 Step out of *your* happy homes, just for a while,
 And enter the poor man's cold comfortless cot ;
 Rest assured if you wake on his features a smile,
 'Tis a pledge that your kindness will ne'er be forgot.

'Tis a maxim laid down in the Volume of Truth,
 That this is Religion, aye, sterling and pure—
 To visit the widow and parentless youth
 Who have poverty, sorrow, and grief to endure !
 Your humble endeavours shall not pass unheeded ;
 The great Friend of the Fatherless smiles on your scheme ;
 And the lone ones who found the kind aid they so needed,
 May look back on their past as a terrible dream.

FRIEND CARPENTER AND HIS PEGASUS.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

CHAPTER I.

"Room here, Sir!" said the porter, opening the door of a second-class carriage, and half thrusting me in; and ere I had well settled in my seat, the engine gave a minatory snort, and I was off to town to commence my medical studies. For the first few miles I was too intent on the familiar points in the scenery around Wimbleton to notice my only fellow-traveller; but as we sped away from these, I turned my attention to a slim figure in the far corner, fashionably dressed, and tucked up in a warm travelling rug. He was reading the hospital advertisements in the *Lancet*, generally inserted prior to the commencement of a session, and ever and anon I got a glimpse of his quaint odd face, dotted with stray silken hairs, and lit up by funny blue eyes from underneath singed-looking eyebrows.

"Here's a curiosity," thought I, sidling gradually up to him, yet almost afraid to break the silence. Then followed a few minutes of that awful suspense when a mutual stock-taking is going on between railway passengers, both of us still seeming intent, he on his paper, I on the scenery with its peeps of pastoral scenes and dim distant hills, until at last our eyes fairly met, and my friend burst into what should have been called a laugh, but what truth compels me to name, a whinny.

"Well, youngster, am I the first man you've seen since you were breeched, that you keep so keen an eye on me? Anything like your Wimbletonians?"

I blushed, and felt ashamed. A youngster, indeed! I was a head taller than he, and certainly more of a man. At last I stammered out, "I thought you might be a medical student, sir, like myself, perhaps, going to London to study, but I didn't like to ask you."

"Ah, my boy, jolly thing too!"

And by the time our train had dragged us to King's Cross, we were fast friends, and sallied out together, and got comfortable and cosy rooms, with a thin cadaverous host, a sleek plump hostess, and a smiling daughter, at a comfortable distance from Guy's Hospital. We read together, smoked together, and were inseparable. Yet two such dissimilars were never blended; he was a precocity, and I, poor fellow, nothing but a plodder. At lectures he was always tally-hoing away into some bye-path after objects of his own, instead of quietly taking notes; and when he should have been dissecting, he generally had some more important study in hand, or would run from the room with the colic for a nip of brandy, and never return any more that day. Nevertheless, for the first session he stood high, carried off several prizes, and made quite a sensation with vivid flashes of mental power. But he was always riding a fresh hobby horse, and had a regular stud of them at hand, each of which he mounted in turn, and rode until they were blown and spavined, and then he found another favourite. I am persuaded he would have made his fortune as a jockey.

Our third session came on, and both of us were reading hard for ex-

amination. One morning, about a fortnight before the terrible day, he suddenly rushed into my room, holding aloft a paper covered with strange figures.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he cried, "I've found the key to all the hidden languages in the world. There's a man there down at Bath has started a new style of writing. I've been at work at it all night, and I'm persuaded that it's intimately connected with the Assyrian sculptures, only the inventor don't know. Gregory, fellow, look here—they are words—yes, words—no gammon about it. And look at those dots and those curly-wurlies—all language put in a new and startling form. Why, we can scrawl for ever, and none of our professors be the wiser, and, then, look what power of mind it gives us, and what a wide field it opens in ancient language. I think they call it phonography. You speak the words somehow in your mind, they run down your pen, and jump into pot-hooks and semi-circles on the paper."

And he went rattling along like a crazy fellow for at least ten minutes ere I could put in a word.

"My dear fellow," I began four or five times, when he burst out afresh, "just remember how near our examination is, and get to your grinders, for I'm sure you've neither days nor nights to lose."

"Ah! I see, I see; every new discovery in science is received with a shower-bath or a *charivari*. Very well, I'll go to Bath as you wish me in your heart, though you haven't said as much, and hold a cabalistic conversation with this man Abracadabra."

He was missing for a few days, but duly presented himself to me on his return.

"He's a fine fellow, my boy!" he burst out, "none of your narrow-minded men, but a philosopher. I used to think philosophers never bothered themselves with terrestrial matters, but got their heads stuck in the clouds, and left nothing but their dangling legs for the contemplation of disconsolate friends. But I am coming to believe such men get their understandings polished more than once a month, and are not forgetful of clean linen. By Jove! only to think of Plato keeping a bookseller's shop, and retailing cheap American envelopes, or Socrates editing a penny 'Athenian Blowpipe!'"

We were smoking our cigars in my room on the eve of the day of days, and I was surprised to find Carpenter so well "up," and talking so rationally, but I made some allusion to his newly-found science, and Pegasus started with him in a spanking trot, as it did with the carrier's cart in Schiller's poem.

"You don't believe me—I don't expect you will, until I have discovered the origin of all the alphabets in the world, and through my new language shall be able to say A B C with a Hottentot, compare notes on magic with an Egyptian maugraby, and talk philosophy with a Red Indian medicine-man. But you will some time. I found Martin Phonographicus at Bath was quite unconscious of the actual results that may come from his scheme, so I wasn't going to tell him, not I. Talk of Semitic alphabets, and those cuneiform figures that nearly sent our Assyrians and Ninevites mad, why they're as plain as possible—nothing but an Eastern system of writing by sound, with a good deal of the nasal twang in it—a sort of primeval Yankeeism, you know. But I'm not going to tell you all my secrets, or perhaps you'll blab; but look here," he added, showing me a row of queer figures, "these are spells, such as Merlin, Faustus, and Cagliostro used, nothing but runes or invocations, you know, written in short-hand. All nature knows my language, and spirits, winds, electric wires, and everything; and as soon as I have perfected myself, I mean to 'call spirits from the vasty deep,' like Prospero, by my dots, lines, and wriggleology." And he

puffed a mouthful of smoke half-way across the room, and winked at me strangely.

The morning came. We took a final cram of our medical notes, sauntered the afternoon at the hospital, enduring the miserable jokes of those fellow-students who were acquainted with our coming trial, and the probable condition of our nervous systems, and towards dusk wended our way to the college.

Here I lost sight of Carpenter, until having run the gauntlet of all the tables and examiners, I was ushered into a room where several students had already arrived. Here I found Carpenter very hilarious, and making sure of having passed. Presently an attendant came and called out five names, the last of which came out slowly, "Mr. Carpen—ter." He followed carelessly, and, although we knew it, it was not until he was officially informed of it that he arrived at the full inglorious consciousness of having been plucked.

He hurried home, and I found him soon after with a small Leipsic edition of Homer before him, reducing the letters into some phonetic system, which he said would alike interpret Hebrew, Sanskrit, Chaldee, and Persee. I left for Wimbledon a few days subsequently, and the last I heard of him was that he was getting nearer his key to universal language, and did not care a button-toss or a finger-snip for M. R. C. S. E.

CHAPTER II.

A TWELVEMONTH rolled by with its freight of busy thoughts, memories, and sorrows, and I was on a visit to a medical friend of mine, when I went with him one morning to make his usual calls at Whitecliffe House. It was a delightful spot, a quiet lane, hedged by tangled briars, holding up their sweet dewy flower-cups as so many urns of incense to the sun-god, with rich green turf for a pathway, led up to the house. Huge white brick walls overgrown with ivy surrounded it, and a porter's lodge, with a trelliced porch smothered in honeysuckle, sent a thrill of expectation and delight through me as we entered. I was predisposed for musing, and the rich perfume floated me far out into the open fields like a honey-hunting bee. Scarcely a word passed between me and my friend until he had given the horse and gig in charge to a groom, and turned to me, saying—

"You can stroll in the grounds here; I shan't be long. You'll find plenty to interest you."

And in truth I did. The walls were high, but the grounds were so disposed that from a central knoll a splendid view was obtained over the distant country. Close at hand was the gothic spire of a cemetery, rising pure and white, like a cloud moulded by angel fingers up in the everlasting blue, and in the dim distance a range of wild woody hills lifted their shoulders up to the horizon. It was a splendid July morning, and slipping into a summer-house hard by, unobserved I thought, I sat down quite enamoured.

A fit of musing and abstraction came over me, I knew scarcely how; it was so involuntary, so thoroughly mesmeric. I was suddenly in London, sitting in a comfortable corner of my own room in the leathern arm-chair, looking at my usual morning paper, when my eyes were suddenly caught by a name I knew, and I read on dimly, but perfectly, an announcement something like the following:—"The discovery of a new power of interpreting the hidden principle of all ancient and modern languages has just been made by Professor Carpenter, and is one of the most splendid triumphs of modern genius. His work, now in the press, detailing the entire success of his Assyrian expedition, and the general features of his discovery, is anxiously expected by our savans."—*Athenæum*.

I saw the letters distinctly, engirt by a swimming mist; and when I had run them over, the whole vision passed away, and my eyes were resting on the stony cirrhus just over the garden walls. A wild throng of sensations pressed upon me, and almost bore away my reason for a moment, as a crowd of drunken, staggering bacchanals might hustle and hurry along a sober man.

"Would you like to see the grounds, Sir?" said a man habited like a gardener, suddenly standing plump before me, and making me start like a man in some terrible nightmare. I liked the man's mild and benevolent expression, and so I answered, after a pause, which did not for a moment disconcert my questioner, "Yes, I should."

We walked together for some distance, and he pointed out to me very naively the chief objects of attraction, giving me the technical names for all the shrubs and flowers. I was getting quite interested in the man.

"You seem to be quite an authority here," I ventured to remark. "It's a delightful spot."

"Ah!" he replied with more animation in him than I had noticed before, "A sweet spot, indeed. But look at this arbutus."

He half pulled me towards it, and remaining perfectly motionless until I had completed my inspection and uttered various complimentary criticisms, he looked me full in the face with the same bland quiet gaze.

"I like the looks of you," he began, to my utter astonishment, looking carefully and observantly round him, "I don't mind telling you a secret. *I am the greatest poet the world has ever seen!* Homer's lyre is a jew's harp to mine; Shakespeare himself no better than a hopping hedge-sparrow. My verses are really splendid. In fact, I'm acknowledged to have no equal. I have come here for quietness and study, to give my genius full swing, you know, and not interrupt the world."

I began to feel queer, and wished the fellow away, so I humoured him a little.

"The world is always jealous of her old favourites," I answered, extremely confidentially.

"Ah! ah! ah!" he chuckled, "do you know I am writing a new epic—splendid invocation to gaslight in the beginning—very fine poem—grand swell in the verse—none of your hop-and-carry-me-along hexameters neither. No one but you knows I am writing it, and the best of it is, it's all in a language of my own—fine, that!" and he chuckled again as if his mouth was full of a hundred small marbles.

Here my friend appeared in the distance, and I motioned that I would follow him.

"Ah! ah! nothing like a real genius, after all! I like the looks of you. Here, don't go—here's a part of my epic, book the second—just run it over at your leisure, and give me your opinion when you come again. I like the looks of you. You'll find it a splendid treat—grand poem!"

The man hastily took from his bosom a piece of carefully-folded paper, and thrust it in my hands. I followed my friend in a problematic state of mind, and as we drove out of the gate, I caught a glimpse of the poet leaning over, and seemingly conversing familiarly, with his shrubs.

When we got into the lane I pulled out my paper, and, unfolding it, found it covered all over with meaningless signs.

"Look what that fellow gave me," I said to my friend. "He said he was a grand poet, and this was part of a splendid epic he was writing in secret."

"Yes, yes; the fellow's one of the imbecile idiotic patients of the Retreat. He's always bothering people with his lines. Mad, mad—clean mad, as we say here."

"But the fellow was rational enough about plants, and seemed quite familiar with them."

"I daresay ; but he's always mad on one subject—writing. I am told he was months engaged trying to discover the analogy of all known languages by a kind of phonetic system, and the upshot of it all is that his friends have sent him here."

I felt almost thunderstruck. The paper I had seen in thought, the sudden appearance of the man, and the strange circumstances added by my friend, made me sure that I had found my old student-companion.

"Was he a medical student at one time?" I asked nervously.

"Yes ; at Guy's, I think."

"Just so ; and his name——"

"Is Carpenter."

THE USE OF TEARS.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE.

BE not thy tears too harshly chid ;
 Repine not at the rising sigh ;
 Who, if they might, would always bid
 The breast be still, the cheek be dry ?

How little of ourselves we know
 Before a grief the heart has felt !
 The lessons that we learn of woe
 May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
 The reach of thought, the strength of will,
 'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth—
 Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
 The hope unchequer'd by a pang ;
 The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound ;
 And Sappho wept before she sang.

Tears at each pure emotion flow ;
 They wait on Pity's gentle claim—
 On Admiration's fervid glow—
 On Piety's seraphic flame.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears
 The loaded spirit feels forgiven ;
 And through the mist of falling tears
 We catch the clearest glimpse of Heaven.

LOST AND FOUND.

Who that knows Paris, does not know the beautiful old tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, near the sumptuous Hotel de Ville, formerly hidden in the midst of a labyrinth of crooked, narrow, sunless, filthy alleys, the opprobrium of the capital, but now lifting its noble proportions into the bright blue sky, the glory of a large, airy square, just converted into a tasteful public garden, and opening, on either hand, upon wide, handsome streets; presenting to the eye long perspectives of fine buildings, brilliant shops, and gay promenades? No spot of the earth's surface—not excepting even the most renowned sites of Imperial Rome—could furnish, from its own individual history, a more varied and instructive summary of historical and social vicissitude, than that on which stands my favourite tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie.

Among the crowd of mothers, nurses, babies, and loungers, who lost no time in entering on the enjoyment of the pretty garden round the base of the tower, I had once or twice noticed a very pretty, neat-looking young woman, apparently about twenty years of age, and an *ouvrière*; who was always accompanied by a little fellow of some three years, of whom she took the greatest care, never allowing him to be out of her sight for an instant; and, indeed, scarcely ever letting him leave hold of her hand. The child was always neatly-dressed, and seemed to be lively and intelligent. Something about the appearance of both of them interested me; and I soon found myself looking for them whenever I went into the garden. The young woman was evidently poor, and as evidently sorrowful. She seemed to know nobody; and looked like one accustomed to live alone, and bear her own troubles, whatever they might be, in silence and quiet. I could not help feeling a certain curiosity to learn her history; but was at a loss for any decent pretext for accosting her. All at once, her visits to the garden seemed to cease; at least, for a period of a month or so, I saw no more of her. But one afternoon, as I was sitting, with a book, on the sunny side of the tower, I suddenly bethought me of the young woman and the child; and, looking round involuntarily, in the hope of seeing them, I caught sight of them just entering the garden-gates. The young woman looked paler and shabbier than formerly, and the child was evidently recovering from an illness; for he looked wan and languid, and appeared to walk with difficulty.

"*Maman, I'm tired!*" I heard him exclaim, as they approached the place where I was sitting. There was a vacant place on the bench beside me; and I drew my gown a little closer to make room for them. The young woman glanced at me quickly as I did so, and after a moment's hesitation sat down beside me, lifting the child upon her lap.

"*Eh bien, chéri, thou shalt rest nicely now,*" said the young woman, caressing him, "see how pretty the flowers are, and how warm the sun is here; 'twill do thee good *mon petit chou.*"

"*Maman, I'm hungry!*" said the little fellow presently, laying his head on her shoulder.

Thereupon the young woman put her hand in her pocket, and drawing out a bit of bread, carefully folded in a piece of paper, offered it to the child. It was a very small bit, white, and quite clean; but it looked dry and uninviting.

"I don't want that! Give me something else!" cried the child, fretfully, turning away his head.

"*Maman* has nothing else, darling!" said the mother in a low voice, replacing the bread in the paper, and putting it back into her pocket with a sigh. As she bent forward to kiss the child's forehead, I saw tears in her eyes.

It so happened that I had in my reticule a paper of sponge-cakes that I had just bought for a little pet of mine, who never fails, as soon as she sees me, to hold out a pair of tiny fat paws and demands a "punze-tate;" so, having taken the parcel from its receptacle, I opened it, and held it before the child.

"They are very wholesome," I remarked to the mother, delighted with the opportunity of making acquaintance with her, and determined to profit by it, if possible, "and I hope you will allow your little boy to take one, if he likes them."

"Madame is a thousand times too good!" exclaimed the young woman, blushing, as the child eagerly stretched out its thin hand to the paper, "my poor little Pierre is not very well, and does not fancy his food; but I fear it would be trespassing too far on the kindness of Madame!"

"Not at all," I replied, putting a cake into the out-stretched hand, "there are plenty of cakes in the paper, as you see; and I am very glad to see that your little boy likes them."

The ice thus broken, I soon learned that the young woman was a sempstress, as I had supposed, and would fain have gathered a few particulars of her history; but she was far less communicative than people of her class are apt to be, and it was necessary to proceed with caution.

I therefore observed, with affected carelessness, that I was looking for some one to sew for me, and enquired whether she could undertake the work I wished to get done?

She replied that she should be very glad to do so, as her little boy's illness had obliged her to send back several pieces of work that had been entrusted to her; and, the child not being yet sufficiently recovered for her to go in search of employment, she had, just then, nothing in hand.

Having taken her address—which proved to be very near my own residence—and insisted on her accepting the parcel of sponge-cakes for her little boy, I left the garden, feeling more than ever interested for this young mother, so pretty, modest, and uncomplaining, and yet so evidently solitary and friendless amidst the difficulties and temptations of the great city. I felt persuaded that there must be some painful circumstances in her history; and was determined that any aid I might be able to give her in surmounting them, should not be wanting.

Accordingly I took an early opportunity of calling on the little sempstress, "taking a few informations" about her, as is the phrase and the custom here, from the portress, before climbing to the attic in which she lived.

I thus learned that Thérèse Dubecq (I forgot to say that such was the name she had given me in the garden) had come from the country some three years ago, since which time she had lived in the house, in which she was much respected as a "quiet, industrious young woman, whom no one could say anything against, although," she remarked, "she may, or may not, be a widow, as she stated herself to be, when she came; but, very sure, if there's anything wrong in that quarter, it must be more the fault of other people than her own, seeing how young she was when she came, and how well-conducted she has been ever since. Not but what she may be a widow, after all, as she says she is; only it seems odd, in that case, that she should have no friends or relations to look to," continued the good woman; "but it

is pretty sure she has none, for when I saw her little boy so ill of the measles, and she unable to go on with her sewing, having to nurse him, I advised her to apply to her family for assistance, but she replied that she was an orphan, and had no one to look to but herself." The portress further informed me that Thérèse Dubecq, "though a good needlewoman, gained but little, as having no connexions, she was obliged to work principally for the shops; so that the expenses of the child's illness must have reduced her finances to a very low point. And, though the doctor said, he needed meat and wine, and to go into the country, (and that Thérèse would sacrifice everything for that child, who was her idol!) of course she could give him nothing of all that; and indeed she had been obliged to pawn many of her clothes, of late, having been unable to work."

Having learned these details, I made my way upstairs to the young sempstress's room. It was very humble, but very clean; and its occupant seemed very glad to see the little roll of sewing I brought her; the price of which, paid in advance, for the nonce, however, (I approve of that sort of thing in a general way) enabled her to provide something more nutritious for the little invalid than the sponge-cakes which had formed his sole diet since the day before.

Thérèse executed my commission, and some others which I procured for her, so well, that a friend of mine, who lives in the country, and is always ready to lend a helping hand to those who need one, empowered me, shortly afterwards, to send the little sempstress to her, for a month, to do up a quantity of making and mending, taking little Pierre with her, an arrangement which proved very satisfactory to my friend, and was of great benefit to the young woman and her child, who came back from the fresh air and abundant diet they had been enjoying, looking quite like other people.

From this time I frequently saw Thérèse, and gradually learned the facts of her past history. She had been left an orphan in her childhood, and had lived as servant in the house of a peasant, between whose son and herself an attachment had sprung up. Pierre Blanc wished to marry Thérèse; but his parents refused their consent to the match, thinking he ought to find a better "parti." A neighbour, whose daughter had a dot of about an acre and a quarter of land close by the bit possessed by Pierre's father, had, it seemed, proposed to the latter an alliance, matrimonial and territorial, between their children; overtures which Pierre's parents were bent upon accepting, but which Pierre himself was equally bent on refusing. While things were at this point in the peasant's household, his wife died; and his son, having "drawn a bad number," was drafted into the army. Finding it impossible to obtain his father's consent to their union, Pierre, before joining his regiment, persuaded Thérèse to accompany him to a neighbouring hamlet, where they were privately married; after which, Pierre set out for his new quarters. His regiment, soon after he had joined it, was sent to Algeria, where he was attacked with fever, and died, after a brief illness. On receiving this sad intelligence from old Blanc, a few weeks after the son's departure, Thérèse, in the first burst of her sorrow, unfortunately betrayed the secret of her clandestine marriage; and the peasant, furious at the discovery, at once turned her out of his house, forbidding her ever again to cross his threshold. As Pierre, like Thérèse, was a minor, their marriage, having been contracted without the consent of his father, could only—according to French law—have become valid after the expiration of a term of three years, during which no legal opposition should have been made to it by his father. But this tacit validation of their marriage, on which Pierre had counted, was now prevented by the unguarded avowals of Thérèse; and the angry father had little difficulty in causing it to be set aside, in order, as he

declared, that Thérèse might never be able to claim the "effects" to which after his decease, she would have been entitled, as the widow of his son.

The unfortunate girl, having in vain endeavoured to find employment in the village—where the calumnies industriously circulated against her by the peasants whose daughter Pierre had refused to marry, and by old Blanc, who accused her of having "bewitched" his son, had caused her to be regarded with general suspicion and ill-will—utterly friendless, and looking forward to an event, the prospect of which filled her alternately with joy and with dismay, formed the desperate resolution of coming to Paris, where she hoped to be out of the sight of all who had ever known her, and to support herself and her infant with her needle.

Her slender savings, together with the small sum, which was all that Pierre could give her when he left, barely sufficed for her journey; which she accomplished mostly on foot, with the help of an occasional lift in the carts that overtook her on the road. One of these, however, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, was of great service to her, for the wife of the owner of the vehicle happened to be in it; and having learned that the young peasant-girl was without friends or resources, advised her to apply at once for admission to the great *hospice* of La Maternité, where thousands of destitute women are received gratis, every year, for the period of their lying-in. The good woman, not content with proffering this counsel, proposed, on reaching Paris, to take her immediately to the institution, and to see her safely received within its walls; an offer which was thankfully accepted by Thérèse.

On quitting the Maternité, a fortnight after the birth of her child, with the small sum of money given to all mothers who declare their intention of retaining their infant (those renounced by their mothers being sent to the Foundling Hospital), Thérèse had taken the room in which, under the assumed of Thérèse Dubecq, she had remained, as the reader already knows, until I found her out.

The memory of the child's father Thérèse still cherished with unchanged affection. "He meant no harm, and if he had lived he would have done the right thing by Pierre and me," was her sole comment on the past; as the bringing-up of her child honestly, and as she thought its father would have approved, was the sole idea she seemed to have for the future.

It was impossible not to be interested on behalf of this ill-starved, friendless young creature, bearing the hardships of her lot so patiently, and manifesting so entire a devotion to her child; and as she executed with skill and punctuality all the sewing entrusted to her, I found it no very difficult matter to secure for her, among my friends, as much work as she could get through with.

Living near me, as already remarked, she was often at my house; sometimes bringing home sewing she had done for me, at others, being sent for to lend an occasional hand in the kitchen when company was expected, or any other household emergency rendered a little assistance necessary. At such times, Thérèse was invariably accompanied by her child, now becoming a handsome and intelligent little fellow, and rapidly approaching the epoch at which he was to be sent to the public school of the quarter in which we lived; the child, meantime, having struck up a warm friendship with the two little sons of my portress, who were about his own age, and never failing to pass an hour or two in playing with them in the court below, whenever he accompanied his mother to my house.

Things were in this state with my pretty little protégé when the late Italian war broke out; the sudden awaking of martial ardour, and the prominence thereupon given to the army and everything relating to it, re-

viving the memory of Thérèse's old sorrows, and calling up all her former regrets.

"My poor Pierre would have made a first-rate soldier, he was so strong and so brave," she would say, wiping away a few tears; "and who knows what he might have become, if it had pleased the good God to spare his life."

The sight of soldiers had thus a depressing effect upon Thérèse; and though she never failed, when a body of troops happened to march by, to lift little Pierre in her arms, and cause him to salute them with his hand for the love of the father he had never known, she herself, after one of these *rencontres*, was always silent and sad for the rest of the day.

When the campaign was brought so suddenly to an end, and it was announced that the returning troops would make their triumphal entry into Paris, my servants, like everybody else, were of course agog to witness a spectacle which it was known that the government and the municipal authorities had determined should surpass in splendour all the pageants hitherto beheld in this gay capital; and having, equally as a matter of course, obtained permission to witness the show, they invited Thérèse to accompany them.

But Thérèse declined this invitation. The sight of the serried ranks among whom her lost soldier would probably have been, had not his career been so suddenly cut short, was more than she could bear; and she had made up her mind to stay in-doors with little Pierre, quite out of the way of sights and sounds that could only have caused her useless pain.

"If it be so," I replied, when my maid had taken an opportunity of imparting to me the young sempstress's refusal, and its motive, "ask Thérèse to come and stay here with Pierre, while you are all out, and get things ready for cook's return. She will perhaps feel less lonely here than in her own little room; and as she can stay and dine with you, the day will not be altogether a sad one for her, after all." This arrangement was gratefully accepted by Thérèse, who accordingly made her appearance at my house, with Pierre, early on the Sunday morning appointed for the entry, and prepared to take care of my deserted rooms in the absence of their usual inmates.

Of the appearance of this brilliant capital on that bright August day—of the triumphal arches spanning the Boulevards, the flags, streamers, garlands, draperies, and mottoes, stretching across the streets, fluttering from balconies, and depending across the handsome fronts of the white freestone houses;—of the beautiful rue de la Paix, with its colossal statue of Peace (whose fingers, one could hardly help thinking, must have been strangely tempted to perform a suggestive fantasia on nothing, in the immediate proximity of its nose!) its gold and velvet hangings, and gilded Victories, standing on lofty pillars, and holding gilded laurel-wreaths in their outstretched hands;—or of the Place Vendôme, transformed into a magnificent drawing-room for the Court, the "Great Bodies of the State," the Ambassadors, and other favoured mortals possessing a prescriptive right to admission to this crowning point of the gay scene, it were needless to enter on a description here. Equally needless were it to enlarge upon the vastness and good-humour of the crowd that was packed, in the dense mass, to the number of some five hundred thousand, on the pavements skirting the line of march, from the Place de la Bastille—where the Emperor, with his brilliant staff, met the entering troops—to the Place Vendôme, whither he preceded their advancing lines, and where he remained on his glossy bay charger, while the sixty thousand troops, chosen to represent the victorious army, defiled before him. The details of this magnificent pageant, with its bands of wounded and convalescents, the cannon and colours that had played so conspicuous a

part in the brief but bloody drama then brought to a close, the splendid accoutrements of the Guard; the worn and faded uniforms of the indomitable troops of the line; the Zouaves, with their bronzed faces and jaunty air; the ebon-skinned Turcos, picturesque but ferocious, with their white teeth and turbans, their Oriental costume, and the crescent on their colours; the acclamations that almost drowned the music of the military bands, the waving of handkerchiefs, the avalanche of bouquets, and the dartings in and out of excited civilians hugging and kissing some friend or relative as he marched by,—are all fresh in everyone's memory. Suffice it to say that, the brilliant celebration over, and the violent showers which had fallen during the day, being succeeded by the brightest sunshine, we secured the first empty *voiture* that could be found, and drove home, rejoicing, not a little, at the thought of the rest and dinner awaiting us, after the excitement and fatigue of the day.

Arrived at the house, I was startled by seeing my portress, with a face of great consternation, evidently on the look-out for my return. From her I learned that little Pierre, who had been left with her children, as usual, to play in the court, while his mother went up to my apartment, was missing; and that his mother, in an agony of anxiety and terror, had rushed off to look for him, some hours before, and had not been heard of since. It appeared, that the children of the portress, who were longing to see the entry, had slipped off, unknown to their mother, and had gone on in the direction of the Boulevards, taking little Pierre with them; until becoming frightened at the dense crowd, amidst which they had found themselves, as they neared the line of the procession, they had made the best of their way home again, but without Pierre, from whom they had been separated in the crowd, and of whom they had lost all trace in an instant.

As it was most improbable that Thérèse would be able to find her child by her own unaided exertions, I drove to the nearest police-station, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that the matter was in the right hands, and that the lost child would at once be searched for in every quarter of Paris, and restored, as soon as found, to its mother. But so many accidents might have happened to him, and so many terrible tales of children kidnapped rushed into my mind, that I could not doubt but that poor Thérèse must be in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

Any attempt to follow the latter, in her wild rush in search of the child, was, of course, out of the question. I sent to the people of the house in which she lived, desiring them to let me know when she returned, as I supposed she would do, if only to know if little Pierre had found his way home during her absence; and waited, with great anxiety, for news of the two fugitives.

Late in the evening, a message informed me that Thérèse was at home, but still without news of the child: that she "was out of herself," and bent on setting off again to resume her search; a proceeding very natural on her part, but one which could evidently do no good whatever. So I put on my bonnet and shawl, and taking a servant with me, hastened off to my unfortunate *protégée*, whom I found, in truth, almost beside herself; and trouble enough I had in persuading the poor girl, as I at length succeeded in doing, to remain quietly at home, and trust to the intelligent activity of the police, whose service is so efficiently organized here, and who, thanks to the city-telegraph, hold instantaneous communication with every quarter of the town. With some trouble, too, I persuaded her also to take some nourishment, of which she stood sorely in need; but such was her state of excitement and distress that I really could not bear to leave her alone in her misery, and determined to remain with her through the night, if no news

arrived of the child. Every half-hour my servant went to the police-office, which was luckily close by; but half hours, and hours, succeeded one another, and still no tidings of him had been obtained.

The fact of little Pierre's disappearance having soon become known to the neighbours, several zealous volunteers had started off for the purpose of searching for him in all the streets through which the little truants had passed on their unlucky expedition. These had now come back, one by one, as evening wore on; but none of them had been able to learn anything of the child.

The night was sultry, and the window of Thérèse's little room was left open. The clocks had just tolled one, and the stillness of the streets was now only broken by an occasional footfall. In the poor sempstress's chamber, only her heavy passionate sobs were audible, from time to time, as she raised herself out of her chair to listen, only to fall back again, heart-sick and despairing.

Despite the sincerity of my sympathy for the poor young mother, and my anxiety respecting the lost child, I was just becoming conscious of an uncomfortable stiffness of the eyelids, when I suddenly heard a sound of feet and voices coming down the street, and followed by a loud ring at the house-door. More like the bound of a panther, than the movement of a Christian woman, was the spring with which Thérèse leapt from her chair, and down the long staircase, as her ear took in these welcome sounds. Surely little Pierre was found at last, but in what condition?

"Heaven grant the little monkey be safe and sound!" was my mental ejaculation, as I hastened after her.

We reached the foot of the stairs, just as the porter, in answer to the noisy summons from without, had jerked open the *porte cochère*; a shout of welcome from that personage, his wife, and several tenants of the house, who had put their night-capped heads out of their respective windows, in sympathy with the presumed cause of this late appeal to the door-bell, accompanying the entrance of a good-looking young soldier, who was crossing the court with the missing child seated in triumph on his shoulder, and a group of soldiers and policemen following close behind.

Thérèse had rushed forward, in her wild joy, to seize her child; but stopped short, half-fainting, as she caught sight of the young soldier's face.

"Pierre!"

"Thérèse!"

The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. The young soldier, who had thus brought back the missing child, and in whose strong arms the poor, forsaken girl, was now clasped so tenderly, was, as my readers have doubtless divined already, no other than her long-lost lover, Pierre Blanc.

The rest of this little history may be briefly told. I have merely to add, that the false report of Pierre's death had arisen from the decease of another soldier of the same name; a mistake which had not been rectified until after Thérèse had left the village. On learning that his son was still living, Old Blanc had duly notified him of the setting aside of his marriage, and the disappearance of Thérèse; and Pierre, whose determination to make her his wife was only strengthened by his father's harshness, had caused various enquiries to be made after her, through the Colonel of his regiment, to whom he had imparted his history, and his anxieties on her account. At the solicitations of that officer, the *maire* of the village had been applied to for information respecting Thérèse; but, as she had quitted the neighbourhood without informing any one of her intentions, it was impossible to discover any trace of her whereabouts. After a stay of nearly four years in Algeria, during which period Pierre had never ceased his endeavours to obtain

tidings of Thérèse, and had regularly remitted all his savings to the *maire* of his village for her use, in case that functionary had been able to discover her retreat, his regiment had been ordered to Italy, where it had taken part in various engagements, and whence it had returned just in time to take part in the "*solennités*" of that memorable day.

As Pierre, with his regiment, was marching off to quarters, he had suddenly come upon a young child who was standing in the line of march, to which it seemed to have found its way through the legs of the soldiers stationed on guard along the pavement; and yielding to the impulse of the moment, had picked up the little child, placed him on his shoulder, and marched off with him, just as a *sergeant de ville* was approaching the child, apparently with the intention of putting him back into the crowd. Being near the barracks where they were to dine, Pierre,—with whom his new acquaintance was soon on the best possible terms—determined to keep him to share his dinner.

With the exception of the Turcos—who inspired to much apprehension in the minds of the Paris shopkeepers, and were marched out of the city as soon as the procession was over—all the soldiers who had taken part in the entry, had received permission to spend the night as they liked; and Pierre consequently counted on being able to take the child home directly after dinner. Scarcely, however, had Pierre reached the barracks, when he was sent for by his Colonel, and hastily committed his little charge to a comrade, who promised to take care of him until he returned. The business on which Pierre had been sent for, detained him for a couple of hours; and on returning to the barracks he found that his comrade had gone off, with several others, to one of the theatres, taking the child with him. On their return, Pierre lost no time in carrying the little truant home to his mother, whose address he was, fortunately, able to give correctly; but as the child had given the name which Thérèse—with a view to the more effectual concealment of her whereabouts—had taken when she came to Paris, the young soldier was altogether unsuspecting of the surprise awaiting him.

The joy of all parties at this unlooked-for meeting may be easily imagined. Pierre Senior, whose pride in the possession of the son and heir so strangely discovered, is only equalled by the delight of Pierre Junior in the acquisition of a sire, and who has now reached an age at which he is legally independent of paternal authority, lost no time in repairing the shortcomings of the past. The marriage of this humble couple, so happily reunited, took place as soon as the formalities of the French matrimonial law could be gone through with; and gave more sincere satisfaction to the few who witnessed it, than might have been afforded by many a more brilliant affair of the same kind.

In a couple of years, Pierre hopes to leave the army—to settle quietly to some honest calling, by which, with the aid of his industrious wife—now as happy as the day is long—he will be able to gain a fair livelihood. Meantime, Thérèse is living on in her old room, and working even more busily than before; her earnings being destined to furnish the future home which she is bent on getting ready for her husband's return. Up to the present time, old Blanc has shown no symptoms of relenting; but, as his son's marriage is now a *fait accompli*, it is just possible that the existence of a grandchild, and the excellent conduct of its mother, may eventually mollify his obstinate resolutions; in which case, I must resign myself to losing the services of my little sempstress a few years sooner than might otherwise have been the case.

A. B.

LABOUR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us.
 Hark ! how creation's deep musical chorus
 Unintermitting goes up into heaven !
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
 Never the little seed stayeth its growing ;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is *worship* !" the robin is singing ;
 "Labour is *worship* !" the wild bee is ringing—
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper unspringing,
 Speaks to the soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower—
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labour is *life* ! 'Tis the still water faileth—
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labour is *glory* ! The flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens—
 Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune !

Labour is *rest* from the sorrows that greet us !—
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us—
 Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us—
 Rest from world's syrens, that lure us to ill.
 Work !—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
 Work !—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow—
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee,
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee,
 Look to yon pure heaven, smiling beyond thee—
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !
 WORK for some good, be it ever so slowly !
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly !
 LABOUR !—all labour is noble and holy ;
 Let thy great deeds prove thy love to thy God !

A NIGHT AT AN OLD PARIS TAVERN.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

WHOEVER has been to Paris—I am speaking of by-gone days, by the way—will necessarily know the locality of the “Temple,” the astonishing “Rag-Fair” of that very astonishing city. It is to this immediate neighbourhood that I wish my reader to accompany me.

Passing by the *Rotonde*, emerging thence into the Rue Forez, and next into that of the Beaujolais, the wayfarer will find himself near the spot where the Old Tavern—now, alas! swept away, was to be found. This last street used to bear a very gloomy look, indeed. At night, lamps placed at long intervals cast a flickering glare on the closed shops of the *Rotonde*, while deepest shadows reigned under its sombre perityte, between the columns of which ragged garments dangled in the passing wind. But let us on to our Old Tavern.

A dark passage or alley, lighted only by a single lamp, was to be found in the midst of a dense mass of houses. Above the entrance, the feeble light reflected upon a sign whose ancient grandeur was become very faded, but in its smoky depths might be traced the forms and effigies of four men habited as dragoons, and mounted on four animals—hippogriffs which had no name in natural history. These represented the “Four Sons of Aymon;” and beneath this achievement could be traced a sentence to the effect that there they dispensed wine, beer, and brandy. That there was a billiard table within; also that there was a garden and bowling-ground (*le jeu de Siané*) at the bottom of the court. From these chaotic depths would come hurtling forth in the middle of the night a “derry-down” sort of chorus in the following form:—

La ri fla fla fla,
La ri fla fla fla,
La ri fla! fla fla!

the last being given with a peculiar and significant energy.

The establishment denominated “*Les quatre fils d'Aymon*” enjoyed a reputation for general jollity, as also for commercial pursuits more equivocal. Here the Parisian “Autolycus” rejoined his associates at night with his collection of “unconsidered trifles,” having filched during the day some thirty francs’ worth of garments; and here necessity or speculation could be fully tempted and satisfied. “Autolycus” on his return generally presented a swollen and pulpy appearance, being clad pretty much like the rider in a circus, who has, beneath a couple of coats, vests and pantaloons innumerable, while his pockets are not empty, and his hat, inclining a little to one side, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, is stuffed with stolen cravats. Here, according to temperature, they become frank and communicative, or vicious, quarrelsome, and more witty than polite. Some gamed, some drank, and some did neither; but here they held a rank and social *status*, and here, as a rule, that portion of their life not spent in prison, or in following, like Falstaff, their “vocation,” was passed away.

The business (let us go back at once a sufficient number of years, and speak of the *past*, as *present*)—the business of the “*Quatre fils d'Aymon*,”

presided over by the estimable and extensive relict of a certain M. Tambour, late of the Imperial Guard, is carried on at the back of the establishment facing the Rotonde. The mere common-place visitors enter and depart by the dark alley opening on the same; but the more favoured (those who are in the good graces of the gentle widow) use another mode of ingress and egress, gaining thus, unnoticed, the Rue Charlot, by a neighbouring alley. Among the habitual customers of the tavern there are many not indifferent to an accommodation so convenient; and as a favour of this nature becomes soon especially appreciable to such as follow an eccentric and even perilous course of industry, it is used with due discretion.

The frequenters of the "Four Sons" are of a numerous and motley order. Some are simply of the vagabond and *gamin* class. Others are of the *genus* "black-leg," while a third division, on the pretence of selling checks and tickets, pursue their occupations with immunity in the neighbourhood of the theatres. Besides these, there is your unfortunate sailor saved from shipwreck on some flying island or laputa. A few sell tin-headed canes, or small steel chains, on the Boulevards. Some who have rural tastes dispense the holy thorn blessed on Palm Sunday. What they pay for, or how they obtain this sacred verdure, is always a mystery, but the returns are excellent, and the traffic gives the vendors a right to make their way into the thickest of a crowd in the neighbourhood of the churches. This is sufficient for them if they have a ready hand and a good conscience, that is to say, a conscience which fits like a glove.

Here from time to time assemble the thousand and one speculators in open-air amusements, games of chance, and other enlivening attractions, some being tolerated by the police, while others are as stringently prohibited. Here you find your old acquaintance with his "white rabbit," whom you have met at Sceaux, or Meudon, or Loges, and who graciously invites the amateur to cover his enchanted table with pieces of *white iron*. Here assemble the amusing tricksters in every "dodge" that human ingenuity can invent. This is the rendezvous of those perfidious perambulating bankers, who, by the inducement of tempting *macaroons*, revive the forbidden *roulette* under the open sky, and pocket the *sous* of the simple. Here may be encountered those redoubtable scamps, the scourge and terror of more Fauxbourgs than that of St. Antoine, who despoil the credulous and the eager at the never-to-be-enough-admired game of *Tirlibili*. While these are most fiercely hunted by the police, the rascals disdain to pollute their fingers with copper, but, as at Frascati's, they play for five-franc pieces. This, if it asserts the dignity of the game, is certainly not intended to defray the expenses of their..... establishment, since they form their party in the middle of the street, and play under the shadow of an old hat. Three cards, deftly handled, which leap one after another with a magical rapidity, a lonely street, a sunless day, four or five companions who watch every avenue, a dupe and a rogue—these are the simple elements of the noble game of *Tirlibili*.

The industrial confraternity who held their nightly revels at the "*Quatre fils d'Aymon*" are mostly, and despite exceptions, engaged in the clothes, cloth, and stuff "line." That is to say, as purveyors or otherwise (for "what's in a name?") purloiners, the very contiguity of the Temple being to this free brotherhood as important in its way as the Exchange is to the merchant. A good "hand at business" is alone enabled to stock a couple of dealers, while the thing is all the more successful if he possesses a female partner who honours with her occasional presence the shops, bazaars, and "emporiums" of the city, without restricting herself by any objectionable favouritism to any one in particular, or even to one "quarter" in general,

change being with them, as with others, another name for novelty. These ladies have a striking exterior, and a captivating address. They wear rich garments with a taste which, if bizarre in selection, is at least striking when combined with the easy gait of fashionable assurance they have adopted and made their own; and it is astonishing to calculate the amount of the "shopping" they return with at night to their anxious partners at the "*Quatre fils*." This does not hinder them from enjoying themselves, from relaxing their fatigues over eau-de-vie, Roman punch, or wines of any vintage or quality. Occasionally one or two, or more of these amiable matrons disappear for a period, a fact which calls forth few remarks; but there occurs, perhaps, a knowing hint about a "country house," and a calculation regarding a certain number of days, after the expiration of which the absent is to be expected. Preparations of a festive kind are generally made, and it is remarkable with what punctuality an appointment, rather understood than actually entered into, is kept. This compulsory absence is owing solely to the envious disposition of some shopkeeper, who, finding a doleful discrepancy between his profits and loss, enters into a combination with the police, and for a time the "*Quatre fils d'Aymon*" loses the pleasure of an estimable customer's society.

It may be remarked also that among the smaller fry of freebooters who haunt this otherwise obscure head quarters by the Rotonde, there are a few "top-sawyers," real artists, virtuosos in their way, so to speak, who may be met with. Their choice of a profession so insinuating as theirs indicates a certain distinction of taste and manner. Of these, the female moiety, in order to mark the same, rejoice in the titles of "Countess," "Duchess," "Marchioness." What not? They love to mingle in the world, to give balls, to hold fêtes, and to patronize charitable institutions. They are often prosperous. They live to be old, to amass property, and, surrounded by a virtuous family, they die respected.

We will now enter the reputable tavern of the "Four Sons." In order to reach it we must plunge into and traverse this dark alley before mentioned, when we find ourselves in a dim court-yard, where a couple of bowers, extended upon worm-eaten trellis-work, are shaded by a very yellow and sickly cypress. This is flanked by a pot of "bazil," which assists at times in the culinary preparations of the stately Madame Tambour. From this garden you descend three or four steps, and enter by a passage into a large room, where on one side a billiard-table, covered with a cloth, stands on a carpet of a thousand colours, trampled into one indistinct hue.

On the "left of entrance" (as the play-books say) stands an elevated bar, where, behind a primitive counter, and seated on a chair of state, appeared the majestic form of madame herself. Behind and beside her are shelves filled with every conceivable variety of full bottles. In the centre of these is a dim window looking into the garden; on one side of her is an ample brazier fitted into a fire-place. On the other is a door leading to a staircase, her sleeping and other rooms. Before her, in a semi-circle, extends her counter, ranged with glasses, jugs, bottles, and the like; and suspended over the counter are a few lamps. Where the kitchen is to be found remains a mystery, but that it exists is a fact proved by the edibles, broiled and roast, which orders produce as by magic, while the lights, frowning through the lucid bottles, exhibit in tints of ruby, amber, opal, and still richer colours, every conceivable variety of drinkables. We make a bow to madame, and bestow upon her an inquiring look. The widow is a woman of more than—well—say fifty, with a physiognomy at once masculine, roseate, and impressive. She has ruled at the bar of the "*Quatre fils*" from time immemorial; she holds politic opinions which cannot be said to be political, wears

a majestic cap, ruddy with scarlet ribands, and confesses to a positive taste for grog—rum and water in fact, being affected with spasms. She is a woman of a gravity almost austere, as becomes the dignity of the social scale to which she pertains, and on the occasions when the police visit her domicile, and chat with her in her private room, she is accustomed to claim respect and distinction in her quality of widow to an officer in the Imperial Guard, and to invoke a portrait of the Emperor which hangs there in proof thereof, together with the evidences of a few martial, but rusted *souvenirs* that adorn the walls. Firm and submissive, and quite accustomed to rule men by authoritative, as also by mild means, her establishment has even an odour of sanctity about it, and the police leave her with graceful bows. She inspires among her familiars a sentiment of affection, touchingly tempered by respect. She had mastered the difficult art of knowing when and how to give credit, and so vast are her resources, and so admirable her arrangements, that if any one of her customers (it is said) were to bring her a *horse*, she would find a place wherein to hide it, and a means whereby to dispose of it, with perfect safety and a fair profit.

It is evening. The hall is lighted up and crowded with persons. There has been a fête, a supper, a feast. There has been, and there is now going forward, some serious drinking, and they are clearing the tables and forms away to the sides along the walls, in order to leave ample space for the dancers on the floor. This has been done in a deferential and surreptitious manner, for occasional glances go to Madame Tambour, who has not granted permission; but neither has she forbidden it. At this present moment, while the orchestra at the other extremity is tuning up, she is deeply interested in the perusal of an article directed against the Jesuits, published in a journal devoted to the interests of the priests. She punctuates this by occasional "small drinks" from a tumbler of "two-water grog," into which, for the sake of decorum, she has poured a little *tisane* out of a bulky and ostentatious bottle at hand, but the mighty and unmistakeable odour of "old Jamiaca" floats like a halo around her head. Now she is cold, tranquil, and dignified. Presently she will lift up her eyes with a flash of rage, she will bridle up, and boil over, and then—"look out."

Meantime, the long wide chamber is alive with groups, and the fiddlers play fast and furiously, for the graceful quadrille begins to be voted "slow." The din of the dances is blended with shouts of joy and loud laughter. Jests of a true tavern stamp begin to be exchanged, garnished with those salient verbal ornaments the real *Bohemian* is alone an adept in. It would be difficult to find in all Paris, the Quartier Latin included, a more gay and recklessly jovial assemblage.

Some are becoming fast inebriated, and the dancing, truth to say, grows a little disorderly, but it does not go beyond prescribed bounds, which leaves a large latitude for the energy of the actors to display itself. Besides, the eye of Madame Tambour, the respected relict of &c.—is upon them. She commands the whole scene at a glance. She interrupts her reading and her humecting to send her sonorous voice with a regal air throughout the hall—"See that you don't make fools of yourselves!"

The raging storm, thus calmed for a brief instant, only to burst forth afresh with ten-fold fury, she plunges into her tumbler and her journal, while her attendant serves out liqueurs, eagerly demanded. The dancing is at its height, and to the wonderful evolutions of the ladies the gentlemen add *pastorale* novelties, not so strongly "accented" as at the charming balls of the Prado or the Chaumière, where provincial parents send their heirs to study for six months in the year during the Parisian educational *curriculum*, as our country youth are educated at our "casinos;" in fact, where so

much that is valuable in law, philosophy, or medicine is to be acquired by perseverance and attendance rather than attention.

The orchestra was now assisted by several potential voices, male and female, the shriller tones of the one blending with the hoarser diapason of the other, and some convert the tables into drums by beating on them with their powerful fists. As all are by this time elevated, this does not prevent the vocalists from exercising leg and limb, and the dance goes on with fresh energy, and amidst *vivas* and *encores*. The concert is on the increase, for, added to it are the doleful sounds of the *bombarde*, a Breton instrument, very hoarse, and dismally out of tune. The scream of the violins, the shrill trebles of the women, the deeper basses of the men, the drumming on the tables, and the dreadful *bombarde* groaning like a thousand ghosts in agony, blend together in one horrible *crescendo*, deafening, maddening to hear. The player of the *bombarde*, by his distended cheeks and starting eyes, seems to be blowing his brains away through it, and is only withheld from thorough collapse by the copious draughts with which he recruits his strength. The diabolical *bombarde* disturbs even the sturdy endurance of madame the relict, who, placing down her journal, and putting her hands to her mouth, called aloud—

“Tâchez voir de ne pas faire de bêtises !”

The dance ends with all the air of being finished in obedience with the the widow's authority, and the respected relict of the Imperial Guard resumes her occupation. The orchestra is becoming painfully silent, one last dismal sigh alone escaping the *bombarde* as it regretfully expires. Windows are opened to freshen the hall, and a slight lull takes place.

Just now, a fast young Parisian dandy, with a merry handsome face, and dressed in the most brilliantly coloured garments up to “within an inch of his life,” rises glass in hand, while the soiled waiters fill up a dozen others, and with a beaming smile, and an eye in which irony and mirth mingle, bows gracefully, evidently waiting for what is so difficult to obtain—silence. Seeing this, a pretty Rigolette, pursing up her rosy lips, and mimicking madame's voice, says—

“Attention, ladies and gentlemen. Don't make fools of yourselves ! Adolphe is going to make us a charming speech.”

“And in effect, my little princess,” says Adolphe, “you have offered yourself as a subject *apropos*. Ladies, I salute you all. I welcome you with your laughter and your white teeth, whether true or real. I bask in the beams of your eyes, whether lighted up with gladness, love or wine. And *apropos* of wine too, let us drink to that which makes us forget we were penniless yesterday—that makes yesterday and to-morrow just the same thing ; let us drink to that which gives to your beauties fresh charms, to your wit a keener edge, and to your laughter a richer music ; let us drink to that which makes us adore you furiously, if only for an hour.”

“Only listen to the traitor, Duchess,” says a “Countess” of such voluminous extent as eclipsed in bulk and grandeur the half a dozen lost in her shadow.

“*Tiens !* let the fargeur go on,” says the “Duchess.”

“Ah ! you forgive me, I know,” and Adolphe kisses his finger-tips. “Let us drink first to the ladies, and then to the wine, which sleeps in the bottle, bubbles in the glass, and dances through the veins like—like—like lightning in the skies ! Dissolve your pearls in it, you who have them, and you who have none, drink ! and so, *le vin d'amour !*”

Here his words are lost in a tempest, a whirlwind, a hurricane, an earthquake, and a thunder of applause, loud, long, and rapturous, till all past sounds and noises, including even that of the *bombarde*, become by com-

parison merely mixed "effusions." Never has the "*Quatre fils d'Aymon*" echoed to such a rousing, not even when the *Mousquetaires* drank and sang and quarrelled there generations ago. The tumultuous few has augmented itself, and culminated like ten thousand thunders. Adolphe had made them all gay, and wittier than ever, and Rigolette is adorable with her ringing laugh. The "titled" dames are exhausted with their own mirth, and the bell, the gestures, the *Tachez Voir* of the majestic relict are alike disregarded. She herself looks around the tumultuous assembly with gathering disgust, and takes refuge in her contempt. Mentally consigning them one and all to Tophet, she submits to the mollifying influences of another stiff tumbler of *tisane* and rum, and resumes her journal.

All at once, the "Countess" and the "Duchess" make a rush from the table where Adolphe presides, and to keep the fun from flagging, they bring up a short squab figure they have pounced upon, despite his plunging, his entreaties, and his alarm. This is some respectable grocer from the Rue St. Denis, who, wishing to "see life," has been introduced thither by a waggish acquaintance who is on good terms with Adolphe, to whom he tips the wink, who tips it in turn, and the adventurous individual, under the auspices of these titled dames, who wished to see a little of life, is likely to see a great deal more of it than he ever bargained for.

In the scuffle he has lost his wig, and with his bullet-head as "bare as the back of my hand," with a cleanly-shaven round, red, juvenile-looking face, he is lifted bodily on to the table in view of all, and a simultaneous roar of laughter greets him.

"Oh, what a head! What a figure! How little! How fat!" screams Rigolette. "It's Cupid, it's Cupid, escaped from his mamma!" and she claps her little hands.

"It's Cupid run away from his wife Psyche," exclaims the "Duchess," in a sententious moral tone.

"Poor Psyche! what will she say? Here, bring him a glass of curagoa punch," says the more sympathizing "Countess."

"Bring him a bow and quiver," adds Rigolette.

"Bring a pair of wings," suggests another.

"Pat him under the chin," exclaims a bloated beauty, who gives him an affectionate squeeze, which horrifies the respectable individual more than anything else.

"Ladies, ladies, for heaven's sake spare me! I'm the father of a family," he cries, appealing with clasped hands, and tears in his eyes.

"Only listen to the wicked Cupid," says the moralising "Duchess." "Cupid, and the father of a family? I declare the iniquity is beyond all conception."

"And to come among us who have no end of families," adds the "Countess," quite shocked. "What shall we do with him, ladies?"

"Make him drunk, and tie him to the handle of his own door." "Embrace him!" "Tickle him!" "Kiss him!"

Such are the exclamations which, like a rattle of small shot, salute the unhappy grocer, who undergoes his tortures, and despite his laughter and his cries for help. The only condition of his release is a bowl of curagoa punch, and, taking his place between the "Duchess" and the "Countess," who see that he does not miss his turn, or that his glass remains empty for five minutes.

The revel has grown far into the night, and begins in an insensible manner to die away. More than half have already departed, and the rest are succumbing one by one to the influences of the rosy god, disappearing as if by magic, or like the mortals dropping through Mirza's Bridge. It is dying

out, too, like the flame of a lamp whose wick smoulders and exhales an odour rich in rankness. Just now a knocking comes to the outer door; madame, who has finished her journal and her jorum, is desirous of retiring. She lifts up her eyes sharply, and fixes them upon Cerberus, her door-keeper, a man that stands in the same relation to his fellows as the bull-dog does to his canine fraternity at large. She shakes her head. He takes the hint, and goes to the door, the knocking at which has become more importunate.

"Who's there?" demands Cerberus in a hoarse voice grown so by crying, with "Francis the drawer," "Anon, anon, Sir."

"Who's there?"

"*Golpe*," is the reply delivered with a hiccup. This word of Temple origin, signifies a boon companion, a proper "soaker."

"What do you want?" demands Cerberus gruffly.

"Just listen to this funny fellow," says the voice without. "What do we want? I tell you its imperially cold out here, and we want to warm ourselves with Dantzic brandy. Be a jolly fellow, and be quick." There are two sides to this door," says Cerberus, "which won't be changed to-night. Listen! If you keep up that imperial hammering, I'll come out and warm you with a good crab-tree cudgel; madame orders it, so walk!" and with an anathema, some staggering steps withdraw.

Of the Terpsichorean crowds, of the witty youths, of the jolly elders, of the fair ones, young, and not so young, who assisted in this *charivari*, little seems to be left, save huddled groups cast pell-mell here and there, in every attitude of ease or accident, and a nasal under-current of sound not quite in concert pitch, shews that sleep has fallen upon the revellers. The tables are empty, save those which some drunken sleepers have converted into beds. Some may be distinguished lying beneath the benches and the tables. Male and female are one and all, in every variety of costume, including that of the carnival, slumbering in the arms of Morpheus. Cupid, who has got very "tight" indeed, is on the floor, his head lifted on a cushion, being jammed against the wall. His face is purple, and covered with profuse perspiration, for which there is good reason. The amiable "Duchess" is seated on his paunch, drowsily rubbing her eyes, having been startled by the knocking. She raises up others, including her friend the "Countess," who has to be dragged from under a pile of warriors, slaughtered by punch and *eau de vie*. Cupid is next raised up, his wig clapped on awry, and they express a determination to see him safely home, which he is grateful for.

With these depart all those who can be made to stand or walk. Madame gives Cerberus the signal to fasten up, and to extinguish the remaining lights, and leaving those who remain to sleep it out till morning, she retires to her widowed and thrice virtuous couch.

Such is a specimen of what the "*Quatre fils d'Aymon*" was in its palmy days. It is now, like madame herself, a relic(t) of the past.

MAY.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

ALAS ! alas, for the poet's theme !
 Alas ! alas, for lover's dream !
 Alas ! for all the joys that seem
 To crown thee, May !

Thy boasted flowers are all a trope ;
 Thou only hast within thy scope
 A few poor buds that dare not ope,
 Month of May.

Bantling of Winter and of Spring,
 Disown'd of both thy drooping wing,
 Thou art a sullen, fretful thing,
 Month of May.

When didst thou ever show a trace
 Of all thy poet-vaunted grace,
 Or greet them with a smiling face,
 Month of May !

Dost thou not meet them with a frown,
 And rudeness worthier of a clown,
 Pouring thy peevish tears adown,
 Month of May !

Flouting each child that with thee goes,
 And sprinkling rain-drops on his nose,
 And spoiling all his Sunday clothes,
 Month of May.

Whoso thy blighted hopes remembers,
 Would rather trust him to December's
 Honest frost and glowing embers,
 Month of May.

I could not praise thee if I would ;
 There is no reason why I should ;
 For thou art neither fair nor good,
 Month of May.

But fill the boast of ancient time,
 Redeem the promise of thy prime,
 And thou'lt have praise, both prose and rhyme,
 Month of May.

Unfold the flowers with genial rays,
 Bring shining skies and sunny days,
 So will we crown thee with our lays,
 Month of May.

And all the youths and maidens gay,
 And children in their merry play,
 Again shall hail thy dawning day,
 Month of May !

The Lodge Room.

THE SHREWSBURY A.M.C.

THE Annual Moveable Committee commenced its sittings in the quaint and picturesque town of Shrewsbury, on Whit-Monday, when one hundred and sixty-six delegates, together with the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, Corresponding Secretary, and Auditors of the Order, assembled in the large room of the Lion Hotel. The town wore its gayest air. To dismiss in a paragraph the festive portion of the proceedings, we may say that on Whit-Sunday, the district officers and members of the lodges in Shrewsbury attended Divine service at St. Chad's Church, St. Mary's, and the Abbey, where special sermons were preached; on Monday the commencement of the business was celebrated by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the fluttering of flags and banners from housetops and windows; indeed, in spite of occasional showers during the day, the fine old border town wore quite a holiday aspect: at half-past one, to the sound of music and the salute of cannon, a large number of persons left by special train for a visit to the celebrated Wrekin; and in the evening various social parties were improvised, and much pleasant gaiety prevailed: on Tuesday, a grand procession of the members in Shrewsbury and the surrounding districts paraded the town after attending Divine service at St. Chad's Church; in the evening, a banquet took place at the Music Hall, with the Mayor in the chair, while various smaller assemblies discussed viands and oratory at the several hotels and lodge rooms: on Wednesday, visits were paid to the ruins of the ancient Roman city of Uriconium at Wroxeter; in the evening, the Deputy Grand Master elect entertained his friends at the Raven Hotel, and a ball was held in the Music Hall: on Thursday, Mr. Alexander, Past Grand Master of the Unity, gave a farewell soirée, which was very numerously attended, and announced that, in consequence of failing health and increasing years, his active duties in the Order, though not in his lodge or district, were henceforth closed—and very cordial were the addresses made on the occasion: on Friday evening the real business of the meeting was over, and Mr. Burgess, Corresponding Secretary of the South London District, met a numerous party of delegates at his hotel, while similar meetings took place in other parts of the town: on Saturday, the railways that had brought the delegates to Shrewsbury carried them back to their homes, and the A.M.C. was over.

But of the practical business transacted at the Odd-fellows' Annual Parliament we can speak somewhat more at large. In opening the proceedings on Monday,

Mr. HICKTON, Grand Master of the Order for the past year, congratulated the meeting on the prosperous condition of the Manchester Unity. He said that without now adverting to the statistics with which many present were familiar, he might state that during the past year nearly 27,000 new members had been added to this—the largest friendly society in the world. This infusion of new blood could not but be highly advantageous, not only to their special society, but to the kingdom in general, and the world at large. The steady advance of the Manchester Unity was a sufficient answer to the slanders

which had for many years been industriously circulated ; and he could only hope that its example would be speedily followed by other societies. Last year a resolution was passed at Leicester, asking for certain financial returns, which he regretted to say had not been fully afforded ; and it would be for this meeting to determine what steps should be taken with regard to those districts that had not complied with the resolution. Statistics had proved, and must prove, of immense advantage to the institution, and he trusted that in future no impediment would be offered to their production. Some little trouble had been experienced by applications from lodges which possessed surplus capital, and the time was fast arriving when provision would have to be made for its appropriation, under the sanction of the officers of the order. After some further observations of a congratulatory nature the chairman declared the meeting duly and legally opened.

The AUDITORS' REPORT for the year was then read and received. The working expenses for the year 1859 were 839*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, showing a decrease of about 65*l.* upon the previous year. Owing to the reduction in the price of the magazine from 6*d.* to 3½*d.*, there was loss on that account of 22*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.* ; while in the two previous years, there was a profit of 400*l.* each year. The profit derived from the sale of goods and one levy of a half-penny per member amounted, after payment of all working expenses, to a little more than 400*l.*, and a like amount had been appropriated in paying the two debts of 300*l.* and 100*l.* to the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester, and the Salford District, borrowed on account of the building fund, leaving the buildings now entirely free from debt. The balance in the hands of the treasurer (W. Cunliffe Brookes, Esq., banker) was 1,580*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*

The appointment of committees was then proceeded with. The following seven members were selected by vote, from about 30 proposed, to act as the sub-committee, the duties of which are to examine the minutes and proceedings of the directors for the last year, and to take cognizance of all matters relating to the good and welfare of the order in general—viz., Messrs. Charles Hardwick, of Preston ; John Watson, of Durham ; T. Collins, of Wolverhampton ; J. Riley, of Rochdale ; James Webb, of Hyde ; T. Quigley, of Dublin ; and E. Noon, of Belper.

Nine deputies were then chosen to serve on the RELIEF COMMITTEE, for affording assistance to districts and lodges, if any, that may happen to be in straitened circumstances.—The same number of deputies was also elected as a NEW DISTRICT COMMITTEE, the business of which is to consider applications for the formation of new districts, or for the amalgamation of old ones with others already existing.—The like number was elected as the ESTIMATE COMMITTEE, to consider the engagements for the supply of paper for the magazine, books of laws, stationery, accounts, and other goods, provided by the officers for use of lodges.

On Tuesday the delegates met at nine o'clock and proceeded to the regular business of the meeting. The DISTRICT COMMITTEE's report was brought up by the chairman, Mr. S. Schofield, P. Prov. G.M. of the Bacup District. It recommended that the Wokingham district be in future called the Reading district, and the Sunbury change its name to that of the Richmond district. This, after some discussion, was agreed to. An alteration of name by the Wokingham district was agreed to. The Prince Albert Lodge, at Wantage, in the Abingdon district, was not allowed to leave the Abingdon and form the Wantage district. Several other requisitions for nominal changes by lodges were withdrawn, and the report in its integrity was adopted.

The RELIEF COMMITTEE's report was brought up by Prov. C.S. Reynolds, of the Cowbridge district, with several recommendations. Among them was

one to the effect that Joseph Parnell, of the Duchess of Lancaster Lodge, Liverpool district, be granted the sum of 8*l.* to relieve his extreme distress; and that 10*l.* be granted to the St. George's Lodge, Macclesfield District.—The report was adopted without discussion.

The report of the **ESTIMATE COMMITTEE** was brought up by Mr. S. Daynes, of Norwich, and adopted unanimously. It was of the ordinary technical character, but it contained one very practical and excellent recommendation. The ordinary lodge seal has long been considered troublesome and not very clean to use, in consequence of the necessity for blacking its surface with the smoke of a candle or lamp for every impression taken from it. The committee therefore proposed that small embossing machines and dies be used in the stead of seals. The directors were empowered to ascertain their cost, and to insert it in the report. It is believed that if embossing machines can be obtained at a cheap rate, they will be generally adopted in the Unity. The cost of the usual lodge seal is three shillings, at which rate the estimate of Messrs. Risdale & Co., of Bradford, was accepted.

The report of the **SUB-COMMITTEE** on the proceedings of the officers and directors during the year, was brought up by Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M. Mr. Hardwick moved, and it was seconded and carried, that the report be received and considered next day.

The meeting then proceeded to the consideration of **ALTERATIONS** in the **GENERAL LAWS**.

Mr. WITHINGTON, P.G.M., on behalf of the Openshaw district, moved that "the word 'annually' be struck out of the second general law, and the word 'biennially' be inserted; and in every law where the letters A.M.C. appear, the same be erased, and B.M.C. inserted." The effect of this proposition, if carried, would be to abolish the annual meeting in favour of a less frequent assembly of deputies.

Mr. SKINNER, of Sheffield, seconded the proposition in a long and argumentative speech, but it was eventually lost by a majority of 96 against 10.

Mr. R. GINN, of St. Ives, in the absence of Mr. Collins, moved, on behalf of the Wellington district, "That the second law be rescinded and the following substituted, viz.:—That there shall be held annually a general committee of the society, composed of deputies who have taken the purple degree, appointed by districts in strict compliance; the expenses of holding such committee, viz., deputies' attendance (except travelling expenses), rent of rooms, messengers, fittings, &c., shall be paid from the general funds of the order, subject to the control of the officers of the order and board of directors."

The proposition was seconded by P. Prov. G.M. Thomas; but on the opposition of Messrs Burton, M'Gee, and Daynes, it was unanimously rejected.

The proposition from Middlesborough, "That districts pay the travelling expenses of their own deputies out of their own funds, and that their salaries be paid out of the funds of the Unity," was not moved.

Mr. HOUGHTON, of Warrington, moved, "That new General Laws be made or altered only once in three years. In the meantime, if any law or laws be found to act diametrically opposed to the interests of the society, the directors be empowered to suspend such law or laws, so as to make them inoperative until the year appointed to alter them."

After some discussion the proposition was put and lost, the numbers being 23 for and 87 against.

Mr. GINN, of St. Ives, moved, "That there shall be five trustees of the society appointed at each A.M.C.; they shall continue in office during the pleasure of the A.M.C.; but in the event of two vacancies occurring between one A.M.C. and another, the G.M. and the board of directors to have power

to choose one other trustee to act until the next A.M.C. The trustees shall do and execute all the functions required of them by the statutes relating to friendly societies, unless herein otherwise provided for."

The proposition, after some discussion, was adopted almost unanimously.

Mr. ROUGH, G.M., of North London district, regretted that the delegate from Warrington did not allow his proposition to be united with one he now had to move, namely—"That the general laws shall not be altered more than once in three years." The adoption of this proposition would, he thought, be of advantage in a saving of expense, and in a practical benefit to all the members of the Unity.

The proposition, after considerable discussion, was put and lost, the numbers being 32 for, and 102 against it.

Mr. ROURKE, of Liverpool, moved, and Mr. Ginn seconded a resolution, the effect of which was to prevent the Grand Master, Deputy, or Corresponding Secretary, at the annual moveable committee, from voting, except in cases where the numbers on either side be equal, when the chairman presiding should have a casting vote.

After some discussion the proposition was carried.

On Wednesday Mr. Charles Hardwick of Preston, brought up the report of the sub-committee. He read the first section of the report, relative to the earlier sending in certificates, appointing deputies to attend the annual moveable committees, and moved the adoption of the clause; which was carried.

The second and third clauses, relative to the signing of petitions to the House of Commons against the 8th clause of the 21st and 22nd Victoria, cap. 101, which empowers one fourth of the members of any society to put machinery in motion whereby such society could divide its funds and break it up, was also adopted, thus approving the suggestion of the committee that the bill introduced into the House of Commons, by Mr. Sotheran Estcourt, should be accepted, which provides, very fairly, that no society shall be dissolved, except on the application of not less than one-half of the members, whose votes shall have been obtained at a special meeting called for the purpose.

The third clause of the report suggested, as a precautionary measure, that some person should be appointed and authorised on behalf of the order to watch the introduction and progress of any bills affecting Friendly Societies. Many deputies having spoken in favour of appointing some gentleman, it was agreed that Past Grand Master James Roe, of North London, be appointed as the agent of the Unity—his remuneration, in addition to expenses out of pocket, to be determined upon by the next A.M.C.

The fourth clause of the report had reference to the Unity premises in Manchester. A sufficient sum had not been offered for the houses adjoining the Offices in Grosvenor Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock; the premises, therefore, still remain the property of the Unity. The houses are well let, and yield a profit. The chief rent on the whole property is £16 a year, and it had been proposed to divide this rent between the offices and the houses adjoining.—The Rev. Mr. Price proposed that the matter be left in the hands of the directors, and the clause, with this addition, was carried unanimously.

The fifth clause of the report had reference to the management of the "Odd-fellows' Quarterly Magazine." The editor had proposed that the whole cost of editing and contributions should be included in one sum; but the committee considered the plan at present pursued to be the best. The second section of the clause, allowing the introduction of technical matters in the magazine, provided that all matters of "a religious, political, personal, or acrimonious character be excluded," was then carried and the whole adopted by the meeting.

In answer to some observations by Mr. Leighton, of Birmingham, and two other delegates, in reference to an article in the April No. of the Magazine, parts of which they considered objectionable, Mr. PARDON begged to explain:—The article in question was written by Mr. G. M. Tweddell, of Bury, in Lancashire—a well-known member of the Manchester Unity, and a writer of no small power. Speaking of the past of Windsor Castle, the writer referred to Edward the Confessor as a “priest-ridden monarch,” and to the then religion of England as “superstitious.” Further on in the article, the writer, quoting Shakspeare, instanced the fact that the Barons of King John and the people of England declared that henceforth no “Italian priest shall tithe or toll” in this island. These, said Mr. Pardon, are simple historical facts, relating to a period when the people of our beloved country professed but one creed, and that Roman Catholic. But I assure the delegates present, and through them the members of this great and flourishing association, that it was far from the intention of the writer, and certainly far, very far, from the desire of the Editor of the Magazine, to say anything offensive to our Catholic brethren. I would offend no man’s religious convictions; and I sincerely regret that an accidental reference to past times should have been misconstrued; but, in literature as in a crowd, it is difficult to move about without occasionally treading on some people’s toes. It will be my careful endeavour to keep out of the Magazine all such matters as, in the words of the report, are of “a personal, religious, political, or acrimonious character,” and I request my fellow delegates to accept this explanation in the candid and straightforward spirit in which I now offer it.—With regard to the small loss on the Magazine, consequent on the reduction in price, it will be for us, and the members, to turn that loss into profit by greater exertions in order to increase its circulation.

Mr. HARDWICK explained that the profit on the magazine during two years was 800*l.*, which had been expended in paying off claims on the Building of the Unity in Manchester, and in swelling the general funds of the Unity.

On the sixth section of the report, which expressed an opinion that the subscriptions of honorary members should be applied to the sick and funeral fund, it was resolved that the appropriation of the money so accruing should be left to the discretion of lodges.

The seventh clause of the report expressed an opinion that members incapacitated from following their usual employments by reason of lunacy had, nevertheless, a fair and just claim to the benefits of the sick and funeral fund. This opinion had been controverted by Mr. Tidd Pratt, the registrar of friendly societies, who had refused to register rules bearing such interpretation.

After discussion, the clause was adopted unanimously.

The eighth section of the report expressed an opinion that with regard to certain financial returns from lodges it was necessary that the laws of the order should be strictly enforced. An amendment by Mr. HARRIS, Prov. D.G.M., North London district, providing that in the next quarterly report after the returns should be sent to the Board, a list should be inserted of the names of all districts making default, was adopted.

The ninth section of the report recommended that the meeting comply with the resolution of the directors—“That the annual moveable committee be requested to give power to the directors to call upon districts to forward to the Corresponding Secretary of the order, in a form provided for that purpose, the information called for in the quinquennial return.” The section, with the following amendment—“That in any district where lodges neglect to furnish the returns, the district officers be empowered to procure them and charge to the lodge the expenses incurred”—was adopted.

The tenth section of the report, recommending the discontinuance of a practice that has of late years grown up in the Unity, of circulating docu-

ments soliciting assistance by way of prize lotteries to widows' and orphans' funds, or in favour of particular localities for holding the ensuing Annual Committee, was adopted.

The eleventh section of the report related to the admission of members by clearance, there being an alleged discrepancy between the 180th and the 225th general laws. It was agreed that propositions should be submitted for the consideration of the next Annual Meeting, with a view to reconcile the discrepancy, if any.

The twelfth section had reference to an opinion requested by the Directors as to whether a member under suspension for the violation of any law permitting his contribution to fall into arrear more than six months, is subjected to the law demanding a medical certificate of health previous to his reinstatement on the termination of his suspension. The suggestion of the committee that the law applies to a member under suspension for some fault committed as well as to one who is simply in arrear with respect to contributions, was adopted.

The thirteenth section, relative to Unity members—that is, those who do not belong to any lodge or district, but have been members of lodges or districts which have been discontinued or broken up—was adopted. A discussion ensued upon a letter which had been addressed to the Directors from Birmingham relative to the question whether lodge funds belong to the lodge or the district. The letter was to the following effect:—"If a lodge breaks up for want of funds can the healthy members claim, as a right, to be recipients of the benefits of the district; and if a district breaks up, are the members entitled to claim of the Unity?" A resolution was carried, that the question from the Birmingham District be referred to the Board of Directors.

The fifteenth section of the report, that "Your committee, in conclusion, feel much gratification in bearing testimony to the efficient manner in which the executive government have discharged their onerous duties during the past year, and heartily congratulate the deputies on the rapidly increasing prosperity of our institution, as evidenced, not only by the vast increase in the number of its members, but in the general harmony and confidence which appear to prevail in the various branches of the Unity, and which they sincerely hope may long continue to be one of its most distinguished characteristics," was carried unanimously.

The adoption of the report as a whole, as amended, was also unanimously carried; the final clause giving the thanks of the meeting to the members of the sub-committee was carried—and the meeting proceeded to the consideration of the AUDITORS' REPORT.

The adoption of the AUDITORS' REPORT was, after some discussion, unanimously agreed to.

There being a balance of 1,580*l.* in the hands of the society's bankers, sufficient funds are provided for the ensuing year without calling for a levy.

On Thursday the delegates proceeded to the consideration of propositions for ALTERATIONS in the GENERAL LAWS by which our Order is governed.

Mr. COLLINS, of Wellington, proposed that the 28th law, as to election of the officers and directors should be amended, by providing that, on the votes being taken, the nine persons who should first obtain a majority of the votes present should be elected, and if on the first, or any succeeding poll, nine should not be so elected, those who obtained a majority should be considered elected, and a fresh poll taken for the remainder, until the whole number were chosen. This was intended to prevent the possibility of the election of persons, who, under the present law, might be elected without obtaining anything like an absolute majority of the meeting. This proposition was adopted.

Mr. COLLINS also moved an addition to the 29th law, to empower the directors to call in the next highest on the poll to a seat on the board, if during the year any one of the board should resign, die, or become incompetent to act; which was carried.

Mr. DAYNES, of Norwich, proposed that the 44th General Law be rescinded, and the following be adopted:—"That the corresponding secretary of the order shall forward to any district, when required, their quarterly or half-yearly accounts. That districts pay their account on or before the time named in the 45th General Law, or all goods, reports, and pass-words will be withheld until they have complied, or shown sufficient reason why they have not done so."

The proposition was carried unanimously.

A proposition was made to alter the 47th law, by declaring the senior auditor entitled to vote as a deputy of the A.M.C., though the district to which he belonged might have sent the full complement of delegates.

This, after considerable discussion, was rejected.

The 67th law, as to the dispensation for the opening of new lodges, was amended, by providing that if no objection against the opening was made within seven days after application was received, the C.S. should prepare and forward the dispensation; and the 58th law was also altered to compel the receipt of the application at least twenty-eight days before the proposed opening.

The 68th law was also altered, to the effect that notice should be given to every member of a fine imposed within eight weeks afterwards, instead of ten, as at present.

The first business brought before the consideration of the delegates on Friday morning was the discussion of the proposed supplementary assurance association. The Friendly Societies Act now in force, permitting any society to assure for sums payable on death up to 200*l.*, it was suggested that general laws should be made to provide for such benefits throughout the Unity; but no formal proposition being before the meeting, it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Daynes, of Norwich, that a copy of the rules proposed by the board should be sent to each lodge, with a table showing the scales of payment required. After some discussion, it was agreed that the further consideration of the subject be resumed at the next A.M.C.

Mr. DAYNES moved that an alteration be made in the 76th General Law, limiting the representation of lodges at district committees, as follows:—One deputy for lodges whose number do not exceed 50 members; two deputies when not exceeding 100 members, and one deputy for every additional 100 members. This proposition was carried unanimously.

A long discussion ensued in reference to a proposed alteration in the 84th General Law, which directs that no meeting shall be held or business of any nature transacted in lodges on a Sunday. In some few districts it has been the practice to read the special lectures for degrees on Sundays; and it was thought by many members that the practice was undesirable, inasmuch as there was some danger of the public misunderstanding the intention of the lecture. On a vote being taken, the proposition to discontinue the delivery of lectures on Sundays, was carried by a majority of 80 against 50.

An alteration of the 103rd General Law was made, giving to secretaries of lodges, until the 5th day of January in each year (instead of the 1st, as at present), to prepare and send in the annual returns to the district secretaries.

Mr. COALES, of Stony Stratford, proposed that should any lodge in the unity possess funds to the amount of 10*l.* per member it may be legal for such lodge to pass a resolution excusing members of ten years' standing from

paying the full contribution as now settled by General Law ; but should the funds of the lodge fall below an amount equal to 10% per member, the contributions to be again raised ; any member joining by card or clearance to be considered a new member.

This matter was discussed at some length ; finally, a resolution was come to that the directors be entrusted with the consideration of the question as to the appropriation of surplus capital, making special provision for any members who might be compelled to go into union workhouses, and to provide for payment for medical attendance out of the sick and funeral fund, instead of the management fund as at present.

The 135th law, which imposed a penalty for eating, or reading newspapers in lodges during business hours, was rescinded.

No fewer than seven propositions from different districts in the Unity were submitted for the alteration of the 145th general law, which regulates the contributions to be paid by members. The committee, after considerable discussion, did not think proper, however, to adopt either of them.

A motion from the Welsh district, to admit members at 16 instead of 18 years of age, was lost by a large majority.

A proposition from the Hyde district, to grant discretionary power to districts to fix the payments to be made by members, was rejected ; and another, for doing away with the additional annual contribution up to the age of 26, was lost.

Another proposition from the Halifax district, to reduce the additional annual contribution demanded of members who enter the Order after the age of 23, was lost by a majority of 82 to 14.

Mr. BURTON, representative of South London district, proposed that the 146th general law be so altered as to allow honorary members to take offices in lodges, without, however, empowering them to interfere with the funds of the lodge by vote or otherwise. This proposition was lost by a large majority.

Mr. GINN, of St. Ives, moved a proposition qualifying members for offices in lodges ; and two other propositions followed, giving power to members of lodges to suspend officers who misbehaved themselves, and also to permit members of one lodge to take office as secretaries in others.

The proposition was carried without opposition.

The 233rd General Law was amended as follows :—"That no member who has lost his employment through engaging in a strike or turn-out for wages be allowed a travelling card." The object of this amendment was to abolish an injustice long felt in the Unity—many members having lost employment in consequence of strikes in which they were not actually engaged.

It was then resolved that the propositions for alterations in the 125th and 145th General Laws be referred to the Board of Directors and that they report thereon, and the same be taken into consideration at the next A.M.C.

Power was given to the Board of Directors to revise the initiation charge, and to issue the same to lodges as early as convenient.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Mr. HENRY BUCK, of the Birmingham district, was unanimously elected Grand Master of the Order for the ensuing twelve months, and Mr. John Gale, Past Provincial Grand Master, Liverpool district, was, by a very large majority, elected to the office of Deputy Grand Master.

The following delegates were then elected by ballot, to form the Board of Directors for the ensuing year. The names are given according to the number of votes obtained. The Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, and Retiring Grand Master, are members of the Board by virtue of their offices:—

P.G.M. JAMES ROE, London (North)	District.
P.G.M. SAMUEL DAYNES, Norwich	"
P.Prov. G.M. JOSEPH WOODCOCK, Glossop	"
P.G.M. JOHN SCHOFIELD, Bradford	"
P.G.M. BENJAMIN STREET, Wirksworth	"
Prov. C.S. V. R. BURGESS, London (South)	"
P.Prov. G.M. FREDERICK RICHMOND, Manchester	"
Prov. C.S. CHARLES PRATT, Oswestry	"
P.Prov. G.M. DAVID JACK, Durham	"

The following gentlemen were elected Trustees of the Order:—Messrs. Roe, of North London; Daynes, of Norwich; Street, of Wirksworth; Luff, of Liverpool, and Hardwick, of Manchester; two of them not being members of the Board of Directors.

The salary of Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, our excellent Corresponding Secretary, was voted as usual, at £200 per annum; and votes were taken for the allowances to officers of the Order attending the next A.M.C.—12s. 6d. a day, and second class railway fare; and also that the G.M., D.G.M., and Board of Directors receive the sum of ten shillings per day and second class railway fare, for their attendance at Manchester.

Messrs. Francis Collins, of Wellington, and W. N. Waldram, of Leicester, were re-elected as Auditors; and the Shrewsbury district was chosen to elect the third Auditor.

Bolton, in Lancashire, was chosen as the town in which to hold the next A.M.C.

The following gentlemen were chosen to have their portraits in the "Odd-fellows' Magazine":—Past Grand Master Richardson, late of Cockermouth, and now of Newcastle; Mr. Bryant Allen, of Norwich; Mr. Thomas Kilner, of Eccles; and Mr. Henry Williams, of Shrewsbury.

The sum of £10 was unanimously voted to P.G.M. William Hickton for his faithful services to the Order during his two years of office as Deputy Grand Master and Grand Master.

The sum of 20*l.* was voted to the charities of Shrewsbury—8*l.* to the infirmary, 7*l.* for the dispensary, and 5*l.* for the eye infirmary.

A vote of thanks was then unanimously given to the committee of management in Shrewsbury, for their services in providing for the convenience of the delegates attending the Annual Moveable Committee..

Votes of thanks were also given unanimously to the Rev. J. Yardley, vicar of St. Chad's; the Officers of the Order; P.G.M. Roe, for his services as Assistant Secretary; and the gentlemen of the Press.

The meeting concluded all its important business on Friday evening, and dissolved. Although few alterations in the laws affecting the constitution of the society have been made at this annual meeting, yet upon the whole it has been considered a highly successful gathering.—We regret to observe that the large district of Stepney was unrepresented at Shrewsbury. North London sent five delegates, South London two, and Pimlico one.

Probably a few observations, in conclusion, will not be considered out of place. We have often heard the *expense* of the Annual Moveable Committee given as a reason for less frequent meetings—well, let us see what the expense really is. There were 166 delegates present, or one for every 1838 members of the Unity at the commencement of 1860. If we estimate the expenses of each deputy at £5, *on the average of the whole*, we have a total of £830; and that sum divided among the 152,838 members of the districts really represented, makes about the sum of *one shilling for every nine members*. Adding the expenses of rooms, messengers, &c., attendance of officers and auditor, to be paid out of the funds of the Unity; and which will

probably amount to £45, we have a grand total of £875 as the expenses occasioned by the A.M.C. Out of the 441 Districts of the Unity, 113 sent delegates, such districts having (according to the last List of Lodges) 152,838 members, as nearly as possible one half of the Unity. Leeds sent 6 delegates for 5664 members. North London, 5 for 7562 members. Bradford, 4 for 3010 members. Twelve districts sent 3 delegates each, viz:—Birmingham, for 3728 members; Aberdare, 3301; Merthyr, 3301; Bury, 2949; Southampton, 2834; Bolton, 2792; Preston, 2785; Blackburn, 2757; Rochdale, 2648; Hull, 2619; Liverpool, 2392; Halifax, 2060. Seventeen districts sent 2 delegates each:—Norwich, for 6245 members; South London, for 4105; Brighton, 2978; Oldham, 2885; Durham, 2600; Stockport, 2302; Derby, 2159; Manchester, 1912; Bristol, 1903; Bedford, 1875; Chesterfield, 1753; Shrewsbury, 1310; Caerphilly, 1282; Stourbridge, 1260; Wolverhampton, 1133; Ipswich, 1105; Mottram, 1024. The other 81 districts sent one delegate each, the largest of which districts—Bury St. Edmunds—had 2888 members; and the smallest—Ludlow—94 members.

Then as to the propositions for triennial alterations of laws and triennial meetings. The feeling of the deputies certainly was that if we adopted them we should soon have our Grand Master and Board of Directors elected triennially instead of annually, and that the spirit of unity, which is now the grand characteristic of our Order, would be seriously interfered with. Those who advocate less frequent alterations of laws have not well studied the facts, as elicited from the experience of the Manchester Unity. It takes three years to carry the alteration of any important law, even though the subject be discussed at each A.M.C. What would be the effect if our Parliament only met triennially? Why, as it seems to us, the Unity would degenerate into a mere insurance society, and we should be presently told that Lodge-meetings were not necessary more frequently than two or three times a year. *The social element of the Manchester Unity would be destroyed.*

It will be seen that at the Shrewsbury A.M.C. no material alteration in our General Laws was made; but that every improvement was a real advance in the right direction. A careful perusal of our report will enable our readers to discover that the management of the Unity is well looked after, and that immense good must result from these annual meetings. They acquaint the outside world of the existence of the Manchester Unity, and bring us a large accession of members, in whatever town they are held. The next meeting is to be at Bolton, which busy hard-working town in Lancashire won the honour against Bury St. Edmunds and Brighton. We, personally, cannot help feeling that by 1862, the time will have arrived when the South of England will have deserved a like distinction.

Just one paragraph more. The North London District did the Editor of this Magazine the honour of electing him as a delegate to Shrewsbury. He felt that, as far as talking went, the business of the meeting would get on very well without him; but he was unwilling to let an opportunity pass for doing, for his fellow-members, something in his own way. He, therefore, made arrangements for reporting the proceedings of the A.M.C. in a London daily paper; and he has now the pleasure to announce that, for the first time in the history of the Unity, the debates at the Odd-fellows' Annual Parliament were so reported. In the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* of Wednesday, May 30th, Friday, June 1st, and Monday, June 4th, will be found reports of the principal business transacted at the Grand Annual Moveable Committee of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty. The pen is a little weapon, but it is powerful for good. He hopes to have frequent opportunities, for many years to come, of wielding it in the defence and elucidation of the principles that govern the Great Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows.

G. F. P.

METROPOLITAN DEMONSTRATION.

PRESENTATIONS TO P. PROV. G.M. FILSELL AND P.G. BROOKS.

A Grand Easter Festival, consisting of a musical soirée and ball, was held on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Harris, and consisted of a number of well-selected songs, glees, &c. At its conclusion a public meeting was held in the Great Hall. On the platform were, Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., M.P.; Bonham Carter, Esq., M.P.; the Rev. J. Allan; Mr. George F. Pardon, Editor of the Magazine; Messrs. James Roe, Corresponding Secretary of the North London District; Vincent Burgess, C.S. of the South London District; W. Jones, of Pimlico; J. Squires, of Stepney; J. A. Brooks, E. J. Filsell, and other distinguished members of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society: Andrew Halliday, Esq.; James Hain Friswell, Esq.; and other eminent literary men.

Mr. A. S. AYRTON, M.P., took the chair, and in an eloquent address made the presentation to Mr. Filsell, consisting of a silver snuff box, a sash, and a purse containing £21, together with an engrossed inscription, handsomely framed. Mr. FILSELL, having acknowledged the testimonial in fitting terms,

Mr. BONHAM CARTER, M.P., congratulated the society on its increased number of members; it numbering 27,641 more members than it did last year. Their income was £300,000 a year, and last year they had spent £150,000 on sick allowances. For burials they had paid £194,000, and they had now a balance in favour of the society of upwards of £100,000—(Cheers.) He concluded by moving a resolution to the effect "that benefit societies are calculated to promote the interests of the industrial classes, and are entitled to the support of every one who wishes well to his fellow-men."

Mr. JAMES ROE seconded the resolution in one of his most telling speeches; and it was carried unanimously, amidst loud applause.

Mr. AYRTON then presented an elegant inkstand to Mr. S. A. Brooks from the members of the Loyal Hope of Finsbury Lodge, as a token of esteem and respect.

Mr. BROOKS responded in an excellent and practical speech, after which

The Rev. J. ALLAN proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the officers of the South London, Pimlico, and Stepney districts, as well as to other visiting friends and patrons.

Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON briefly seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman and to Mr. Bonham Carter, M.P.

The ball then commenced, and the proceedings passed off to the general satisfaction of a select and numerous company.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT ANNUAL REPORT.

THIS branch of the M.U. has published its experience for the year 1859. Beside the usual information, a statement of the mortality for 21 years past is given; the number of members dying being 807, and wives 564, the payments on which amounted to £12,056. This district commenced operations in 1838, having 302 members, and since that time 12,180 have been initiated. 2556 left to form other districts, and adding the 807 who died and 4989 who seceded or withdrew, there were 4310 on the 1st of January belonging to the 42 lodges, having a surplus capital of £36,754 properly invested. The number seceding is extraordinary, but it shows the great gain societies must have from this source. During the past year 775 members suffered 4618 weeks' sickness,

and had paid them £1978. Average age of the members, 35 years and 10 months. The statement, though very unpretending, says much for the painstaking industry of Mr. Burgess, the secretary, and the usefulness of Friendly Societies.

MR. HARDWICK'S LECTURES.

ON Tuesday, June 5th, Mr. Hardwick delivered one of his eloquent lectures on Friendly Societies, at Seaham, near Sunderland. Want of space obliges us to content ourselves with a simple announcement of the interesting fact. We understand that our indefatigable friend has delivered lectures in many large towns during the past quarter—everywhere to large audiences and with great applause. As only a few copies of Mr. Hardwick's "Manual for Friendly Societies"—the best book of the kind that ever was written—remain on hand, we advise all who wish to obtain the volume, to apply immediately to our worthy C.S. at Manchester, who will transmit copies on receipt of stamps or post-office orders.

JAMES WEBB, C.S. OF THE HYDE DISTRICT.

WE are requested to add the following interesting facts to the biography of our excellent friend Mr. Webb. He was one of the first who proposed a reduction in the initiation fee (even so far back as the Glasgow A.M.C. in 1845), and which is now acknowledged as a great boon to the Order. At the Oxford A.M.C. in 1847, his figures were largely instrumental in reducing the entrance fee from 21s. to 12s.; and at Preston he also supported a further reduction of the initiation fee; and is yet of opinion, with many, that it would be of great advantage to the Order if there was a still further reduction in the scale for young men, if initiated under proper supervision.

ANNIVERSARIES, PRESENTATIONS, &c.

[In consequence of the length of our report of the A.M.C. at Shrewsbury, we are reluctantly compelled to curtail our usual notices of Anniversaries and Presentations. We trust to the courtesy of our readers and correspondents to excuse an appearance of too great brevity in this department; and take this opportunity of again inviting—not long newspaper reports of social and business gatherings, but terse accounts of facts that cannot but prove interesting to the great majority of members throughout the Unity.]

BLANCHLAND.—The members of the Derwent Miner's Lodge have presented to their worthy Secretary a valuable testimonial of their esteem, consisting of a silver inkstand, silver penholder and gold pen, and a silver snuff box. The inkstand bears the following inscription:—"Presented to P.P.G.M. Geo. Davidson, by the members of the Loyal Derwent Miner's Lodge, I. O. of O., M.U., as a token of respect and appreciation of his services as Secretary for fifteen years. Blanchland, Dec. 24, 1859." Upon the box is engraved the following:—"To P.P.G.M. Geo. Davidson, from the Loyal Derwent Miner's Lodge, I.O. of O., M.U. Blanchland, 1859." The Rev. Mr. Gibson, incumbent of Blanchland, had the honour of presenting the testimonial, which he did in an appropriate speech.

BRIGHTON.—On Monday, June 18th, an aggregate meeting of the Lodges in this District took place at the Odd-fellows' Hall, to complete the final arrangements for an excursion to Portsmouth, which came off on the 25th with great success. Mr. G. F. Pardon and Mr. Charles Smithers attended

as a deputation from the North London District, and were very warmly received by the meeting. Mr. Curtis, C.S. of the district, spoke eloquently on the subject of Friendly Societies, and Mr. Aucock and other speakers dwelt on the advantages of associations of a self-helpful character.

BRISTOL.—On Wednesday, April 7th, the Worshipful the Mayor (John Bates, Esq.) and H. W. Green, Esq., were initiated as members of the Friendly Mechanics' Lodge, at the Assembly Rooms, Princes Street; for which purpose a special Lodge was held. The room was handsomely decorated with flags and banners, and a very beautiful silver regalia was exhibited. There was a very large attendance, representatives being present from Weston-super-Mare, Bath, Newport, &c.; and, in addition, Sir John Hare and J. G. Shaw, Esq. Thomas Adams, of the District, officiated as Noble Grand; and Br. Thomas Brown as Vice Grand. Br. John Luke, Lecture Master, did the introductory portion of the proceedings, and the initiation then took place.

BRISTOL.—On Tuesday evening, April 3rd, the members of this District presented to Mr. Thomas Adams, Provincial Corresponding Secretary, a handsome patent gold lever watch and appendages, of the value of £17; bearing an appropriate inscription.

BURSLEM.—On the evening of Tuesday, March 13th, the members of the St. John's Lodge presented to their Secretary, Mr. Hiram Cope, a handsome testimonial, consisting of Macaulay's "History of England" and his "Critical and Historical Essays," in seven octavo volumes, richly bound in calf; the first volume bearing the following inscription in gilt letters. "Presented to Brother Hiram Cope by the officers and brethren of the St. John's Lodge of Odd-fellows, No. 93., M.U., as an acknowledgement of the very valuable services he has rendered the Lodge as its secretary for the last six years."

DERBY.—**LOYAL MOIRA LODGE.**—The members of the above Lodge celebrated their 17th anniversary on Whit-Tuesday. This Lodge has, during the last four years, rapidly risen into note, having doubled numbers; and we have no doubt it will continue to enjoy the well-wishes and patronage of those gentlemen who have this year come forward so nobly with their wonted liberality, viz.: Colonel Daniell, Marcus Huish, Esq., Master M. Huish, Rev. W. H. Parker, (curate,) Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Attwood. The Rev. J. G. Bourne, vicar, preached an excellent and appropriate sermon in the parish church.

HULL.—A very pleasing event in the history of Odd-fellowship occurred on Thursday, May 10th, at the Odd-fellows' Hall, Hull, the occasion being the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. James Marshall, late Corresponding Secretary for the Hull District. The testimonial consisted of a handsome silver watch and gold guard. It bore the following inscription:—"Presented, with a gold guard, by 453 Odd-fellows, M.U., to James Marshall, P.P.G.M., and ten years C.S. to the Hull District, May, 1860." After dinner, P.P.G.M. Ross took the chair, and on the platform we noticed Mr. Alderman Bannister, Mr. Councillor Wilde, Mr. Coatsworth, &c. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Prov. C.S. Wells made the presentation in an appropriate and excellent speech, to which Mr. Marshall made a suitable reply. When he took office as Corresponding Secretary in 1849 it was a very critical time. It was the time when Hull was visited with that awful pestilence, the cholera. They then numbered 1854 members, and although it had been his painful duty to record the death of some 400 worthy and respected members, he was happy to find that at the conclusion of his term of office they numbered 754 more members than they did when he took office. He also found that during the past six years they had expended in sick and funeral

donations and in presents to distressed members, £11,952 11s. 3d. He concluded by wishing those present, and all connected with the Manchester Unity, prosperity throughout life, and he trusted that they would carry home that wish to the hearths of their wives and families. Various other toasts were given and responded to. About 200 sat down to dinner. The gallery was crowded with the wives and daughters of Odd-fellows. A glee party attended, and the speeches were interspersed with several songs, which were sung in excellent style, Mr. Petty presiding at the pianoforte and organ.

KING'S LYNN.—The twentieth anniversary of the Loyal Ouse Lodge was celebrated on Wednesday, the 29th February, by a soirée and ball in the music hall, which was decorated with flags and banners for the occasion. This lodge appears to be in a most prosperous state. The receipts during the past year were £83 over the expenditure, and the capital of the lodge amounted to very nearly £1300 for 132 members, an average of nearly £10 per member.

LEEDS DISTRICT.—BELL'S HIPPODROME.—On Wednesday evening, March 21st, Mr. Bell very kindly placed this splendid place of amusement in the hands of the committees of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the district for a Benefit; on which occasion the whole of the house was well filled—the boxes being occupied by the district officers, the principal members of the district, and their friends. After deducting the evening's expenses &c. there was a clear balance of fifty pounds handed over to the officers of the Fund. The committee immediately passed a resolution instructing the officers to present to Mr. Bell, on their behalf, a complimentary note to himself and Mr. Hutchinson, the manager of the establishment, expressing their thanks to those gentlemen for their kindness.

LEEDS.—On Monday, July 18th, 1859, the members of the Lord Grantham Lodge, Leeds, held their anniversary at the Three Legs Inn, Lowerhead Row; when about seventy sat down to an excellent supper. The district officers were invited to take part in the proceedings. When the cloth was drawn, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given. At nine o'clock, P.S. James Brown Sutcliffe rose and in a neat and appropriate speech presented P.G. John Ellis with a purse containing five sovereigns, subscribed by the members of the Lodge, for past services rendered to the Lodge; he having been the treasurer for 18 years, and giving the office up on account of having to remove from Leeds. P.G. Ellis replied in a suitable manner, and thanked the members of the Lodge for their kindness.

LINCOLN.—Loyal George Lodge.—On Saturday evening, April 7th, P.G. Elijah Linton, of the above lodge, after the usual business, was presented with a Past Grand's Star and appendages.

MELBOURNE—Australia.—A fête of unusually imposing character took place here, on the 13th of March, in celebration of the first establishment of Odd-fellowship, in connexion with the Manchester Unity, in this flourishing colony. A procession of above 300 brothers, bearing flags and emblematic banners, passed through the streets to the Cremorne gardens, where they dined. The gardens were numerously attended in the evening, and the entertainments went off with great *éclat*.

MIDDLESBRO'.—Mr. Edward Gilkes, of the firm of Gilkes, Wilson, and Co., Tees Engine Works, was lately initiated an honorary member of the Loyal Joseph Warburton Lodge, Middlesbro'-on-Tees District, M. U. This being a special lodge called for the purpose, it wore a more than usually

lively appearance, several of the brothers appearing in full regalia, and being honoured by the presence of Brother Wm. Fallows, Esq., Mayor, who sat as left supporter to N.G. W. Thompson, Brother Councillor R. West acting as right supporter. Brother John Jordison officiated as conductor, P.P.G.M. G. Davidson as warden, and P.G. Wm. Forster as lecture-master. After the ceremony of initiation, P.P.G.M. J. H. Anderson, in a few introductory remarks, presented to the newly-initiated brother a copy of the general laws of the order, bye-laws of the lodge, and Widow and Orphans' Fund, neatly bound together.—D.G.M. Wm. Blakiston gave a statement of the financial position of each lodge in the district, from which it appeared that the lodges forming the Middlesbro' district, (numbering 496 members) had received during the year 1859, £480 5s. 10½d., as sick and funeral contributions; and paid for sick relief £223 15s. 11d., for funeral expenses £61. They had also received £105 1s. for interest and initiation, and they had added to their accumulated capital during the year £296 15s., being the surplus over the expenses for the year. The total value of the lodges, Dec. 30th, 1859, was £2,009 4s. 9d.

NEWCASTLE.—On Monday evening, April 9th, the members of the Loyal Junction Lodge presented Elijah Pratten, P.D.G.M., with a silver watch and guard, as a token of their esteem and respect for his zeal in the interest of the Lodge; and for the faithful discharge of his duties as Secretary and Treasurer.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.—The members of the Loyal Rose of York Lodge met on Thursday, March 1, to present to their late Secretary, P. Prov. G.M. Phillips, a silver lever watch, bearing an appropriate inscription, as a mark of their appreciation of his valuable services for 15 years. The presentation was gracefully made by Mr. B. Lee, the present Secretary; who, after tracing the origin of friendly societies, and the lessons they teach of veneration, loyalty, morality, sobriety, and brotherly love, dwelt on the difficulties they had to contend with in their infancy, and the priceless value of the services of such men as their late Secretary.—P. Prov. G.M. Phillips returned thanks in a very eloquent and grateful speech.—The Rose of York Lodge is one of the most prosperous in the North London district, having 60 members, and near £600 invested capital. It was opened in 1844, and up to this time has lost only two members by death.

NORTH LONDON.—The members and friends of the Briton's Pride Lodge celebrated their seventeenth anniversary at the Rose and Crown, Tottenham Court Road, on Tuesday, July 12; P.G. Thomas Bacon in the chair. Mr. T. N. Buttam, the Secretary, reported the state of the Lodge as very satisfactory.

NORTH LONDON.—The members and friends of the Loyal Duke of Cornwall Lodge, celebrated their anniversary at their Lodge-room, Mr. B. Stock, P.G., in the chair; on which occasion, P.G. Pardon, Editor of the Magazine, at the request of the chairman, presented to P.G. Holmes, a handsomely framed testimonial and a purse of money, the proceeds of a subscription in the Lodge. The speaker dwelt on the benefits derivable by working men from associations of a self-helpful character, and then read and presented the testimonial, which was as follows:—“Duke of Cornwall Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F. To Mr. Charles Holmes, P.G. Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, deeply impressed by the steadfast diligence with which, upon every occasion, for a long series of years, you have been among the foremost in promoting the interests and the well-being of every member of our Lodge and the Order, and advocating the cause of the bereaved widow and the friendless orphan in the hour of their affliction, and desirous that your bright

example should not be disregarded, but, by becoming known, stimulate others to pursue the same path of well-doing, have deemed it to be our duty to testify our warm approval of your past conduct by requesting your acceptance of the accompanying testimonial and purse, which, although a sincere tribute of our esteem and admiration, we confess to be wholly inadequate to express our sense of your merits and worth, which are both honourable to yourself and to the noble Order to which we alike belong. We are, dear Sir, Yours fraternally, The Subscribers. March 29th, 1860."

SCARBOROUGH.—The anniversary of the Loyal Rutland Lodge was celebrated on Tuesday, the 29th May. The demonstration made by the members was in conjunction with the Court of Ancient Foresters. The procession was highly creditable to all parties, and formed an attraction which their fellow-townsmen could not but admire. The procession was preceded by the Scarborough Mechanics' Brass Band, led by Messrs. A. J. Pecket and J. Bradley. At four o'clock the members of the lodge repaired to the Town Hall, where a sumptuous dinner was served to about 150 guests. Mr. H. HARPER, the Secretary, was happy to say the Lodge was still prospering. Their funds three years ago amounted to £573; but now they were worth £831. During those three years they had paid £306 for sick members. In the present half-year they had deposited £40 in the Savings' Bank, and with the interest due they will have added to their capital about £300 in little more than three years. He urged the practicability of members canvassing for recruits, and of still further increasing their numbers. The VICE-CHAIRMAN now rose to perform what he described as his most pleasing duty of the evening, to present to their esteemed brother, the Chairman, the testimonial now placed before them. (The testimonial, consisting of a tea-service of electro-plate, comprising tea and coffee pots, sugar-bowl, and cream-ewer, was here uncovered. The coffee-pot bore a suitable inscription.) For a number of years Mr. Smailes had passed through the various district offices of the order with great credit. For 24 years he had been re-elected to the office of relieving officer, a post which he had sustained in a manly and honourable manner. The Chairman briefly acknowledged the presentation.

ULVERSTON.—On Whit-Tuesday the members of the Furness Abbey Lodge celebrated their anniversary. About 300 members and friends attended church, where the Rev. J. M. Morgan, vicar, preached a very appropriate sermon. On leaving church the members formed in procession, and, after having paraded the streets, sat down to dinner at the lodge room. R. Hannay, Esq., of Springfield, presided, supported by the Rev. H. Whitmore, curate, R. Hannay, jun., Esq., H. W. Schneider, Esq., and Edward Wadham, Esq. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. T. C. Baynes.

Obituary.

MAIDA HILL.—On Sunday, April 1st, the past officers and brothers of the Duchess of Kent Lodge paid a last tribute of respect to the remains of P.G. Edward Theodore Garner, who, after a lingering illness of more than a year, died at the age of 43 years. He has left a widow and eight children.

WISBEACH.—On the 2nd of February last, Mr. Thomas Matthews, P.P.G.M. of the Newark District, died in the 56th year of his age. His remains were followed to their last resting place by one of the most remarkable funeral processions ever seen in this town.



yours truly
J. A. Reynolds

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

No. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1860.

Vol. II.

JAMES REYNOLDS, PROV. C. S.

THE subject of this notice, is a native of Cowbridge, in the county of Glamorgan, S. Wales. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. James Reynolds, for many years Governor of the County House of Correction in that town, in which he carries on the business of auctioneer, agent, &c. He was born on the 24th of March, 1792.

Were it advisable we could occupy considerable space in narrating the incidents in Mr. Reynolds' eventful and useful life; but as his career as an Odd-fellow must principally interest our readers, to that we shall confine our attention.

About the year 1835 or 6, a Lodge of Odd-fellows was opened at Lancarvan, about five miles from Cowbridge; the principles of our Order spread rapidly through the vale of Glamorgan, and ultimately, about 1839, a Lodge was opened at Cowbridge. There were various opinions relative to Odd-fellows; and being a secret society, no person was more prejudiced against them than Mr. Reynolds. He, however, accepted an invitation to be present at the anniversary dinner of the Parady's Lodge, and in the evening was unanimously chosen to take the chair. From the information he then gained on that occasion, he obtained an insight into the philanthropic principles of our Order, and he began to understand the objects we have in view. Gradually his prejudices were overcome, and he was induced to become a member. Once initiated, he became deeply interested in the welfare of our Order. In due course he passed through the different offices of his Lodge and District, and he has been Provincial Corresponding Secretary for above thirteen years.

When first he united himself to the Manchester Unity, there was a great amount of prejudice in the minds of some of the dissenting bodies relative to their members being allowed to join Odd-fellows' and other Friendly Societies. In Parady's Lodge there were some brothers who were also members of the Calvinistic Methodist Society. In consequence of the prejudice alluded to, they were threatened with expulsion from

their Society if they continued Odd-fellows. Mr. Reynolds saw the injustice of this, and wrote a very able article in the Welsh language, which was published in the *Athrau*, a Welsh periodical, and one of the organs of the Calvinistic Methodist Society. In this article he explained the benefits of the Order, and requested a friendly discussion with any of the leading preachers of the methodist denomination. A copy of the paper containing the article in question was sent to nearly every one of their ministers throughout Wales, and the result was a conference between one of their principal leading men and Mr. Reynolds. From the elucidation of the principles of our Order, then attempted, this gentleman was so thoroughly converted and convinced, that from and after that time the prejudices of the religious bodies against Odd-fellowship were overcome. We have now a great number of the Calvinistic Methodist Denomination throughout Wales, who are highly respectable members of our Order.

Mr. Reynolds vindicated the Order from the charge of deism, made by a dignitary of the church against them, on account of the funeral address. He also (in accordance with a resolution of his District, upon the occasion of an unpleasant feeling that existed in the country some years ago,) wrote an able letter to Her Majesty, shewing that, as Odd-fellows, our members are faithful to the crown and government. To this address he received, through Sir Geo. Grey, a very gracious reply, acknowledging Her Majesty's approbation of the principles of our Order. In order that this interesting fact might be thoroughly known and appreciated, Mr. Reynolds had 200 copies of each of the above articles printed and circulated, through the unity, at his own expense.

At the anniversaries of many Lodges Mr. Reynolds very often presides. His popularity as a public speaker, and his good humour, have won the esteem of his brethren wherever he is known. He represented his District at the Swansea A.M.C., where, at the banquet, he had the honour of returning thanks for the Welsh delegates. He also represented his District at the Leicester A.M.C., when he had the honour of being chosen by the delegates as a proper person to have his portrait published in the Magazine; and he was also present, as a delegate, at the late meeting at Shrewsbury, and was received with honour and respect by all with whom he came in contact. The writer of these lines is especially indebted to our old friend for much valuable advice and assistance. Mr. Reynolds had a family of ten children by his first wife, six of whom survive. He has also two daughters by his present wife. His youngest son, Mr. Thomas Reynolds, P.P.G.M., and treasurer of the Caerphilly District, was one of the deputies elected to represent that District at the A.M.C. at Swansea, and Leicester; and was again elected as deputy to the A.M.C. at Shrewsbury.

NEW FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' ACT.

THOSE members who were delegates to the last A.M.C. may congratulate themselves on having come to a very wise resolution in making P.G.M. Roe their Parliamentary Agent, for—thanks to his exertions—aided most materially by the valuable efforts of our Provincial Officers, the Unity has now got an Act of Parliament, which, if it is not all that could be desired, is infinitely better than the wretched 8th clause of the Act of 1858. It is a very fair complaint, which many make, that Acts of Parliament are not so intelligible as they ought to be; and we therefore give a plain statement of what the new Act really is.

The 13th section of the Act of 1855 (closely following the 26th section of the Act of 1829,) made it lawful for the members of any society, at some meeting, to be specially called, to dissolve or determine the same, in the manner to be stated by some written agreement, on obtaining the votes of five-sixths of the members. The 8th section of the Act of 1858 provided that, instead of its being necessary to state the intended appropriation or division of the funds or property, such appropriation or division might be referred to the Registrar, or an actuary; and, on the application in writing of one-fourth part of the members of any society, the Registrar, or actuary, might investigate the same, and determine whether the society should continue or be dissolved, and the funds and property divided; and make an award to that effect.

Now, by the 1st section of the Act of 1860, it is lawful for the members of a society—in case of a dissolution—to refer such appropriation, or division, to the award of a Registrar *only*; and if application shall be made in writing, by *five-eighths* of the members, setting forth that the funds are insufficient to meet the claims, with the grounds of proof, the Registrar may investigate the same; and if he find the society is in an insolvent condition, and that the society should be wound up, he shall make an award to that effect, and direct how the funds and property shall be divided or appropriated; but, previous to such investigation, the Registrar shall give 21 days' notice in writing, to be sent by post, to the trustees, secretary, or other officer, at the society's meeting place.

Sec. 2, declares such an award shall be binding and conclusive on all members, and other persons, having any claim on the funds of the society, without appeal.

Sec. 3 directs that when any agreement for dissolution of a society, shall be sent to the Registrar, and, also, when any award is made by him; notice shall, within 21 days, be advertized, by the Registrar, in the London, Edinburgh, or Dublin Gazette; and unless within three months after such publication, a member, or other person interested, shall commence proceedings to set aside the dissolution (consequent on such agreement or award), the society shall be considered legally dissolved.

Under sec. 4, the Registrar is annually to report to Parliament the particulars of every award made.

As to societies dissolved before the present Act, sec. 5 provides that if notice of the agreement for dissolution, or of any award, shall, within three months after the passing of this Act, be advertized in a Gazette, the provisions of the 3rd section shall apply as if such agreement, or award, had been made after the 6th August, 1860. It is difficult to conceive what the

value of this section is, as the Registrar is not bound under it, to advertize in any case; and the mischief caused to the unfortunate individuals, who belonged to such societies remains unremedied.

Sec. 6 is the triumph of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society, and all other well-regulated institutions. "The 8th sec. of the Act 21 and 22 Vic., cap. 101, is hereby repealed."

The Act of 1855, sec. 45, provides that the trustees of societies, or the officers thereof, appointed to prepare returns, shall, once in every year, in the months of January, February, or March, transmit to the Registrar a general statement of the funds and effects of such society, during the past twelve months, or a copy of the last annual report of such society; and, also, within three months after the month of December, 1855; and, so again, within three months after every five years succeeding, transmit to the Registrar a return of the rate or amount of sickness and mortality experienced by such society within the preceding five years, and in such form as shall be prepared by the said Registrar, and an abstract shall be laid before Parliament.

Now, by the 7th section of the Act of 1860, if default is made in transmitting to the Registrar, before the 1st of June in each year, the general statement, or copy of the last annual report of any society, the officer making such default is liable to a penalty, not exceeding 20s.; to be recovered, with costs, at the suit of the Registrar, in manner provided by the Act.

The 8th section enacts, that if the accounts and returns required from societies, by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, be not made within 30 days after requirement, the account of the society shall be closed by the Commissioners; and no interest credited until such accounts and returns are furnished, or the money be withdrawn.

By section 24 of the Act of 1855, it is provided that if any person, by false representation or imposition, shall obtain any monies, books, papers, or other effects of a society; or, having the same, shall withhold or misapply them; or, *wilfully apply any part to purposes not expressed or directed in the rules*; a Justice, in England, may, upon complaint of any person on behalf of the society, summon the offender, and two Justices shall hear and determine the complaint (under the 11 and 12 Vic., cap. 43); and in Scotland the offence may be prosecuted by summary complaint, at the instance of the Procurator Fiscal of the county, or of the society—with his concurrence—before the Sheriff; in Ireland before Justices, as in England, under 14 and 15 Vic., cap. 93,—this is so provided by the 1st section of the Act of 1858—and the offender will be ordered to deliver up all monies, &c., and repay amounts misapplied; with a penalty not exceeding £20, and 20s. costs; or, in default, be imprisoned, with or without hard labour, for three months.

The 9th, and last, section of the new Act provides, that any application authorized by the above 24th section to be made by any person on behalf of a society, *may be made by the Registrar*.

These extraordinary powers, conferred upon the Registrars, have not been sought for and obtained without *some* object. Whispers are abroad that many societies have lent or given their funds to Trades' Unions; the purpose to which such funds were to be applied being—it is said—very well known; and for which the societies or their officers will be brought to account.

Let us hope that a Registrar, in his capacity of general watchman and prosecutor, will have very little to do in this kind of business. Let us also hope that in future sessions, Parliament will have less of this tinkering legislation to engage its attention. Friendly Societies will receive and act on good advice; but will not submit to peddling coercion.

LIBRA.

T I M E .

BY W. B. GRAHAM.

I ASK'D old Time, one eventide,
 To lay his glass and scythe aside,
 To rest himself an hour or so,—
 He gravely smiled, and answered "No!
 No rest for me has Heaven decreed,
 Nor can I haste the least my speed,
 Till life's last pulse has ceased to throb,
 And all things perish with this globe."

Still on he flew on wings unheard,
 The air around seem'd all unstirr'd.—
 In vain, in vain, do thousands cry,
 "O, Time, delay!" when death draws nigh.
 No mortal power can Time retard!
 No human voice does he regard!
 But on and on pursues his flight,
 In calm, in storm, by day, by night.

Yet, as he pass'd like light along,
 Methought I heard him chant this song:—
 "O, mortal man! now listen well,
 And I to thee some truths will tell.
 Though like yon sun that ever burns,
 Or this round earth that ceaseless turns,
 I constantly pursue my course
 Through ages with unchecked force;
 Yet, as I hasten to my goal,
 The hours I on my way unroll,
 More precious they than costliest gems
 That blaze on royal diadems.—
 This mighty world, instinct with life,
 This scene of mingled peace and strife,
 On, as I pierce the Future's night,
 I bear, in my progressive flight.

"Ah! who can tell what mighty things
 Are done the while I flap my wings!
 The present Now is man's—when gone,
 'Tis lost. The PAST belongs to none!
 Then wise is he who makes the most
 Of moments, ere they're wholly lost!
 'Tis profitless to pule and fret,
 And sour the mind with vain regret,
 When gone for ever! Up, awake,
 Thou sluggard soul! thyself betake
 To earnest work, 'with all thy might,'
 If thou wouldst spend thy days aright.
 The longest thread of life that's spun,
 Full soon its destined length will run!"
 Thus sang old Time, or seem'd to sing,
 As on he pass'd on silent wing;
 Nor sang the aged Sage in vain,
 If truths were utter'd in his strain.

WHY JOHN THRIFTY DIDN'T GET RICH.

It would have been a difficult matter to have found a single individual, from the "oldest inhabitant" to the most recent settler, in the town of B—who did not know, and who did not esteem and speak well of, John Thrifty.

And well did John merit the good report of his neighbours. He was born amongst them—he had spent his youth amongst them—he had grown old amongst them; and such had been the amiability of his manners, the benevolence of his disposition and rectitude of his conduct, that he had never, during a period of more than sixty years, had a quarrel with, or made an enemy of, a single person in all the town.

Now, it was generally supposed that John was thriving in the world, and that he would not only have a snug competency for his declining years, but would be enabled to leave a nice jointure for his widow, and a handsome dowry for his daughter Mary, the only surviving child of a numerous progeny.

It was well known that, for several years previous to his marriage, having no one but himself to support, and being in the receipt of a good salary, as book-keeper in an extensive cotton mill, he had been enabled, by a laudable economy, to make frequent investments in the savings' banks, and it was even *calculated* by the more *exact* gossips, that John *could* not have less than £500 to commence his married life.

Heedless of the good-natured babblers, John kept plodding on. Every morning, precisely as the office clock struck nine, he might be seen taking his accustomed seat at the office desk; and every evening, as the last sound of the bell proclaiming six died upon the ear, he might be perceived brushing up his five-shilling gossamer with his coat sleeve, preparatory to leaving his duties for the night.

His regularity and integrity gained him the confidence of his employers; and several times during his long and exemplary servitude had they thought fit, without solicitation on his part, to advance his previously handsome salary.

And most people said, and *everybody* thought, that John Thrifty was a rich man. *But he wasn't!* And how the folks in B—stared, wondered, gossiped, and stared, and gossiped again—when, at the age of sixty-three, John *left* this world, his wife and daughter, and *barely enough* money to pay his funeral expenses.

But why wasn't John rich? was asked on every side, and none appeared able to solve this important problem.

We are happy, however, to have it in our power to clear up the mystery; and to show why, with all his opportunities and privileges for amassing wealth, John Thrifty died a poor man.

Then, *for once*, report fell short of truth, and instead of £500, John had upwards of £800 placed to his credit, in one or other of the banking houses in B—, besides being in receipt of an annual salary of £200, at the time of his marriage.

The repeated advances made by his employers during his wedded life had augmented his salary to £400 per annum; yet, after all, John died a poor man.

"Strange!" methinks we hear some one of our readers exclaim, "he must have been a *gambler*;" another, "he couldn't make all that away in innocent and rational pursuits—he must surely have been a *drunkard*;" again, another, more irascible than the others, "come now, you have told us that he was

punctual and attentive to business, regular in his habits, and amiable in his disposition, don't leave us any longer to conjecture, but tell us at once the cause of John's 'poverty.'—"Well, then, John had a wife;—" "Of course he had," puts in our short-tempered reader, "that is, if he married a *woman* and she hadn't gone off the hooks, run away, or been transported? but what on earth has that to do with his poverty? surely it does not follow that because a man has a wife he must have poverty also." To this we answer, "If we are to finish the task we have undertaken, we are determined to do it in our own manner; therefore, we repeat, in contempt of our fast man's frowns, John Thrifty had a wife—beautiful in her person—graceful in her carriage—benevolent in her disposition—industrious in her habits, and to all appearances, just the woman to make the fireside of an intellectual man happy; but she had, in a multitude of excellences, one failing; she would 'keep up appearances.' So this failing was her own and her husband's ruin, in a worldly point of view."

No one could, or did, appreciate a woman, more than John did his wife, and though he saw and pitied her besetting sin, he hadn't the courage to denounce it. Sometimes, it is true, he would endeavour to reason with her on the impropriety of incurring certain expenses, but then, though he brought forward the most convincing and incontrovertible arguments in favour of his propositions, she had such a sweet and persuasive voice, and such a captivating manner, he was sure to be defeated; and the debate always ended with, "Well, John, love, I dare say you're perfectly right, but then, my dear, only fancy! what would the world say?" and poor John, silenced by the unaccountable interest manifested by the *world* in his domestic arrangements, could only wonder how he could ever have been so oblivious of this world's approbation.

For instance, when discussing the necessary preparations for their marriage, John suggested, a cab to church—a few friends to dinner—a quadrille in the evening, and business next day; but the bride elect, anxious to "keep up appearances," remarked that, "though, for herself, she didn't care a rush how matters were arranged," yet "what would the world say?" "Hadn't Mr. Shuffle (who didn't get near John's salary), a couple of coaches, a pair of greys to each, outriders in liveries, and white favours: and why should they do the thing less respectably?" This reasoning was conclusive; the world required them, and coaches, greys, outriders, liveries, and white favours were agreed upon.

"Then, you know, John dear, it is always customary for newly married people who would stand well with the world, to make a wedding-jaut, for a fortnight or so, to the lakes, Blackpool, Cheltenham, or some such place." This was a matter of course; so, to please the world, they went to Bath.

Then it was arranged that, as Mrs. Grizzle sent out cakes, cards, and gloves (and Mr. G. didn't hold half so good a situation as John), they should send out cards, cakes, and gloves too.

Then Mrs. Frizzle had such a lovely dinner-service (and her husband's income was very limited); Mrs. Dornton had such a love of a piano; Mrs. Bonsall had such exquisite China; Mrs. Crane had such handsome Brussels carpets; Mrs. Chink had such chaste bed-hangings; Mrs. Lipman had such rich window-blinds; Mrs. Screw had such a dear of a sofa; Mrs. Price had such a duck of a time-piece; Mrs. Griffin had such delicious chairs and tables; Mrs. Biffin had such charming fire-screens; Mrs. Bouncer had such costly fittings in her church pew (and none of their husbands had the means that John had); therefore, that the world might not accuse him of parsimony, John had to copy or excel his neighbours; and the dinner-service, piano,

China, bed-hangings, window-blinds, Brussels carpets, sofa, time-piece, chairs, tables, fire-screens, and the fittings for the pew at church were all provided, *secundum artem*.

Then again, the babies—precious innocents—when they came, must, of necessity, be treated like other *genteel* babies; and elegancies and luxuries were supplied *ad libitum*; and, when all their attentions could not keep the little dears alive, hatbands, gloves, and biscuits must be distributed at their funerals—it would be such a shame, as this was the last token of affection that could be paid them, not to do as other respectable parents did.

And thus they went on. This deference to the opinions of the world, and this desire to compete with and outshine their neighbours, commenced with their union and ended only with the death of John and the poverty of his widow and orphan daughter. And this was the reason “why John Thrifty didn't get rich.”

P. M. R.

AMONG THE TREES.

Among the trees, the whispering breeze
This summer morning wanders gaily;
Thro' meads I pass, among the grass
The flowers glisten purely, palely.
Shine summer morn, my soul to thee is clinging;
Shine morning; breezes wander, singing, singing, singing.

The snow white stream glides, like a dream,
With sweet, soft murmur through the meadows,
Heaven's tender hue, is stainless blue,
Earth's floor is chequered o'er with shadows.
Flow, river, flow; through this rich landscape gleaming.
Sleep, shadows sleep, till the dark woods lie a-dreaming.

Long years have passed since I stood last,
And saw the landscape in its splendour,
That time was bliss compared with this,
Tho' this time comes with mem'ries tender.
Rest, village rest! in brightest beauty lying;
Rise, Memory! wake past times; Heaven's to thee replying.

I came this morn by hope upborne,
For in this village once a maiden
Abode—o'erflowed with love I glowed,
With love then, *now* with sorrow, laden!
Come, dearest, come; alas, i' the grave she's lying.
Sleep, sweetest, sleep! I'll love thee, love thee, living, dying.

IN MEMORIAM—ROBERT BROUGH.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

I TAKE up, to-day, the pen which has fallen from a dead man's hand. The sadness of my task is embittered by the consciousness that the writer whose decease I record, was one of my oldest and dearest friends. But a few days since, and bowing under a recent domestic bereavement of my own, I read the affectionate tribute which a friend and fellow-labourer had paid to the memory of one whom I had known and esteemed for fourteen years. Yesterday, it was poor Albert Smith. To-day, it is my duty to trace a few lines in sorrowful mention of another loss to literature and to friendship. Their theme, alas ! is Robert Brough.

He died on the night of the twenty-sixth of June, at his brother-in-law's house at Manchester. His dear nurse—his widow now—had got him so far in the hope of taking him to North Wales. There had been little hope of him for months; but just a feeble chance remained that the bracing atmosphere of a mountainous country might do him good. His medical advisers had forbidden that he should be taken to the sea-side. There was no use in sending him to Nice, or to Devonshire, or to the Isle of Wight. Indeed, for a long period, those nearest and dearest to him had known that the most that could be done for him was to soothe and cherish him to the end. There was just a little oil left in his lamp, and it was consumed, and he died. He had not any chronic or organic disease that I am aware of, beyond an inherent weakness—a weakness that seemed to waste away his muscular fibre with such slow, unerring regularity, that you might almost note the progress of his decay, day by day, for years. I knew him first in 1847. He was a mere boy; but he was weak and ailing. He never looked well. Each successive time I saw him until a few weeks since he was in some degree or manner worse; and now he is better—for he is dead.

Robert Barnabas Brough was born in London in 1828. Three brothers and three sisters, all hale and hearty, I am glad to believe, survive him. He passed a considerable portion of his childhood and his youth in Wales and in the North of England. His father, one of the worthiest and most amiable of men, was engaged in commercial pursuits; and his sons had a plain English education. Robert Brough had neither Latin nor Greek; but before his thirtieth year—he was always learning something—he had taught himself plenty of French, and some German, and a little Spanish. I am sure, poor fellow, that he had a sufficient appreciation of the advantages of a classical education; but, as from the age of fifteen or sixteen he had to earn his livelihood by the labour of his own hands and brain, the most he could do was to add to his stock of knowledge such adjuncts as he deemed most valuable for his working career. His taste and capacity for pictorial art were very great, and under favourable circumstances might have been developed to fame and fortune. He would, with that proper artistic training he could never afford to undergo, have become a graceful and varied artist. As it is, he only leaves behind him a few unfinished oil-sketches and a mass of humorous drawings. His comic pictorial efforts will bear a very favourable comparison with those of Thomas Hood.

I believe that, as a lad, who had to push his own way and get his own bread, he tried half-a-dozen avocations before he discovered his real one—Literature.

He was a merchant's clerk and a portrait painter at Manchester and Liverpool. He was fond of amateur acting; and he, with his brother William, wrote plays and acted in them, and painted the scenery, as dozens of boys have done before. The brothers even started a little weekly satirical paper, called the *Liverpool Lion*, to which Robert Brough, in addition to parodies and jokes, and comic essays, contributed political and humorous cartoons, in that style of which Mr. Leech is so great a master. It happened that Robert and William Brough had written a burlesque on the "Tempest," called the "Enchanted Isle." This, being performed at Liverpool, attracted the notice of Mr. Benjamin Webster, then "starring" in that town. The "Enchanted Isle" was a very boyish production, but it was full of broad fun, and was even not deficient in very brilliant wit. The piece was transplanted to metropolitan soil, and performed with great success at the Adelphi Theatre. Other managers became eager for burlesques, and the "Brothers Brough," to Robert's misfortune, attained immediate popularity, and, in theatrical circles, celebrity.

I say, for his misfortune; for he leapt at once, from provincial obscurity, raw, half-taught, and quite deficient in worldly experience, into a prominent position among the wits and *viveurs* of a bustling time. He had almost everything to learn; but his dramatic successes made him at once the compeer of such men as Planché, Morton, Oxenford, Bourcicault, Reach, Albert Smith, Charles Kenney, Shirley Brooks, and Mark Lemon, men who had been before the public for years—who were used to its ways, and indifferent to its seductions. He had the run of the green-rooms and the literary *cénacles*, when it would have done him much more good to have had the run of a decent library, or even of a garret, a book-stall, or a coffee-shop, with some back numbers of the *Quarterly Review* on its shelves. Then he speedily found that Christmas and Easter will not come a dozen times a-year, and that he could not earn a livelihood by burlesque writing, however handsomely those productions might be paid for. Let it not be imagined that the managers starved him. I believe that from Messrs. Charles Kean, Buckstone, Webster, Keeley, and E. T. Smith, and especially from Messrs. Robson and Emden, he never received anything but kind and generous treatment. But they could not be always bringing out new pieces, and he could not be always inventing them. The "Brothers Brough" parted company—as joint-authors, at least, but never as affectionate relatives—and each betook himself to the work-a-day life of literature. Robert married very early in life, and he has left a widow and three young children to lament his untimely loss.

Robert Brough had little aptitude for the dry but remunerative labours of the daily and weekly press. His *forte* lay in humorous narrative, in light essay, in pure joke-weaving and *persiflage*, in satiric, and sometimes in pathetic, not sentimental poetry. When he had room and time, he was an admirable story-teller; and some of his ballads are replete with grace and picturesque colour. Summing up his works from memory, I can chiefly recall his sharply satiric *Songs of the Governing Classes*; his translations or rather adaptations of Beranger's *Songs of the Empire, the Peace, and the Restoration*; his novels of *Marston Lynch* (just published by Messrs. Ward and Lock), and *Which is Which? or, Miles Cassidy's Contract*. This was the last book he published; and the *Saturday Review* thought the fact of the author being on his death-bed, a favourable opportunity for making a savage onslaught on him. It is so safe to attack a dying man! Then he wrote a *Life of Sir John Falstaff*, as a text for George Cruikshank's admirable plates, illustrating the fat knight's history. There is, also, from his pen, a capital translation of Alphonse Karr's novel, *La Famille Alain*; and in the *Train*, a magazine undertaken as a speculation among a knot of friendly literary men, there is dispersed a number of exquisite paraphrases of Victor Hugo's *Odes et Ballades*. His brother, John

Cargill Brough, is about to collect the best of his poetical fragments for republication.

In *Household Words* and in *All the Year Round*, he wrote a variety of graphic essays and pictures of manners, and notably a charming little piece of fugitive poetry, entitled "Neighbour Nelly." He was an early and prolific contributor to the comic publications called the *Man in the Moon* and *Diogenes*; but I don't know what *clique* interest or what *clique* squabbles excluded him from the columns of *Punch*. For some period, also, he officiated as Editor of the *Atlas*. For a shorter term he held a literary appointment with Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket Theatre. For some months he was the Brussels correspondent of the *Sunday Times*; but newspaper work, as I have already observed, was unsuitable to his turn of mind. His last regular engagement was with the proprietor of the *Welcome Guest*, as its conductor and chief contributor. Of his productions in this publication readers are the best judges. I may, however, offer an opinion that "Doctor Johnson" is one of the most beautiful poems that ever flowed from the pen of a contemporary writer.

How am I to speak further—and with common fortitude—of my dear, dead friend?—I, who knew him, and loved him, and was once young and enthusiastic, and poor and miserable, with him; who have often lagged behind to let him win the race, and fondly hoped to see him one day prosperous and famous; who am not worthier than he, and am yet alive, the senior, and strong? If his memory be assailed, I shall know how to rebuke and shame the slanderers; but I had rather that his praises came from other lips. As I write this, in the silence of the night, I lift my eyes from the blotted sheet, and see hanging round my room the pictures of three dear friends, all good and tender, and true as Bob was. They are all dead: all dead within six months. Who is the survivor that can tell when *his* turn may come, and when a friendly hand may be required to close *his* eyes, and turn *his* picture to the wall?

[The above admirable tribute to the memory of one of the most original and single-minded of our modern litterateurs, I extract from the pages of the *Welcome Guest*, a weekly periodical of great and singular merit. It was my intention to have written something in the way of biographical sketch of Robert Brough, with whom I was well acquainted for several years; but my friend, Mr. Sala, has performed this office so gracefully, and so well, that I am sure he will forgive me for transferring his brief and touching memoir to these pages. But I have another motive in doing this, and that is—that I may make the readers of the *Odd-fellows' Magazine* more fully acquainted than some of them probably were with the name and fame of Robert Brough.

Writing at the last moment ere this sheet passes finally out of my hands, and the words are fixed irrevocably in type, I am very happy to say that the subscription which is being got up for the widow and children of Robert Brough is proceeding satisfactorily. Many of the best names in literature will be found attached to it. But, more than this, the friends and companions of the wit—members of the now world-renowned "Savage Club"—are exerting themselves in "commemoration performances" at various metropolitan and provincial theatres, with great and encouraging success. Thus friendship and love are doing their office gently, in letting the world know the worth of its dead favourite, and hanging a laurel wreath above his grave.—ED.]

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

How many a struggling tradesman would give his ears to find it out: how many a poor author, seeking for fame in the beaten paths of literature, and living, literally, from hand to mouth, would be happy to discover it: how many a speculator dreams of, but never realizes it: how many a daring experimentalist woos the goddess Fortune in every shape, and never arrives at the solution of the giant mystery: how many a student makes it, in one way or another, the subject of his daily, aye, his nightly thoughts, without once coming within sight of the envied goal which all men strive to reach. The story of unrequited toil—of patient, unremitting labour, badly paid—of bold hearts withering beneath the frown of unsucess—of mighty intellects damped and disappointed—of golden day-dreams and glorious aspirations crushed beneath the iron heel of want—is it not as common as life?

And yet some favoured few have, almost without an effort of their own, discovered the mighty secret. Some, the sons of toil, too, have achieved the great purpose. Some, by intuition, as it were, have mastered the riddle that the world—the great moral Œdipus—has given them to solve, and guessed the Secret of Success.

Some men, said Shakspeare, are born to greatness; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them. There is yet another class, who seek for greatness, and never find it. Of these are the thousands to whom the Secret of Success is never vouchsafed, puzzle and seek they never so hard.

And why is this? Why is it that some charlatan, with nothing but a face of brass to recommend him, takes the world by storm, while patient merit is neglected? Can no one answer the question—can no one solve the riddle—no one guess the Secret of Success? It appears not; and yet the answer is patent to the world.

In the nineteenth century—the age of civilization and refinement—one man was rewarded princely by public subscription for having made a railway fortune; while another, the author of the railway system, pined in poverty and gloom, and no man thought of him: and yet of those two men, George Hudson and Thomas Gray—whose name will be most honoured by posterity? The first is in disgrace, the last is in his grave.

Again: in the same building a great genius exhibited the fruits of his mighty mind, and a charlatan abortion was caressed and petted by the rich and fair, who flocked in hundreds daily to kiss his puny cheek. Haydon the painter died by his own hand; and the keeper of the mannikin Tom Thumb retired upon a noble fortune.

While Thomas Chatterton pined and withered in a garret in Brownlow Street, and was laid in a pauper's grave in Shoe Lane—garret or churchyard, however, exist no longer—men were making fortunes by the sale of cheap poisons and quack medicines, and thieves and conjurors were living in luxury upon the fruits of their unholy callings.

Not to multiply instances, can we look around without everywhere observing these inequalities of fortune—the many striving in vain, the few rewarded without desert?

But is the grand secret unsolvable, except by accident? surely not. There is a story told of a carpenter who being observed carefully planing a bench that was intended for the county magistrates, was asked why he took so much pains with the work. He answered, that he was making it smooth and pleasant against the time when he should himself take his seat upon it. That was the purpose of his life, and he lived to achieve it. Is there not a great moral in the anecdote?

Columbus, when he had satisfied himself that there must be a western world, was untiring in his applications to native and foreign princes for assistance: Ferdinand and Isabella rendered it, and America was the result. Wedgworth was a barber's boy, and shaved for a penny: Doctor Johnson was the son of a poor bookseller in Lichfield, and came to London in search of fame with a single guinea in his pocket; and yet both have left names that will never die.

And so we might go on. It is vain to say that with some men all things seem to prosper, and that beneath the touch of others, all things seem to wither and to die: the Secret of Success is not so very difficult to solve as some imagine: it lies in a word, and that word is—PERSEVERANCE.

MORE ABOUT THE LAW OF TRUSTEES.

WE stated on a former occasion (page 389), that parliament would probably repeal so much of the 22 and 23 Vic., cap. 35, as permitted trustees to invest funds, under their control, in the particular securities there mentioned.

This has not been done; but an Act was passed, on the 23rd July, 1860, (23 and 24 Vic., cap. 38) which requires notice. The 10th and 11th sections provide that general orders may be made by the Courts of Chancery in England, or Ireland, as to the investment of cash, under the control of the courts; either in the £3 per cent. consolidated, or reduced, or new bank annuities, or *in such other* stocks, funds, or securities, as to the courts may seem fit; and to order the conversion, or change, of any £3 per cent. bank annuities, now or hereafter in court, into any such other stocks, funds, or securities, upon which, by such general orders, cash, under the control of the court, may be invested: and, when any such general orders are made, trustees—having power to invest their trust funds upon government securities, or upon parliamentary stocks, funds, or securities, or any of them—may invest such trust funds, or any part thereof, on any of the stocks, funds, or securities, in or upon which, by general orders, cash, under the control of the courts, may be invested.

Until such general orders are made, trustees must, of course, invest strictly according to the directions contained in the instrument creating the trust, in which they are acting; or in the manner pointed out by the previous article.

PRACTICAL HINTS AS TO TRUSTEES.

When trustees of a lodge are appointed, they should be satisfied that the secretary has sent to the Registrar a proper notice of their appointment. This is generally done on a form sold by stationers, and in duplicate—the Registrar retaining one copy, and returning the other to the lodge.

No foreigner should be appointed trustee; nor any one under 21 years of age.

All monies and property of the lodge being vested in the trustees, no other officer or member should institute any proceedings in respect of it, except in the names of the trustees, and with their express sanction and authority.

If proceedings are taken against trustees, they alone are entitled to defend them; and no solicitor should be employed for the purpose, without their approval. If trustees instruct any solicitor, and one trustee afterwards engages the services of any other solicitor, the extra expense occasioned by the severance, will have to be borne personally by such trustee.

In *all* cases it is best for trustees to act only under a resolution of the lodge, except in case of special emergency.

If any trustee prove refractory, or is incapable, negligent, or unwilling to act, the lodge should (under its laws) at once remove him from his office, and appoint another in his stead, sending notice to the Registrar. If the Trustee removed will not join in transferring the invested capital of the society into the name of the new trustee, the Registrar should be applied to for his direction to effect that object, under section 36 of the Act of 1855. The Registrar will supply a printed form of the documents to be used.

The trustees of a society should see that the treasurer's bond is given and completed in proper time. The bond should be accessible, at all times, to them; and not entrusted to the permanent custody of any other officer. Should they have any suspicion as to the affairs of the treasurer, they should require him to account, and, if he fails, should proceed quickly to obtain the society's money,—*as if it were their own*.

Indeed, in every way, they must act as if the monies and property of the society belonged to them; short of using them for their own private purposes. And this should be particularly borne in mind with regard to the surplus funds for investment. The trustees should be watchful that the treasurer does not hold more cash in hand than his bond covers, and that all monies coming in—not wanted for immediate use—are quickly and properly invested. They are personally responsible for any wrong investment, whether made by the wish or sanction of the lodge, or not; and as they are always entitled to legal advice, they should insist upon having it, and not blindly follow any resolution of the lodge, which may be well-meant, but may be in effect—for all they know—illegal. It is next to impossible to invest upon landed property without the lawyer's interference, and he should be reminded that his clients are the trustees—not the lodge—and that they are responsible for what he does. Care should be taken to employ a *respectable* solicitor. Cheapness is not always economy.

Upon this matter it is as well to say, plainly, that trustees would act wisely, in any doubtful case, in insisting upon having a short statement made of the position of the funds of the lodge they represent, and consulting a reliable solicitor for his advice; showing him No. 15 of this Magazine, with the Article referred to. Being used to such matters in his business, he would, doubtless, volunteer his assistance in putting the lodge and its trustees thoroughly right, and guide them how to act in future.

It is almost unnecessary to say anything as to investments in the public funds, since every person of means knows that business tolerably well; but country lodges will be wise if they buy in the funds, when about 92 or 93 per cent., through a London broker; and if too far off for *one* trustee to make a journey to receive dividends, instruct the broker to obtain a power of attorney for doing so, and to remit as the lodge may direct. The periodical expense will be a mere trifle. As to the power, it should be free of stamp duty; but it is said the Registrar makes so much difficulty in giving his certificate, that probably, in most cases, it will be cheapest to incur the outlay of a guinea, rather than have any trouble with him.

Trustees of a lodge in London, or the locality, should agree which *one* of them shall attend to receive the dividends from the Bank of England. He should receive them directly they fall due, and pay them to the treasurer, through the lodge. The trustee's expenses should be voted, and paid, in the same way as any ordinary liability—not be deducted from the dividend received. The dividends go to the sick and funeral fund; the expenses should be paid out of the management (or incidental expense) fund. So, in investing, the broker's commission forms part of the purchase-money, out of the sick and funeral fund, for the stock; but the trustee's expenses must be paid out of the management fund. Much error is sometimes caused by secretaries treating the capital of lodges as being the stock purchased. This is wrong; it should be stated (for instance) as £650, new £3 per cents., cost £604 10s. 0d.; the last sum only being placed in the *cash* column. The stock may realize—when sold—more or less than the sum laid out; but, until the event happens, the gain, or loss, of the society cannot be told.

A great mistake is sometimes made by trustees, in keeping to themselves all information of the whereabouts of the trust funds of the Lodge. This should not be. Every member has a right to demand from the trustees—and know—exactly where and how the surplus capital is invested. How, indeed, can a proper balance sheet be made out of any lodge, without this information on the face of it?

Whenever liabilities of a lodge or district are paid off, the receipt should be stated as “of the trustees.” They should be informed of any peculiar payment made, which is not quite in accordance with the rules; seeing that they are responsible for it, and not the officers recommending the vote.

Trustees should not be allowed to subscribe to charitable institutions, hospitals, &c., without a bye-law of the society for their authority.

They should see that the annual and quinquennial returns of the society are properly made to the Registrar.

If a trustee is appointed secretary or treasurer he should resign his office as trustee. There is *no law* against holding the three offices, but manifest inconvenience may arise in such cases. If a treasurer is bankrupt, the society has a first claim on his estate, for all monies, &c., in his hands, *by virtue of his office*. The trustees have to recover the amount owing, and we may fancy the ridicule of a trustee, with his co-trustees, suing himself! If a member be also treasurer and trustee, nothing would be easier than for the lawyer in the bankruptcy to urge that £50 was in his hands as trustee, and not treasurer. The society might thus have to prove for the amount as a private debt, and be obliged to accept perhaps a small dividend. A suspicion always attaches to any person holding two or more offices of trust, where each is intended to be a check upon the other, and where, if held by one person, there is the opportunity and temptation to commit fraud. The spirit of the law is that separate persons should be appointed. No right-minded member should hold more than one office.

Trustees are generally appointed from the members; but if a stranger to the society is chosen, he should be permitted by bye-law to have a voice and vote in the society's affairs, at special meetings, particularly if resolutions are to be passed on which he is expected to act.

Not only documents of title, scrips for stocks, saving's bank book, copy of the treasurer's book, and balance sheets, &c., should be in the custody of the trustees, but also the laws of the society, certified by the Registrar. This is necessary that they may always be in a position to sue; and, also, that if Magistrates should interfere to ask for the secrets of the society to be disclosed, they may give a satisfactory explanation and answer.

LIBRA.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

An Address, written by G. F. PARDON, and spoken by Mr. W. H. KING, at a Dramatic Entertainment, given at the Beaumont Institution, London, for the Benefit of a Poor Brother, on the 27th of August, 1860.

OLD ÆSOP, in fable, a story has told us,
Which well may assist our good purpose to-night :
Of how the sun's rays once a traveller—bold as
A traveller should be—made gay with delight.

The wind on the wayfarer pitiless raged,
And whistled and moaned with demoniac croak—
For 'tis said that old Æolus with Phœbus engaged,
Just in jest, to deprive the poor man of his cloak.
But the more the wind blew, why, the tighter he held it;
The more the wind roared, its folds closer he pressed;
And, stooping his head to the boaster, compelled it
To give up the contest and leave him at rest.

But on the wind's failure the sun tried his hand,
And poured out his warm and beneficent ray;
And the traveller, cheered, quickly came to a stand,
And paused in delight, ere he bent on his way.
As Phœbus more brightly shone over his path,
And through the storm's fury in gaiety broke,
The traveller smiled, and, forgetting his wrath,
Unbuttoned, breathed freely, and threw off his cloak !

Now from this little fable a moral we'll draw,
That may help us in reading old Æsop aright ;—
Tis Kindness, not Force, that gives power to law—
'Tis the sweet Sun of Charity makes the world light.

The winds of Misfortune and Sorrow may find us
Closely muffled in Selfishness, Error, and Pride,
But the Sun of Benevolence comes to unbind us,
Till the Cloak of Distrust we throw gladly aside.
'Tis Sympathy prompts us to Wisdom and Duty,
'Tis Love that unites us as brother to brother,
And Charity lifts up our lives into beauty :
For, strive as we may, we *must* live for each other.

The Christianly act and the Christianly feeling,
Bind men of all nations as one kith and kin ;
And the hand-clasp of Fellowship, mutely appealing,
Never fails our best feelings to touch and to win.
Then, while you applaud us, remember our mission
Is to help and to comfort a suffering brother—
For our humble endeavours, we crave recognition ;
The best of all help is to help one another.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

III.

It is very far from being a pleasant thing to have to write of our fellow creatures as I have in my former papers been compelled to do, and it is most repulsive to a generous mind to *suspect* every one of harbouring evil designs, rather than give him the benefit of the doubt on the other side of the scale. I am aware that it is a maxim of the worldly wise to look upon every one as a rogue until he proves himself to be an honest man; but if this were carried out in practice in its integrity, I doubt whether the good of living in this world would be much improved, or the sum of happiness increased.

Let no one go away from the reading of my remarks on the pauper population with an idea that I mix it up in any way with the great body of the working men, or industrial classes of the lower sphere in England. Even in times of great pressure, it is not, as a rule, the skilled labourer who comes to the Relieving Officer—far from it. These men, as a class, I look upon as the most provident of any considerable section of the community—I mean, that they will bear comparison with men of any grade as to the provision that they make whilst in work for the time of sickness, of bad trade, and of that which comes to all alike—the time of death. They most grossly and foully libel the working men of England by calling them (as has at times been done even in the people's House of Parliament), improvident, sottish, roguish, and seditious; and shame it is that any man occupying the proud position of a member of the grandest deliberative assembly in the world should be so ignorant or so vicious as to send forth to the world such false statements. The very existence of the many noble friendly societies in this country refutes one of the calumnies, at all events, of those in high places, whose aim it seems to be to set class against class; whilst the record of crime will show that the working men of England are not the class who fill our gaols as a rule: and that, even in the exceptions, their crimes will bear favourable comparison with those immensely above them in the social scale. I write this as one professing to know the men of whom I write; although, as I said before, I have little (fortunately) of official knowledge with regard to them. I profess also to have studied, and to know much of the pauper class; and in writing of them I can but give my own view—taken from a point necessarily accessible by few; and in doing so, I fancy I paint a picture which has never been painted before by an artist with precisely the same education as myself. If my views are unpleasant or unsatisfactory to some, I cannot help the fact. I can but say—they were “taken on the spot,” and that the colours, as well as the drawing, are true to nature. A painter in his studio may paint conventional landscapes by the dozen, that will go down well with the public, and be purchased. In like manner may a writer in his study manufacture conventional sketches of “the poor,” which will be eagerly read and praised; but both these works of art—the painter's and the writer's—may lack the ingredient of most value in every work of man's hand or brains—the divine element of TRUTH. My “poor” are not “the poor” of the poet, the dramatist, or the novelist—the virtuous, striving, honest “poor.” Persons of this class do not come to us except on very rare occasions, and under circumstances of most terrible need. Their

honest pride will not allow them to degrade themselves by receiving the pauper's dole; and their praiseworthy forethought, in most cases, prevents the necessity for their coming. They appear to have an intuitive knowledge of the demoralising atmosphere of the workhouse, and shun it as they would a plague! Wisely for them; for truly, as I have seen, the taste of parish bread lingers long in the mouth, and once eaten, creates an appetite, whilst it extinguishes a sentiment of independence, which never revives. The *first* application must always be bitter to the poor but honest man; and I have seen the tear in the eye, and the quiver of the lip, and heard the trembling of the voice, which betokened the great inward struggle; and I have almost prayed that that man, my countryman, might be delivered from the evil. The first application is to men of this sort, as the first plunge to the timorous bather—the thing becomes very easy afterwards, and is practised without a shudder—indeed, a pleasurable sensation is experienced, rather than otherwise.

It may be urged that the small amount of relief given to each individual by Boards of Guardians, and the many tests employed to deter the idle and designing, would prevent anything such as I have indicated from taking place. Strange it is, and almost beyond belief, that there are men that would sooner have the parish dole, and work for it too, than earn their subsistence as independent labourers—they cling to the place of bondage, and almost have to be driven away into liberty and life. Women there are of the same sort—strong, active, able women, who work hard in the workhouse, and seem to prefer it to work out of doors; if we may judge from the many times they leave good situations and come back to us. Besides this grade of pauperism, there is another a shade lower. I allude to the vagrant class or trampers—men, women, boys and girls, who scarcely ever sleep anywhere but in night asylums or refuges. They do not want to be confined in a workhouse, and they do not want to labour—their pleasure is to wander about the country from town to town, begging a little by day, and drawing up to the workhouse by night. They have no fixed residence, of course; but I do not mean to say they would not prefer going to a lodging-house for the night, if they had the necessary funds to pay for the luxury of a bed, rather than coming to the night asylum; for at the latter place they are obliged to wash themselves, and to do a little work in return for their supper of dry bread and water, their hard couch and their breakfast in the morning. These people are not criminals in the ordinary sense of the word; I don't think they would break into a house, or knock a man down and take his purse, or even pick a pocket in the streets. They might possibly help themselves to a turnip or a few potatoes in the fields, but they are too idle to be expert thieves or successful beggars. They are simply criminally idle, and, as I often think, are of a sort of people to whom the "benign whip" of Thomas Carlyle would not be wrongly applied, not to mention that same philosopher's "benign bayonet." Sublime vagabonds! Wanderers from township to township, continually "moving on" in a circle of night asylums. In thinly populated districts the day's-work long, necessitating sleep under a wholesome haystack sometimes. In densely populated districts, walking distance sadly too short, the next township being only across a stream or an imaginary line; a listless lounging day, a watching and a wondering at people working—men no stronger than they themselves, lifting great weights and positively sweating when the sun is not shining! Extraordinary working men not to prefer a wandering life and a comfortable night asylum!

Shall we leave this class, and pursue some other subject more cheering? Or shall we endeavour to suggest something to be done to these "pariahs"? In truth, I cannot, even with my official experience, suggest anything but the

flagilatory implement of Thomas Carlyle, administered soundly and well, according to a law made and provided for that purpose. Or shall we let them go on in their own way—a picturesque, though dirty and idle, class of people in this country of workers—drones living, though but poorly, on the working bees of the hive? Who shall say? Perhaps some may remark, that these, as drones, are not quite so expensive as others in a very much more exalted sphere are to the public purse, whose ornamental appearance seems to recommend them to the more powerful section, if not to the majority, of taxpayers! I cannot leave this part of my subject without relating a little incident, exemplifying the cool impudence the tramper-drone exhibits in his mode of doing business.

The scene is a police court. The stipendiary magistrate is in his chair;—clerks, reporters, attorneys, policemen, witnesses, all in their proper places—the usual number of low characters, with a sprinkling of the respectable classes, representing the public in the place set apart for their accommodation. The two persons in the dock being young men, of from 20 to 22 years of age, having every appearance of health and strength, are charged by the conductor of the vagrant wards connected with the workhouse with each of them burning their nether garments, some time during the night last past, in the fire provided by the guardians of the poor for warming said wards.

“Burning their trowsers!” said the magistrate, with a half-smothered smile. “Then, pray how did you get them here, sir?”

“We were obliged to give them each a pair, your worship, out of stock,” answered the official.

“What have you to say to this charge, prisoners? How came you to burn your trowsers?”

The reply which came from one of the vagabonds, with the true cockney accent, and with all the affected innocent simplicity of air and tone which none but a cockney vagabond can give, was exceedingly characteristic, and amused me much.

“Please your vorship, they was very bad ones, and we wanted new ones; that’s the reason vy we burnt ’em.”

Of course the fellows were sent to the House of Correction for the space of time provided by law for such offence; where, no doubt, they would be made to perform a certain amount of unremunerative work. But they, ingenious vagabonds, had got the garments they required; and they knew they would be tolerably well provided with food even in prison, and exceedingly well housed; so, the weather not being of the finest for tramping, they, upon the whole, were the gainers by the transaction, and not the ratepayers.

Let it not be supposed that this is a solitary instance; for, notwithstanding all the precautions which the authorities take to prevent such practices becoming general, persons of both sexes at times find the like opportunity of committing a similar sin against common decorum and against the commonweal. Yes, there are women still living (if such an existence as theirs can with strict propriety be called “life”) who have from the same court been committed to prison, for nearly the same offence as my ingenious friends above quoted! Yes, and I am obliged to say that the women of this class go deeper into the depth of depravity than any of the (so called) *coarser* element of society ever descend. Any one, whose business is assisting in the working of the Poor Laws, will at once acknowledge the truth of my remark; though, to others more fortunately situated than we are, it may be received with partial incredulity. We know, too truly, how much in actual money loss, the degradation of woman entails on the community; and, knowing it, sigh for the time when man’s unbridled

passions shall cease to prepare food for the seething cauldron of all uncleanness; whose scum continually pervades our daily paths.

The subject is one which claims the attention of all right thinking persons, it is one which causes a shudder of repugnance in the frame of many whose hearts beat warm for the amelioration of all suffering, and whose actions in spheres of philanthropy prove their honesty. Yet its abhorrent features repel the advances of many an earnest worker in God's vineyard, and the immensity of the work, as seen even from a distance, appals many of the strongest. Why should I, then, whose limited powers I find scarcely equal to the performance of my humble though useful office, raise the question at all? Why should I, whose stipulated duty done may fairly claim a night's rest fully earned, vex myself by thus in the watches of the night jotting down my thoughts and experiences on such matters? Many answers, satisfactory to myself, occur to my mind; one of which I choose to set down only: I am bold enough to hope that what I write on this subject may have the effect of rousing the sympathy and pity of some few of my countrymen for the poor degraded sisters who in most places exist but principally in the thoroughfares of our great towns. True, in one phase of their existence, which I may perhaps be allowed to term their "butterfly" stage, the time of silks and satins, and equipages and flaunting extravagance, there is little on the surface to draw forth the sigh of human pity. But to men of thought—men who are aware of the gnawing worm at the heart's core, which this assumed gaiety but partially serves to conceal—to men of our calling, whose almost everyday experience reveals the dreadful end to which such almost inevitably tend, the great "evil" always bears its most repulsive aspect to the inner sense.

This very night, after having but barely returned from an errand, which I trust may be recorded as one of mercy, I was aroused by a loud knocking at the street door, and on my answering the summons was urgently requested by a poor old woman standing in the pelting rain to visit with all haste one whom she termed a dying girl, in a part of my district named Sloper's Buildings. My first question was the name of the person who thus so urgently required my aid. "Oh!" said the old woman, "she says she knows you, sir,—has known you many years—her name is Emma Garland!" That name was sufficient to claim my utmost haste; so, hurriedly throwing on my cloak, I ran to the house of the doctor, which lay on my way, and, fortunately meeting him at his door, we proceeded together, and arrived at the bedside of the patient just in time—to aid her, or to comfort her? Ah! no. In time to see her raise her hand as we entered the dismal apartment—in time to hear her faintly pronounce my name—to point to a little girl lying weeping violently at the lower part of the bed, and to almost sigh into my ear—"Oh! sir, my child—*his* child!" and *then* to die.

The room, dimly lighted by one poor candle, damp and unventilated, the atmosphere was rendered still more nauseous and oppressive by the presence of at least half a dozen women with drenched garments, who had been drawn thither (let us hope) by the desire of affording some assistance to the poor one who now had found her rest. The hoarse roaring of the wind in the chimney, and the fierce beating of the rain upon the window, mingled with the convulsive weeping of the poor orphan girl, clinging to the corpse of her lost mother, whose pale, haggard face, appeared, even in death, to bear a look of entreaty directed to me—all fixed themselves upon my mind, and will, I doubt not, haunt me for many a day. And, as I sit here again in my own warm room, after having provided for the immediate wants of the child, and made arrangements for the morrow, I sadly muse over the scene I have gone through, and recal what I know of the past history of poor Emma

Garland. Her's was a name of love and blessedness to all who dwelt within the sunshine of her smiles. She was once the very joy and comfort of a father, bereft of wife and children, save only her—his one last treasure. He was one whom I rejoiced to call my friend, and one whom to know was an exceeding great comfort; and for many years of mingled griefs and joys had we shared together what of good or ill there came, so far as mutual heartfelt confidence alone can procure for man. I knew him during the dark and stormy period of his losses and family bereavements; and during the calm which followed, I marked his tender care of his "last flower," as he used to call his Emma; and I watched her grow up from childhood, through all the delightful gradation of change, up to that of perfect womanhood. How beautiful, how gentle, and how good she was in those days! How can I recal them without deep emotion, seeing what I have seen this night? Alas! can it really be that she now lies in yonder miserable place awaiting a pauper's funeral?

Her history it may serve best to record briefly, for it is one which often has been told by pens more graphic than my own, of others, perhaps, as beautiful and good as once was Emma. It was thus she fell in all her summer bloom. The tempter came (as tempters have often come before) in guise of manly beauty, with wealth and position, and honourable ancestry in his train. She, poor trusting bird, believed his honied words and fell! There was a flight and a pursuit—a return of a broken-hearted man to his cold hearth; and in a few months I heard the mould fall upon the coffin of my friend, and, sobbing, went my way.

I heard occasionally, and from sure sources, of Emma and her betrayer—now in Paris, now in London, or elsewhere. I saw her once in a metropolitan theatre, shining in beauty, where all were lovely to the eye. A few years sped by, and I had removed from that sweet old spot in the country parts, to take up my residence in this great town. One night, pursuing my way, I heard an altercation in the street between two women, and approaching nearer, recognized in one of the voices, though altered as it was by indulgence and anger, that of Emma's. I rushed up to the disputants and called her by her name, when she, as if stricken by some sudden blow, sprang back, and recognizing me by the light of a neighbouring lamp, shrieked rather than said: "Leave, me, I entreat, for the love of heaven, leave me to my appointed doom!" and, plunging into the darkness, she fled. I involuntarily started in her pursuit; but calmer reflection coming to my aid, after a brief space, I relinquished the attempt to overtake her. I, however, endeavoured afterwards by all means in my power to ascertain her place of abode, with the full intention, if it were possible, to stay her in her downward, terrible, farther descent; if possible, to snatch her from her doom. For many reasons I am inclined to think that after that night she left our town, and resided in some other locality for a considerable time. I am certain that I saw her face once again at some little distance among the crowd of passengers in our main thoroughfare, and I am almost certain that she recognized me, and intentionally avoided meeting me face to face. Poor girl! Yet once more I had positive trace of her, and learned that she and a little child (of whose existence I now first became cognizant) were residing in a certain poor quarter of the town; and that she was, by taking in some sort of needlework, endeavouring to eke out a living. I wrote to her without delay to the address given to me, enclosing a trifle for her immediate wants, for I was informed she was sick and destitute; and I begged, nay, almost implored her to write to me. Receiving no reply, I determined to call upon her at her lodging, to ascertain her real state, and to make such provision for her as her extremity needed. On

arriving at the house, I learned, to my dismay, that she had taken her departure on the very day she had received my letter; and that she, the poor wanderer, with her child, had left without leaving any clue to her intentions. Months have passed away with their many calls upon my time and attention, but not one day fled without many agonizing thoughts of her, and many a fervent hope that I might still hear of her; that I might be allowed to render her the assistance which I had it in my power to afford; and to-night—this very night—I have seen the once beautiful, the good, the gentle Emma Garland die. My dear old friend's "last flower" faded and gone! Poor victim of the world! Who shall record thy years of cruel suffering? Who in this world may ever hope to pourtray the many sad experiences of the wretched being now called to her last account; her first awakening to the consciousness of the dreary waste before her, when deserted by her cruel betrayer she found herself cast forth with the mark of shame on her forehead, to endure the gaze of society; that society ever so ready to condemn, and so slow to succour the fallen one! Her father's death, which occurred during her first mad whirl of pleasure succeeding the fatal flight, bereft her of every family tie; for he was the last of an honorable line of yeomen, and left no relative on earth but her. It may ever remain a secret to me the exact circumstances which led to her seducer's desertion of her and his child, and the exact period when such desertion took place. But this I know, he lives now in opulence, the husband of another, and the father of other children, but a very short distance from the sweet nest which he by his vile arts defiled and plundered. His name is held in honour, and he holds a position as legislator. I dare say he sometimes speaks also in the proud assembly of which he is (to use the cant phrase) "a rising man," of the "immorality of the working classes." Oh that I had a word of fire to wither his base tongue as he speaks! But, presumptuous mortal that I am, know I not that the retribution for such crimes as his, though oft to our feeble senses tardy, is *certain* in its flight and strikes the wrongdoer, whatever be his proud estate! Yes! and I know also that the great law of justice is tempered with mercy for the weak who are drawn into evil by the strong; and with this conviction, sadly sighing o'er her earthly fate, I close this page of sweet Emma Garland's mournful history.

How many such as she, with all her weaknesses, all her wrongs, and all her sufferings, abide with us day by day, heart-broken outcasts, weary pilgrims, shunned and despised by those to whom temptations like theirs never came; castaway toys of heartless respectability; outcasts of the *severely correct society* who made them what they are! Their number "is known but to ONE," who is their merciful judge and *Father*!

PECULIARITIES.

THAT "we all have our peculiarities," will, doubtless, be acknowledged a fact of universal application, perhaps less readily as one of individual experience. These little peculiarities are, by some people, specially cherished and delighted in, as marking and distinguishing them from the "vulgar herd;" by others, on the contrary, altogether ignored, or angrily disclaimed, as though it were a sin, or a degradation, to be characterised by them. Rarely pernicious, or injurious, in their effects upon other people, they are most generally a source of amusement, especially to those who deny or ignore their own singularities. Everybody differs from every other body, in one respect or another; why

should not such differences be willingly acknowledged and cordially recognised, where individual peculiarities trench not upon a neighbour's rights? In puerile matters, affecting none but "the owner," why should we not tolerate each other, instead of endeavouring, as is too often the case, to maintain our own idiosyncrasy, ignoring another's, nay, still more, intolerantly demanding the substitution of our "little oddities" in place of theirs? Very often this want of courtesy in trifles, is exercised quite inadvertently by people, who, in greater matters, would be the first to give way to the wishes and requirements of another.

"I always do" is the spirit dominant (perhaps unconsciously so) in the breast of many besides that of the mistress in the little American story, whose one model for imitation, and one rule of motive and action in matters trivial or important, was the infallible "*I always do.*" I always do a great many things which I like, and leave undone a great many things which I dislike doing, but what reason have I for forcing my doings and avoidings, my likes and dislikes, upon others?

Some people prefer eating pudding before meat; by all means let such continue to enjoy their pudding in peace, but defend me from being compelled, *nolens volens*, to do the same.

You and your set never drink *port—claret* is the wine, and a dry champagne the only champagne fit to put upon your table—very well, keep it to your table and to such as share your tastes; we, for our part, like a good glass of port (particularly when the thermometer is standing considerably below zero) better than claret, even though it be of the best, and we, like the Russians, prefer "*La veuve Cliquot*" to any champagne going!

Again, there are those who abjure sermons and doat upon tracts; let them in heaven's name keep to their tracts, which I cannot help owning I abominate, and leave me the "sermons," in which my soul delighteth.

I do not wish to compel others to admire a Kingsley, a Caird, or a Robertson, yet neither will I be compelled to peruse and meditate upon "*Meat for the Million, or the Butcher Boy Saved,*" which you, my beloved reader, may find consolatory and edifying to the utmost. Also are there, in some circles, "manners and customs" quite at variance with the "manners and customs" approved of in other circles; you find people who would "never think of doing" so-and-so, which, "so-and-so," you and your people may be in the habit of doing, every day in the year.

So be it, by all means, say I; let there be diversities of manners and customs, in small inoffensive matters; it would be a very tame world, but for these diversities; only sneer not, my brother, if each one likes his own peculiarities, as much as you like yours, and desires not a substitution or an exchange.

It is a pity to lose one's temper (and we rarely get a better one by losing our own) for trifles, or "lash ourselves into a fury" of indignation about "a nothing," as our friends north of Tweed designate a cipher; but one does wax irate, occasionally, at the knock-you-prostrate style adopted by some, in their endeavours to make their crotchets take precedence of yours.

There are peculiarities so characteristic of an individual, and, indeed, so identified with the person, that for his or her sake, we insensibly have a liking for them, long after their oddity has ceased to strike us. Strangers may remark upon the "funny little ways" of those with whom intimacy has so familiarised the said "little ways," that for you they virtually cease to exist. Perhaps it is a singularity of costume, to which your eye has long been accustomed, as a very personality of the individual, which provokes the comment of another; a poke-bonnet worn by Miss A. in defiance of the prevailing mode

or a white hat by Mr. B., when black alone should be exhibited. Granted their "singularity," why should that singularity become the theme of invective—almost of wrathful indignation—on the part of those who bow down and worship Fashion, as the unerring guide in matters mundane?

"Oh, but they look so peculiar!" So they may, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Follow-with-the-stream, but what if she of the poke-bonnet, and he of the white hat, think your costumes equally "peculiar," and do not at all aspire to rival you, in what you consider the "very height of fashion."

You like your style best, keep to it then till—till next month, perhaps, when poke-bonnets and white hats may be worn again; and you, of course, be the first to exclaim—how singular! how ridiculous! at the fashions you now uphold.

But you say you don't like to be deemed eccentric in anything, or to differ in any marked way from those around you! Undoubtedly, you have a right to "do as others do," if it so please you, but you have no right to compel every one to adopt a similar course, in any one thing.

Peculiarities of voice, manner, and language, are as distinctive and as noticeable as any others—as far as I am concerned, almost more so. Pet words, which, either designedly or unconsciously to the speaker, are perpetually finding a place in their remarks, most especially arrest my attention.

Doubtless, I am not exempt from such favoritism—indeed, I am quite conscious of adopting the words and phrases peculiar to those with whom I associate. Also, I plead guilty to pet expressions, introduced not always *apropos* to the subject of conversation:—"Cantankerous" is one of these—or rather was, for it has not latterly been much upon my lips.

There are some whose conversation is most painfully interlarded with "you know." "You know" is the beginning, middle, and end, of nearly every phrase; with others it is "you know what I mean"—or, interrogatively, "don't you know?" in the same manner "don't you see?" does duty, when the visual organs have really no work to perform.

"I say," also, comes in for a large share of employment, especially from persons wont to attach a great deal of weight to what he or she does say. Surely there can be but one person in the world, who introduces the words "yes say" as the finis to every question and remark. One such there undoubtedly is who, in the measuring of calicoes, silks, or ribbons, addresses you with "how much—yes say?" "A yard, or two yards—yes say?" and so on, *ad infinitum*, to every customer every day—nay, every hour of his existence. Another, in a different walk of life, is wont to indulge in the repetition of "as I said before," frequently reiterating the remarks or words that were "said" before. Equally curious, and more inappropriate, the use of the words "with it," as the final clause of every sentence. "But however," is also in favour, as the commencement of a phrase, and very singular is the effect of that commencement, in any lengthy narrative, where the "but however" have not the slightest reference to what has preceded them. Some people have pet adjectives or adverbs (these latter parts of speech are, from some unknown reason, often ignored altogether in favour of adjectives, which are made to do work which they have no business to do,) this, by the way—"Awful!" "wonderful!" "jolly!" are, perhaps, amongst the most used. People have "awful" colds, instead of very bad ones; and that which is merely singular or great, perhaps, is equally "wonderful." As for "jolly" it is—thanks to Mr. Dickens—a "Household Word," expressive of so wide a range of feelings, that we had best not enter upon a discussion of its application and original signification.

Carlyle speaks of every word-inventor as a benefactor of his age and of all succeeding generations; perhaps he would scarcely admit the term "ojus"

as an addition to the language of our nation. Originally derived from "odious," we must presume it to have been; but a favourite word it most certainly is, and of very general application: the proprietor of the said word being one to whom we owe our very limited amount of equestrian capability. "We'll have a good gallop, shall us?" although not strictly grammatical, was always a very welcome query when "those ojus dogs!" were out of the way.

Many object to strength of expression under any circumstances; they would have the strongest feelings condensed into "thin air" in utterance. Pshaw! the right word in the right place, is better than a weakly substitute. Let a "humbug" be called a "humbug," and a "sham" a "sham;" ignoring facts does not alter their existence—let those who *feel* strongly *speak* strongly, not bitterly, not scornfully, but with honesty and a purpose, above all with that love which is the only real strength of all good feeling.

But I am digressing from peculiarities to generalities (probably one of my *own* peculiarities, for which I crave indulgence), yet that very digression reminds me of one known long ago, who, whatever the subject under discussion, never could keep to the point—whatever the history to be related never could keep to the telling of it; but branching from the main road with every lane and byway, would at last lose himself and his subject, where there was "no thoroughfare," never coming back to the starting point at all. Which example has not warned me off the same dangerous track; so having, in this instance, "lost my muttons" entirely—the thread of my discourse being severed, I leave the recovery of it to another.

Y. S. N.

MEMORY.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

SOFT as the rays of sunlight, stealing
On the dying day,
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing
When eve fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan
Through the heath o'er mountains lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells, when fades the even,
Peal not on the night;
As the night-winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning
To the world to wake.
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple heath,
But the past is lost in death—
He hath no memory.

Poems for Recitation.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, L.L.D.,

Author of "Legends of the Isles," "Voices from the Crowd," etc., etc.

Who is it that mourns for the days that are gone,
 When a noble could do as he liked with his own ?
 When his serfs, with their burdens well filled on their backs,
 Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax ?
 When his word was a statute, his nod was a law,
 And for aught but his "order" he cared not a straw ?
 When each had his dungeon and racks for the poor,
 And a gibbet to hang a refractory boor ?

They were days when a man with a thought in his pate,
 Was a man that was born for the popular hate ;
 And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
 The man was too vile to be left unconfined ;
 The days when obedience in right or in wrong,
 Was always the sermon and always the song ;
 When the people, like cattle, were pounded or driven,
 And to scourge them was thought a King's license from heaven.

They were days when the sword settled questions of right,
 And Falsehood was first to monopolise *Might* ;
 When the fighter of battles was always adored,
 And the greater the tyrant, the dearer the Lord ;
 When the King, who, by myriads, could number his slain,
 Was considered by far the most worthy to reign ;
 When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
 A god in his life, and a saint in his death.

They were days when the headsman was always prepared—
 The block ever ready—the axe ever bared ;
 When a corpse on the gibbet aye swung to and fro,
 And the fire at the stake never smouldered too low,

When famine and age made a woman a witch,
To be roasted alive, or be drowned in a ditch ;
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,
And martyrs were burned half a score at a time.

They were days when the gallows stood black in the way,
The larger the town the more plentiful they ;
When Law never dreamed it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent ;
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,
Was never appeased till a victim had died ;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up together again and again.

They were days when the crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach ;
When ignorance, stolid and dense, was its doom,
And bigotry swathed it from cradle to tomb ;
When the few thought the many mere workers for them,
To use them, and when they had used, to condemn ;
And the many, poor fools, thought the treatment their due,
And crawled in the dust at the feet of the few.

No—the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.
And *we* are too wise, like the bigots to mourn,
For the darkness of days that shall never return.
Worn out, and extinct, may their history serve
As a beacon to warn us whene'er we should swerve ;
To shun the oppression, the folly, and crime,
That blacken the page of the records of Time.

Their chivalry lightened the gloom, it is true,
And honour and loyalty dwelt with the few ;
But small was the light, and of little avail,
Compared with the blaze of our *Press* and our *Rail*.
Success to that blaze ! May it shine over all,
Till Ignorance learn with what grace she may fall,
And fly from the world with the sorrow she wrought,
And leave it to Virtue and Freedom of Thought.

LEFT TILL CALLED FOR, AT CAIRO.

BY WILLIAM J. OSTELL.

LONDON, Southampton, Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria—it seemed very like a panorama changed into a phantasmagoria. I had anticipated, as I ought, an apogee of sensation; but the emotional ecstasy is continually dashed by the very prosaic, but perfect, arrangements of the Great Peninsula and Oriental corporation. Now-a-days, from England to Egypt is but a journey on a lengthened line with world-renowned places for stations, which are scarcely more than glanced at before you are whisked off again to your terminus by the panting marine dragon in waiting. But two weeks since, it was London fog and January cold; and now we have passed from the purgatory of English winter to the paradise of the warm sunny South, with its blue tideless sea fringed by day with a glory of polychrome on its horizon, and by night illuminated with starry brilliants, as thickly strewn as a May meadow with the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Our native pilot is watchful and wary—the day is not long past since his head would have paid the penalty of any unskilfulness; the *Cathay's* keel grates the Coral Bar, and the noble S. S., 2000 tons, and 450 h.-p., sweeps into the open harbour of Alexandria. We quickly descend the lofty sides of our floating hotel, call a shore-boat manned by two ill-favoured specimens of humanity, and are scarcely a dozen oars' stride away before we learn our first and last word of Turkish—a single word, which shall and will be presented at us point blank for days to come—morn, noon, and night, from waking down to sleepy even, evermore, like Poe's croaking raven, comes the monotone Backsheesh! Backsheesh! Backsheesh!

Walter Savage Landor has said, "We do not travel now, but depart and arrive;" I had endorsed the octogenarian's statement at every station from Southampton to Alexandria, but Grand Cairo was to be the exception. Up the landing stairs of the harbour of Cleopatra's city, thrusting vigorously aside too inopportune crowds of donkey boys shouting fragments of English much more expressive than elegant, and giving ample elbow-room to ophthalmic, and even worse, pestering beggars, we are swept through the terminus into a railway carriage, which bears a well-known English trade-mark; and our engine-drivers we soon detect to be Scotchmen smuggled into the Egyptian fez. The wide-gauge cars oscillate like a Bartlemy-Fair swing on the loose parallels over the sandy roadway; and on we run till the half-way station to Cairo is reached. The train stops, and the guard cries out "Kafr-zajat," which, after all, is quite as easy to comprehend as any Yorkshire guard's topographical pronunciation. Like schoolboys released for a half-holiday, we scamper into the architecturally-naked refreshment halls, and add a genuine English appetite to the other importations here abounding; the steam-whistle again shrieks, the bell rings out its inexorable summons, and along and over the father of rivers, old Nilus, with refreshing spots of lush green here and there on its fertile banks—past portly men and veiled women quietly jogging along on donkeys with a lazy, but not undignified, slowness—a glimpse of the mighty Pyramids to our right—and we rest our feet at last in El-Kahira, the "city of victory," as the guide-book kindly informs me, but which I knew long years ago—and I like my old

acquaintance best—as Cairo, redolent with associations of Haroun-al-Raschid and that classic of childhood, the ever-wondrous thousand-and-one Arabian Nights.

We were in Cairo, and were housed and resident: the Leadenhall Street directorate had pulled the check-string, and our trans-desert ship *Jumna*, lying coaling at Suez till we should arrive at Suez, was suddenly pressed to take artillery to China, bound to see to the speedy settling of that little account run up on the Peiho river; and we wayfarers across the eastern hemisphere were to make a halting-place of Cairo till some ancient craft of their mighty steam fleet should be ready to convey us from the Isthmus to our promised land. Shepherd's hotel was full to overflowing, and your travelling English recognize no other hotel in Cairo but palatial and perfect Shepherd's. We munch our chagrin as best we may, and the railway conveyance, a condensed omnibus, jolts us into the courtyard of the Hotel d' Occident, where we are received with a grand air, a cross between a court chamberlain's and a dancing master's, by its rotund proprietor, M. Bonbon; *ainé cest il possible!*—to borrow the continual observation of his stupid majesty, the first George of England—music!—a valse by Musard, by Jove! Yes; and Monsieur will find the Boulevards just opposite.—Boulevards in Cairo? Voila, M'sieur! Am I in the vice-royalty—late pachalic—of Egypt, or not? Is this my old Cairo? I am dazed, and stand momentarily, but unwittingly, statuesque and nigh overcome. Yes! through the dense crowd of donkey men and boys yelling Donkey and Backsheesh in strict conjunction, disregardful of dirty dragomans out of work, with credentials as long and as veracious as the cures by the Patent Resurrection Pills—leaping the dry fosse of the city's watercourse, aided by the light of flaring braziers filled with sweet-smelling woods, we are once more sipping absinthe at the buffet of an immature café, and shortly afterwards find ourselves seated beneath acacia trees in fullest bloom, enjoying the evening's cool in the hour before dinner. The dance music floats towards us; French elegants and charming toilettes, with all amplitude of jupon, are around. I light my cigar, call for a petit verre of liqueur a little stronger than eau sucré, fall into a reverie which begins and ends with dear gay Paris, and unresistingly inhale this hasheesh of memory. It is Paris—Paris, twelve hours from London; not Cairo, which is as many days by my time-table, and centuries apart by old associations.

Clang goes the dressing-bell, and thus is my dream scattered into thin air as I return to the hotel for indispensable dinner. Now the Hotel d' Occident is undeniably French, if not of Parisian excellence. It is all gilt and marble—marble floors and stairs, and corridors; and even slabs of marble formed the bottoms of our twin chairs in apartment No. 91. There is a billiard-table with uncircular balls, a fountain at present on strike, gorgeous curtains concealing cracked windows, an alcove containing the plaster "lively effigies" of some eminent nobody, and a plentitude of sofa, not inviting too scrupulous an English curiosity as to what its gay squabs might cover; its garçons are affably polite, but had very short memories, and Monsieur should have all he desired—bye-and-bye; while its native servitors are as yet scarcely sufficiently Europeanized, as the following little bit of dialogue will show:—"Mahmoud, a brush, please." (I meant a clothes-brush.) He bring me, in undue time, a hair-brush, comb, and a tooth-brush! I start amazed, and, of course, hastily refuse them. "Mast'r very 'ticular gentleman—all gentlemen use brushes!" In short, it is a French-polished Egyptian mansion transformed into a civilized caravanserai, and the reader can easily realise how much gilt was spread over the indifferent gingerbread.

All things must end—even a French dinner of innumerable dishes. We

again light cigars, and I become one-fourth part owner of a dragoman, who professed all the virtues of the West, and possessed all the unblushing knavery of the East. Hassein Haley was, like London cheap souchong, strongly recommended; Hassein was contented with cheating you to your face of twenty-five per cent. in every purchase—when he couldn't get more. Stay-at-home reader, banish, oh, banish from your mind all pleasant ideas of Eöthen's Dhemetri or Warburton's Mahmoud, or other incomparable dragomen; the whole tribe are arrant cheats, and consequently liars, and their best point is that they are tolerably clever rogues—a proof that practice makes perfect. I sally forth to view Cairo by night, mounted on the donkey of Captain Snooks, a one-eyed native donkey-owner, so dubbed indelibly by some previous roving Englishman; and flanked by my three friends, co-partners in being fleeced by our much-protesting cicerone, who dangles the indispensable and Cairo-statutable paper night-lantern at our donkeys' heads. Now we do realize Cairo: a fat effendi trots along on a small donkey, or an officer of rank strides the fiery Arab steed, each followed by his running pipe-bearer; some Cairene beauty returning late home, closely veiled and enclosed in a series of bags, of which the outer is black and the inner pink silk, below which we see not, save the yellow morocco slippers fringed by the rainbow silken shintyan, or trousers, that demand close peering for this giaour to discover; coal-black Nubians with bullet heads and thickest of lips; the prononcé Englishmen, clean cut and self-contained; the omnipresent Jew, barterer or banker; gay Gauls, sallow Italians, solemn Turks, and cunning Greeks; the naked dervish; long-winded story-tellers at street-corners, country musicians with rudest of instruments droning tuneless pleasantries, popular mountebanks, water-carriers with tinkling brazen saucers tempting to the thirsty—such were the moving figures in this street kaleidoscope shops filled with stores of Turks, Jews, and infidels in queer juxta-position and polyglot confusion; hacheesh and henna can be bought by the unfaithful, and Day and Martin's blacking may be had here. Through the narrow lanes of tall, windowless houses, mournfully Eastern in their dry crumbling dreariness, we amble along sightfull of novel scenes indeed, and I take to bed with me that night a confused recollection of past and present Eastern life, tinged and tinted with European reality almost painfully disenchanting.

Dragoman calls me at an uncomfortably early hour, but brings in hand the welcome coffee. Again I mount Captain Snooks' favourite, and tell the wellington-booted captain to guide me to the Turkish bath. I receive a salaam on entry, am led down a damp, dirty corridor, to a reception hall, where I behold half-a-dozen fellow-victims stretched in a row, and swathed in white, like unrolled mummies, and each topped with an immense pudding-bag of wove cotton cloth. I yield myself to my position, mutely undress, am swaddled with a centre cloth, in many bands, tightened by the ready hands of my shiny black attendant, have my head turbaned in more folds of calico, while my feet are shuffled into rude wooden pattens, and I am led unresistingly forth down humid passages and through steaming rooms or cellars, to my first watery ordeal. I fall recklessly into a hot water cauldron, and seem to have suddenly shed every particle of skin. I gape in wonderment, and the grinning black touches my head, and down again I go. I am powerless, prostrate, and, making the best of neecessity, yield to my kismet or fate. Again along more passages, and I am in a polar atmosphere, and the gelid water takes my panting, shortened breath at last clean away. Down comes the cold stream, surely and pitilessly. Still again up and down most narrow and mysterious of passages, and I am laid prone, while a six-foot Nubian Hercules indulges in such calisthenic vagaries on my parboiled, half-frozen, steamed

body, that I at last feel to own as much bone in my frame as I suppose to be in that of a circus contortionist. "There is no joy but calm," was my last sensible utterance before I found myself swathed like unto the row I beheld on entry, and I was laid alongside an elderly Turk, indulging in beatific visions of his *houri* paradise, while this *howadji* wandered in his scattered thoughts to England, home, and beauty. Grateful is the incense of the matchless Mocha, and delicious the smoke of Latakia, that are the rewards of the tyro of the Turkish bath.

To the expense of the fourth part of a dragoman, this economical traveller joined that of a quarter of Marseilles-made *barouche*, and finally explored the city through and through—its sights, its sounds, and its smells. The Frankish bazaar was full of Hoyle's print, fast colours, warranted; and Europe jostled Egypt uncomfortably. The Turkish bazaar, with its distinct streets of coppersmiths, slipper makers, armourers, &c., was the favourite, because most unique and characteristic. Here, in vulgar hands, were diamonds and precious stones, that Mayfair might sigh for, and amber mouthpieces for your pipe, young suckweed, that would take all your half-year's salary to purchase. We tickled our sweet tooth with capital sweetmeats, and before the day was over had boldly essayed tasteful kibobs and matchless pillau. Slowly the carriage makes way through the crowded thoroughfares, about as broad as Middlerow, Holborn, to give Londoners an idea of the attenuated streets; we wait for strings of ungainly camel, with its Pickford-van quantity of loading, and we push aside more donkeys than I can flies. Presently we involuntarily stop short for the funeral procession of a boy, with the covered body borne on a board aloft, and followed by its hired mercenary mourners, howling in a hideous monotone; and we stay awhile voluntarily to witness the wonderful performance of a snake-charmer, playing with his bag full of slimy, sinuous toys, as easily and as deftly as a conjuror with card tricks. At last the Citadel is reached; and to this hour it is an open question with us whether to give the preference to St. John's grand Church at Malta, or to the Grand Mosque, still unfinished, in the Citadel of Grand Cairo. Certainly advantage of position must be granted to the marble-floored, alabaster-columned, and colour-lighted pile on the hill of Egypt's capital city. We cover our forbidden shoe leather with canvass bags, pay *backsheesh*, willingly, for once, and take in return a mental photograph, which will stand for a life-time. Emerging from this splendid tomb of Egypt's great ruler, Mehemet Ali, we are on the ramparts of the Citadel, looking lingeringly at the sweeping dome and the delicately-tall minarets, on whose golden-crescent tops the sun is beaming in burnished glory. We turn our faces, and gaze shudderingly over the wall down which the last of the Mamelukes, in that fearful slaughter, dashed for dear life, and saved it. On one side of the mighty view at our feet is Goshen, and the eye travels eagerly to the site of holy story in the heathen land; the pyramids loom heavily on the barren horizon, and the Nile flows amidst cities and palaces, tombs and ruins, olive groves and palm forests, as far as these pilgrims to the north can behold.

Dragoman! to the tombs of the Caliphs. Dragoman! to the Necropolis. Dragoman! turn round to the Mameluke's burial-place. Dragoman! hither and thither, all that day, was the cry of the hungry sight-seers, who had "to do" Cairo in a couple of days—and did it. We were English, and our countrymen's energy in this direction is proverbial. We descended the flights of dark, worn, fearsome steps, which guide-books and residents term indifferently Jacob's Joseph's, or Moses' well, according to their own sweet will; an excavation in the bowels of the earth, to which that of Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, is scarcely more than a pigmy. We did not go to the slave

market, because the slaves are now all manumitted in Cairo; yet young Biffins, M.N.I. cadet, did—at least, he believed in his own special dragoman—and had he not disbursed all sorts of coins for the curious sight? There was a small ball in the later evening, the M.C. and proprietor of which was a wandering Italian, and its company as curious an olla podrida of diverse nationalities as if it had been a minor masquerade. The orchestra was simple, and its strains not over lively, but it may be that there was enough room for justice to be done to the energy of music attempted, the obese violoncello being let into the ceiling because too tall for the ball-room. There were bad English, bad dancing, bad wine, and questionable company, in this impromptu-rigged *salle de danse*, I daresay. But I had only eyes for my entrancing partner, oh, fairest (olive-shaded) Araby maid, with the large almond, liquid orbs, and the lithest of forms! MEM.—The ball was but the vestibule to a gambling hole, where you might feast your eyes, if so minded, on tall piles of gold and fat heaps of silver, provocative of envy to behold; and the astute, eager, vigilant, Orientals were playing high stakes with all that silent intensity of cupidity that characterizes them from all time.

The last service of our hired equipage was a visit to the palace and gardens of his royal highness the Viceroy at Shoubra, which forms the most pleasant remembrance I have retained of Cairo, and was reached by an interesting drive of a couple of hours, along a road, nearly a perfect avenue of acacia trees, flanked by palm and sycamore trees. Entering the gardens, to our left is the Pasha's harem, and to our escapades of male curiosity, Dragoman is terse in reply, not to say curt. More backsheesh! and we are inside the gardens, luxuriant in native tree, shrub, and flower, with a few exotics added, which are not too healthy. There were signs, as all through the land, of a gloss of European importation over native apathy and neglect, but the abnormal dreariness is still the stronger; yet it is as well to recollect that labour here has no rights, nor even direct payment, for the governmental tasks of these Pharaohs. But ill-kept walks, untended beds, unswept paths, were more than forgotten at the view of the sea of feathery peach-blossom. Past thick groves of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, mounting the loose broad marble steps, and we are in the great court of the palace—a square of marble, basement, pillars, and roof, with an inner square marble basin of water the size of a London square's inclosure. At each angle are rooms—reception, drawing, billiard, and council divans—fitted with such costliness that even a ducal Devonshire or Sutherland might envy. Prominent ornaments of the Great Exhibition find a resting place here; the eye is dazzled by blue and white, and pink and amber, and all the chromatic confusion here rampant. The rarest work of cunning fingers in lace, silk, and metal, make the jewel in this toad-land of squalor and poverty; demi-semi-lascivious transparencies, confectioned by skilled Franks, adorn the window spaces, and complete the sensuous richness of these halls of delight for the ruler of the land and his favourites of the hour.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

THERE lives a voice within me, guest angel of my heart ;
And its sweet lisplings win me, till tears will often start ;
Up evermore it springeth, like hidden melody,
And evermore it singeth, this song of songs to me :
" This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

Oh ! God, what hosts are trampled, amid this crush for gold ;
What noble hearts are sapped of might—what spirits lose life's hold !
And yet, upon this God-blessed earth, there's space for every one—
Millions of acres wait the seed, and food rots in the sun.
Oh ! this world is full of beauty as other world's above !
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love !

Let the grim halter perish, with curs'd war's gory splendour ;
And men shall learn to cherish, thoughts both kind and tender.
If gold were not an idol, were mind and merit worth—
Oh, there might be a bridal, between high heaven and earth !

For the leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures into the ears of God—
And the sweet winds that bringeth soft music from the sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this song of songs to me :—
" This world is full of beauty as other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

EMIGRANT'S SONG.

I go ! I go ! my native land
Seems like a speck upon the ocean ;
As pensive on the deck I stand,
Ashamed to own my heart's emotion.
Thoughts that should e'en be all forgotten,
Come to my worn and aching heart ;
And sighs and tears by grief begotten,
Spite of my fortitude *will* start.

My brain feels giddy as I watch
That shore, where I no more may roam !
Striving, alas ! in vain to catch
Only a glimpse of my childhood's home.
'Tis useless and vain to think of the past,
All unremembered past time should be :
One look !—one long, steadfast look ;—'tis the last,
My native land, I shall give to thee !

G. F. P.

THE ALLEGED DEPRAVITY OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

THERE is nothing mankind more sincerely esteems, in its inward heart, than sincerity. Nay, let but the orator, the author, or even the mendicant succeed in producing this impression, and dazzling honours, huge rewards, or small donations will speedily demonstrate the truth of this position. I have heretofore expressed an opinion, which I have, as yet, seen no reason to retract, that the chief ingredient in successful eloquence is sincerity, or at least its semblance. Of course I do not mean that sincerity will answer as a substitute for talent, but that sincerity gives an irresistible force to average oratorical power. Liberty of conscience is "tolerated" in this country on account of this innate respect for individual sincerity. Do not imagine that a professional thief feels any real contempt for honesty. He may outwardly affect it. He may clothe himself in the devil's toga, with the view to hide his moral nakedness, but the flimsy fabric is more intended for show, and the deception of others, than for his own substantial comfort. No; he inwardly pays bitter homage to the very principle his practical life ignores. He, however, sometimes most cordially hates the honest *man*, because his truthful life is a standing and bitter commentary upon the turpitude of his own.

But the world is easily, for a time, deceived by appearances. Sham sincerity, with a pious whine, often receives the most respectful consideration; while manly dissent to conventional rule is hustled, kicked, and calumniated. Vice in tatters is a very different thing, in the said world's opinion, to vice in purple and fine linen. It is a very safe affair, to denounce vice in the abstract. It is not quite so safe if you descend to particulars, and especially if you desire to castigate arrogant spiritual pride with a meek and lowly mask upon its face, or expose to the gaze of mankind the dry bones whitening in a gilded charnel-house. In the first place, you will be liable to the unpleasant charge of wilfully wounding the sincere convictions of well-meaning men. By the bye, it seldom happens that these very thin-skinned individuals are at all squeamish about the sincere convictions of those who happen to belong to an opposite sect or party. They generally prefer to *talk* very eloquently about the duty of loving one's neighbours as oneself, and leave the *bonâ fidé* practical *loving* to said neighbour, and to very poor people, the latter of whom, somehow or other, often contrive to carry out this doctrine with more truthfulness of heart than "their betters." Truly "none but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other!" In the other instance it is considered very shocking indeed to use free speech upon the peccadilloes of "respectable" proprietors of well-filled purses. To talk about them and their doings in language appropriate enough to the petty pilferings of a beggar's brat, is to proclaim yourself at once a low fellow, utterly unacquainted with the ways of the world or the usages of polite society!

It has often appeared to me that there is a vast amount of moral cowardice, unworthy of an English heart, in this toadying of wealthy scoundrelism. It is genuine demagoguism, of the first water, and in its most contemptible form. But there is another phase of this class of social turpitude, which is even more reprehensible. It is the practice of trumpeting forth a man's own

virtue, or the virtue of his class, by a course of bullying of the poor, and angrily lecturing them *en masse* on *their* ignorance and *their* vices, real and imaginary, exaggerated or otherwise. It has become quite fashionable, of late for highly respectable people to hold forth very eloquently upon what they call the "vices of the working classes." A vast amount of virtuous indignation has been of late expended upon this subject, by individuals who appear to have forgotten the divine command which enjoins that the first stone thrown at a sinner comes with better grace from one with clean hands. It is evidently, to some of them, a very pleasant and agreeable occupation—this public expression of horror at the vices of the "inferior classes," and it is so very "respectable" at the same time.—

"Crime clothed in greatness, holds a wondrous claim
On the world's tenderness; 'tis few will dare
To call foul conduct by its proper name,
When it can prowl and prey in golden lair.
But let the *pauper* sin—Virtue, disgraced,
Rears a high seat, and vengeance stern must fill it.
Justice, thy bandage is not fairly placed.

Did God so will it?"—ELIZA COOK.

It is certainly a singular fact, that after several years of boasting about our glorious national characteristics, our free press, grants for schools, and the great educational progress of the mass of the people, that there should be at the present time so loud an outcry about the "depravity of the *working classes*." If you ask one of these disciples of the lady who is reputed to be continually crying in the streets, notwithstanding the indifference of mankind to her warnings, what he means by the term "*working classes*," you need not be surprised if you find the question very vaguely answered. Statists have never yet, to my knowledge, arrived at any satisfactory method of computing the numbers of those so described. Indeed it is a difficult thing to draw the line where working, in some shape or other, ceases to be a part of any man's daily duty; consequently, each speculative philanthropic statist generally adopts such a one as serves best to support some preconceived theory. In a previous article I noticed a computation which assumed that seventy millions of money were annually consumed in this country in intoxicating liquors, forty millions of which "moistened the clay" of working men. Well, supposing, for the sake of argument, we call the working population of Great Britain and Ireland only twenty-five millions; how much is it per head per week? And supposing we say five millions, which is much above the mark, for the middle and upper classes, how much will the rate be per head per week amongst them? According to this very favourable way of putting it, although the working men are five times as numerous, yet it appears they only consume one-third more in value!

But stay; another authority, Mr. John Taylor, in a paper read at the late meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at Bradford, stated that the sum annually spent in intoxicating drinks was £60,000,000, and that £20,000,000 of this was consumed by the working classes! Here is a wide discrepancy indeed. I feel confident, however, it is much nearer the truth than the statement previously referred to, and yet still I am compelled to declare that no data for the construction of such a comparison have yet been obtained that are at all worthy of credit. Certain houses, I suppose, are assumed to be patronized by working men, and certain hotels, &c., by the middle and upper classes. By the aid of the excise returns, some attempt is thus made to guess at the quantities of intoxicating liquors consumed by the two sections. Now, in my own experience, I know that numbers of tradesmen frequent even beer houses, and are the best

customers to some of these places, while working men very rarely patronise your fashionable hotel! I, therefore, and from my own practical experience in life, feel no doubt whatever that even some portion of this £20,000,000 must be added to the middle and upper classes' £40,000,000.

Of course I wish not to make out a case against my own order, but I am anxious that the truth alone should be told. I deprecate, to the fullest extent, the practice of setting class against class, and have used my best endeavours throughout life—and, I am glad to say, not altogether unsuccessfully—in endeavouring to bring them into still further friendly contact, and in strengthening what bonds of union exist between them. But the zeal of certain well-meaning men, and the rancour of others, have lately done much to create mischief and distrust, nay, even disgust, amongst some of the most upright and intelligent of the operative population. The *workers* are continually being spoken of, *en masse*, as if all were the mere outscourings of the jail, or the parish workhouse; and falsehoods, the most ridiculous as well as contemptible, are continually being hurled at them from men in high social position. Nay, one gentleman lately, in the House of Commons, spoke of the *upper section* of the working men of England as a people whom “the criminal returns showed to be ignorant, vicious, and irreligious!” It would be as well if such gentlemen were to remember that the *working men* of this country are a distinct class from the idle pariah tribes, whose crimes swell the calendars of our quarter sessions and assizes, and whose *profession* is not honest labour but habitual mendicancy or crime. It would likewise be well, as it is but just, that they should endeavour to arrive at a knowledge of the per-centage of crime amongst the middle and upper classes, as illustrated by such names as Palmer, Dove, Rush, Sadlier, Redpath, Robson, Strahan, Paul, Pullinger, and other bank directors, and especially not to neglect to make due allowance for the chances of wealthy rogues escaping detection. Perhaps their language would be a little more courteous than it is sometimes, after such an investigation had been honestly achieved. At least, such reckless falsehood as that published by the leading journal a few months back, would be received with general disgust and abhorrence by a thoroughly enlightened public on the subject. It is certainly a most singular fact, that the vast amount of provident effort made by the best section of the operative population of Great Britain, an effort unparalleled in the history of humanity, one which has already saved millions to the pockets of the ratepayers of the country, has preserved an honourable independence in the hearts and homes of thousands of noble but unfortunate working men strikesh by the breath of sickness; an effort, indeed, which has practically done more to elevate them in the scale of manhood, than hundreds of praise-bespattered but impotent efforts to drill free men into a kind of docile, social militia; it is certainly astonishing that so much ignorance should obtain, in the nineteenth century, respecting the true character of, and the difficulties inherent in, such a mighty enterprise, as is evidenced in the following from the *Times* of the 7th October last:—

“There is no greater puzzle in this country than its Friendly Societies. They are at variance with sound principles of morality and prudence; they belie the boasted honour and good sense of the Englishman; they prove him incapable of self-government; not a word can be said in their defence.”

And all this simply because this *Times* writer understands from some one (for he is evidently pitifully ignorant of the question himself) that the true laws which recent experience has demonstrated regulate the average of sickness and mortality, have not yet been made the basis of the financial calculations in many of these clubs! He utterly ignores the great facts that the experiments of these very clubs were absolutely necessary to the obtain-

ing of a knowledge of these laws of sickness and mortality, and that the actuaries themselves, as well as the members, have had, until recently, to grope the dark on this subject, and have unwittingly proved false guides to the people in this very respect. Talk about setting class against class, indeed! Would the most violent demagogue in the land use such false and filthy abuse against any other conventionally respectable section of the community? Perhaps the *Times* itself might when so disposed; for in its turn it appears to have so thoroughly denounced *every class*, that if mankind did not know the true value of some of its bellowings, England would unquestionably be entitled to the unenviable *sobriquet* of a "den of thieves." Hear what the *Times* said, December 28th, 1858, and then, oh ye members of provident societies, weep, not only for your own real and supposed sins, but for the sins of your superiors, and pray for Heaven's mercy on a nation composed of such disreputable elements:—

"We must, however, agree with 'Viator,' (their correspondent), that people may reasonable throw upon government a great part of this blame. The course which the legislature has deliberately, perversely, and obstinately taken with regard to railways has been just that to ruin them as investments, to create difficulties and panics, and to send the shares alternately up and down. This has continually necessitated sales, and certainly created a gratuitous temptation to purchasers. The timid have retired with loss, and the sanguine have stepped in. The whole country has been infested with a gambling, compared with which the Turf, the London Hells, and the German Watering Places sink into insignificance. The result has been the same as in these more recognized resorts of sharpers and black-legs. The clever, the prompt, and the unscrupulous, who put their whole soul into the game, really learn it, get behind the scenes, and, not caring what agents or instruments they use, get the money. The rest, of course, lose it, and have lost it, in railways. The calamity, too, like most other calamities, has been one which individuals could not escape. Thousands never bought or sold a share, and always advised others against railways. What avails it? They have had to lose half or all their fortune, to sell house, and land, and consols, to break up establishments, and forego all the opportunities of life, *in order to rescue less prudent friends from pauperism, ignominy, or perhaps death itself.* No doubt the worst of all this is over; (thank God for it); the public are 'wiser grown'; the territory is well-nigh occupied, *and speculation has taken other directions.*"

Indeed! so this tremendous vice has merely changed its lodgings, after all! The men of money are merely operating in another direction. As for the trading classes proper, they have been shown up so much for short weights, adulteration, and all manner of "fraud upon the working classes" especially, that we are, however reluctantly, compelled to acknowledge the truth of the preacher's words, that "As a nail sticketh fast between the joining of the stones; so doth sin stick close between buying and selling."

It is somewhat singular that, in the interval between the penning of the last paragraph and the present, I should accidentally have stumbled on an article in the *Times* on the day of its publication, (May 26,) in which mercantile frauds are exposed and denounced with a just and unsparing hand. The working men will scarcely be prepared to learn the extent to which they are daily plundered by the trading section of the community, as stated by the *Times* itself.

"'Respectable' men systematically sell two hundred yards of thread as three hundred, and 'honourable men' actually forge the labels of celebrated firms and attach the same to articles purposely made to swindle the public! And this is not a casual case of roguery, but a systematic 'trick of trade,'

and actually receives a kind of passive countenance from certain men of professedly 'high honour.' Mr. Helps, in his recent work 'Friends in Council,' says, 'one of the principal surgeons in a large London hospital distinctly said, 'Half the cases that are brought to me are caused by the adulteration of food!' What is the good of legislation, if it cannot reach such evils as this?'

We have heard enough, from the *Times* itself, of the scandalous mismanagement of official personages high in authority, as well as of reckless inattention or incompetence on the part of respectable managers of railways, banking firms, and insurance offices. And yet this very journal has stated that if a certain person "had gone about to look for an illustration of a profligate and unprincipled government, he could not have found one more to the point than the Benefit Societies," of the provident British operatives! Of course, the writer is utterly ignorant of the matter on which he so flippantly dilates, or, at least, can know little or nothing of the institutions he so recklessly denounces. He might as well talk of the government of the entire solar system when he refers to some terrestrial political machinery, as talk of the government of Friendly Societies as *one* either in fact or fashion. There are hundreds, nay thousands of distinct and separate governments amongst them, any one of which has no more to do with any other, than the management of the *Times* newspaper has to do with that which superintends the destinies of the *Family Herald*, the *Morning Star*, or *Reynolds' Miscellany*! Such random generalization is not only worthless from its falsehood, but criminal in its action, as the germ of truth, applicable to *some* societies, countenances and propagates the libelous falsehood when the character of others is called in question. I defy any one, well acquainted with the central government of the Manchester Unity for the last ten or twelve years, to say with truth, that he can point to many instances, amongst the societies of the middle and upper classes, to which the terms "profligate and unprincipled" will less apply. In many respects their "betters" might imitate the example with advantage.

Singularly enough, the crammers of the *Times*, on this subject, draw all or nearly all their information, respecting the imperfect financial structure of a large number of Friendly Societies from Mr. Neison's work, and yet they appear to wilfully ignore the very different conclusions to which he himself has arrived on the question now under discussion. In his last edition, after showing from his own and other data, that "the duration of life, among the members of Friendly Societies generally, is much greater than that of the country at large, or the select class dealing with assurance companies," he honourably and intelligently acknowledges, or rather insists, that "This immunity from disease among the humble and industrious workmen of the country, whose prudential habits are sufficiently strong to maintain them members of these clubs, is only what, *à priori*, might be expected. The fact of continuing a member of such a society pre-supposes great regularity of habits, otherwise difficult circumstances and distress would ensue, and, from inability to continue his subscription, non-membership follows. Hence, such a member may be regarded as a type of industry, frugality, regularity of habits, and simplicity of life. The member's avocation enjoins on him a diurnal repetition of the different functions of the body in a manner not required of the pampered, the indolent, the intemperate, and the dissolute. He has, therefore, his legitimate reward in the enjoyment of a long, a useful, and, let us hope, a happy and a blessed life."

But I think I have shown enough of the folly of expecting to benefit mankind by vulgar abuse of large masses of men. Those who really deserve condemnation are generally the last either to read it, or care for it when they

hear of it. Those who do not, of course treat the slander with disdain; but they, unfortunately, imbibe the sentiment that, whether they do well or ill, they will be classed with the worst specimens of their species; and, that come what may, between them and the wealthier sections of society, there is a fierce and determined hostility which defies alike the influence of education and Christian sympathy. This wholesale condemnation of the humbler classes is, however, not worse than wholesale adulation of mere vulgar wealth or social status. They are, after all, but huge blocks of insensate falsehood hewed from the same quarry. Every individual man's true character is determined by *his own* conduct, and not by the average of the section of humanity to which he may belong. I have often been disgusted on hearing a paltry coward, a miserable poltroon, discourse largely, in his puny way, on the courage and pluck of his nation; or a loose-lived, libidinous *roué*, who, finding a tongue by the aid of excessive potations, stuttered, hiccuped, and sputtered his profound conviction, that the religion to which he subscribed was acknowledged by all men of intelligence and honour to be alone orthodox! It is a true saying that there are bad men among all parties; and, it is equally true, that there are good men to be found in every class of society. The duty of the intelligent, practical, social reformer is, unquestionably, to bring these true men together, and not, by idle and ignorant vituperation, to prevent them from thoroughly understanding each other's objects, motives, and capabilities.

Mr. Helps, in the work previously referred to, quotes from memory a sentence on the subject, from a speech made by Earl Grey, when Lord Howick, which will form a very appropriate peroration to this paper. He says:—"The point in discussion was the fraudulent nature of a certain class of men. I think they were a class of merchants; but I have forgotten the particulars of the question that was before parliament. The substance of his (Lord Grey's) remark was—'Never indulge in much condemnation of a class of men. If you find that they are worse, in any respect, than the average of other men, you may be sure that in that respect they are subject to peculiar influences of evil!' The remark has a very wide scope."

Truly, it has a wide scope; and I would respectfully recommend its thorough mental digestion, to all those who fancy they are serving the cause of truth and social progress, when they gratuitously anathematise the shortcomings of poor but honest men; and, especially, with reference to the noble efforts at self-dependence, evidenced by their attachment to their Friendly or Benefit Societies. The "perfection" attained by our "glorious constitution," has been the work of ages, and it seems it is not yet so very perfect, but that a little periodical "tinkering" is considered necessary to keep it in working order. That which is true of great movements in the history of human progress, is true of the more humble efforts of the industrious classes in the same direction; and, surely, we ought not to refuse that courtesy to the latter, which is so loudly claimed for the handicraft of their more enlightened and better trained competitors in the much vaunted, but somewhat bequacked science of legislation.

SOMETHING OF CEYLON AT SECOND HAND.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

WHETHER we call it by its old Brahminical name, the "*resplendent*," or by its Chinese appellation, the "*Island of Jewels*," or sum up all its scenic, floral gemniferous, and atmospheric glories, in the Hindoo soubriquet, "*Land of Delights*," Ceylon seems worthy of the epithets, and according to the most recent writer on the subject, maintains the renown of its attractions, and exhibits in all its varied charms, "the highest conceivable development of Indian nature."

From whatever direction it is approached, says Sir Emerson Tennent, in his recent history, Ceylon unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. Nearly four parts of the island are undulating plains, slightly diversified by offsets of the mountain system, which entirely covers the remaining fifth. The north-west and west shores are low, and everywhere indented with bays and inlets; while to the south and east its lofty pyramidal mountains, with hearts of gneiss, granite, and other crystalline rocks, rise up abruptly from the level plains to prodigious and almost precipitous heights, their bold precipices and splintered pinnacles clothed with thick forests, which, unlike those of Europe, are endless in the variety of the foliage and the vivid contrasts of their tints. For though there is no revolutions of the seasons, the change in the leaf exhibits the brilliancy of American woods in autumn, the difference being, that instead of the decaying leaves it is the new shoots that put on these floral colours, and while the old leaves are still brightly green, the young ones are bursting forth at the extremities of the branches, in clusters of pink, pale-yellow, crimson, and purple, which appear at a distance like tufts of terminal flowers.

The Cinnamon Laurel exhibits all shades, from bright yellow to dark crimson. The *Muscenda* appears conspicuous for its large bracts of a singular whiteness; and the Iron-wood tree of the interior, is a-blaze with young scarlet leaves. The humidity of the atmosphere, in consequence of the island intercepting the vapours from the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, combined with the great heat, occasions a prodigality and luxuriance of vegetation, which leaves no portion of hill or valley, mountain, plain, precipice, or broken strata, without enrobing woods and floral ornaments of perpetual bloom and verdure. The very crags and wall-like faces of gigantic cliffs are overhung with creepers, whose gorgeous flowers fall in interlacing festoons, or drape them with a living tapestry. The very sand-drifts to the ripple on the sea line are carpeted with verdure. There, hiding with their over-arching roots the flow of the sea upon the muddy beach, the mangroves take the lead in vegetation. Then comes the amber-fruited *Pandanus*, or Screw-pine, and the large and handsome *Sonneratia*, with its horn-shaped root appendages piercing the soft, moist earth, and appearing, at irregular distances, four or five feet above the surface.

The thorny jungle fences the seaboard from the inland plains, and on these bask *Euphorbias* and fleshy plants, with *Accacias* of many kinds, while the beautiful Palmyra Palm, the Satin-wood tree, Ebony, and Ceylon Oak, fill the landscape on every hand with leafy shade and sylvan beauty.

Wherever the moistening influence of the rivers or rains is felt, the foliage assumes a darker tint than on the lighter soil, and *Ixoras*, *Erythrinas*, *Hibiscus*,

and many other brilliant flowering plants and shrubs, add their beauty to the forest's splendour.

While the pepper-worts festoon the trees, and delicate creepers, chiefly *Convolvuli* and *Ipomæas*, interlace their large trunks, the curious and lovely *Orchideæ* suspend their singular flowers from the branches, and even the bare roots and stems, in these oriental woods, are all a-glow with gorgeous fungi, yellow, red, and purple. Here sits *Nepenthes Distillotaria* in the shade, filling her lidded pitchers with a limpid fluid, the very use of which is still a mystery to botanists. The varnished foliage and delicately-tinted shoots of the Cinnamon Laurel enlivens the lower range of hills at a considerable elevation. And in the park-like openings between them, (locally called *patenas*), sunny expanses, varying in width from a few yards to many thousands of acres, the tall rank lemon grass spreads its perfumed verdure. Even at the height of 6,500 feet above the sea, the tree ferns rise from the damp hollows, and lift their gracefully plumed heads often to the height of twenty feet, and though the forest trees diminish in height, they are still ornamented with *Orchideæ* and wrapped about with mosses; while the mountain plateau is rich in various herbaceous plants and balsams, and whole miles are covered with the red and blue flowers of *Acanthaceæ*. At length, crowning the loftiest range of the hills, appears the *Rhododendron*; no longer bushes, as in Europe, "but timber trees, of considerable height, every branch covered with a blaze of crimson flowers."

The mountain known as Adam's peak—because upon its summit the primal man was fabled by the Mohamedens to have mourned the loss of Eve (who afterwards joined him in this new Paradise) for forty years—is 74,020 feet high, but three others exceed it in elevation, while ten lesser ones range from 3,000 to 7,000 feet each in height. The roads to these altitudes are described as winding from the plains in the most picturesque contortions; sometimes across a rocky stream, at others clambering over opposing hills, or up the side of steep acclivities, with a scarped cliff on one hand, and on the other a precipitous bank, below which a river glides, sheltered by overhanging woods, or foaming tumultuously amongst reefs and fallen rocks. As the traveller advances he observes the smooth verdant slopes before alluded to, occurring capriciously in the midst of forest land, yet avoided by all trees but the stunted *Careya* and *Embllica Officinalis*. The banks of the streams glow with the rosy *Oleander*, and are shaded by the gracefully feathered tree-fern and the plumed crest of the tapering bamboo; while the forests on the line of road gleam with the snow-white flower bells of the *Datura*, or are all a-glow with the crimson ones of the *Imbul*. At times the stem and branches of the *Goraka* are seen, stained yellow with the exudations of gamboge; and at others, the *Murutu* surprises the traveller with its gigantic panicles of flowers, from three to four feet in length, each flower the size of a rose, and of every shade, from the faintest pink to the deepest purple.

Day dawn exhibits an impressive scene in these solitudes. Its earliest blush discovers the mists tumbling in turbulent heaps through the deep valleys. The beasts of prey returning to their lairs; the nocturnal birds and bats hastening to their leafy haunts; while the sun mounts upwards with a rapidity undreamt of in the cloudy atmosphere of Europe, and the whole horizon glows with rubied light. Every leaf and bud is seen scintillating and sparkling with the heavy dews; the grass blades are gemmed with liquid brilliants, and the gossamer threads appear like strings of opal. In these high altitudes the air is so unmoved, and the silence so profound, that individual sounds—the hum of insects, the song of birds, or the shrill cry of the squirrel, is heard with surprising distinctness. Hence the mellow, flute-like voice of the Yellow

Oriole, and that of the Dial-bird, are heard by the traveller with delightful effect, waking the mountain forests at the first blush of coming day. Other singing birds, as light advances, send up their wild notes from the bosage. The swifts and swallows flit abroad; the bronze-winged pigeon utters its plaintive cry; and the jungle-cock his melodious call.

The crow, ever an early bird, is here the earliest; and takes the start of all his winged fraternity. The parroquets follow in large companies. The cranes and waders soar far away to the rivers and the sea-shore, and very soon some one or other of the butterflies are abroad. The black and blue *Papilio Polymnestor* darts rapidly through the air to settle on the ruddy flowers of *Hibiscus*. The great black and yellow *Ornithoptera Darsius*, with upper wings of deep black velvet, measuring six inches across, and the lower ones ornamented with slashes of satiny yellow, through which the sunlight passes, hovers above the almond-scented heliotrope; while *Papilio Hector*, one of the most common of these beautiful insects, with large crimson spots set in the black velvet of the inferior wings, which, when fresh, are tinged with a purple blush—equaling in splendour the azure of the “European Emperor”—is seen rapidly flying from flower to flower; and in the neighbourhood of rivers and brawling torrents (the spray of which it loves to feel upon its wings) is seen the delicate *Sylph Hestea Jassonia*, locally called the Floater, or Silver Paper-fly, from its graceful undulating mode of flight.

Thrifty bees of many species and genera fly about in every direction, seeking melliferous treasures for their hives, which some build in hollow trees, and others suspend from their branches. A single comb of this description has been found with a layer of cells on each side, measuring six feet in length and one in breadth, where it was attached to the branch, which it had broken by its weight. These nests become the spoils of the half wild *Veddahs*, who inhabit the secluded parts of the interior, and collect the wax in the upland forests to barter for clothes and arrow heads in the lowlands.

Golden beetles, too, and others of the *Coloptera* and *Elateridæ*—whose glittering wing-cases are used to form the golden and emerald and sapphire leaves and flowers which enrich the embroidery of the Indian *Zenana*, whilst the lustrous joints of the legs are strung on silken threads, and form necklaces and bracelets of rare beauty—crawl clumsily over the still damp leaves; and little Sun-birds, like winged jewels, hover above the opening flower-cups with quivering wings.

Amongst the foliage, yet not to be distinguished from it save in motion, *Orthoptera*, Walking Leaves and Soothsayers, mimic vegetable shapes, and appear of all varieties of hue, from the pale yellow of the opening bud to the rich green of the full grown leaf, even, in structure and articulation, they exhibit the most wonderful likeness to the foliage around them; their wings resembling ribbed and fibrous follicles, and even the joints of the leg expanding into a broad plait, like a half-opened leaflet: nay, more, the eggs which the *Manthis* produces are not to be distinguished from the seeds of plants, either in colour or shape, being brown, pentangular, with a short stem attached to them. The Soothsayer (*Manthis Superstitiosa*) is a hypocrite, whose sanctified attitudes have won for it the name of the praying *Manthis*—but *preying* would be the better word, being not only carnivorous but capable of cannibalism.

Here and there the very twigs and leafless branches seem endowed with locomotion, but this is only another masquerade of insect life; and these dry woody-looking forms appertain to the Stick Insect (*Phasmidæ* or *Spectres*).

During the first five hours of daylight the earth literally teems with life and motion, but as noon draws near every living thing hastens to shelter itself

from the meridian heat, and an almost painful silence succeeds the animation of the morning. The simmering hum of insect life is stilled, the birds seek their leafy coverts, the butterflies the humid shelter of the trees. Animals disappear. The elephant fans himself languidly with a green bough, to keep off his tormentor—the fly; the buffalo steals to the tanks and water-courses, and buries all but his sullen head and shining horns in the mud and sedges; groups of deer cower in the jungle, whilst the tardy tortoise drops clumsily into the still pool to screen himself from the expected fervour; and with the exception of the dragon flies, skimming the water-courses on emerald wings, scarcely a living thing is to be seen, for man himself is forced to suspend his toil and share in this general *siesta*.

With the return of evening, Nature recovers her exhaustion, and the merry bird and insect life begins anew. The animals come forth from their coverts, and seek the ponds and pastures; while the owl and night-jar, the hawk-moths, glow-worms, and fire-flies—creatures crepuscular or nocturnal in their habits—begin to appear on the scene. Night in these solitudes has a solemnity and beauty truly impressive; the cloudlessness and depths of the blue sky cause the very stars to cast shadows, and the singular constellation of the Southern-cross “awakens a solemn consciousness of a new home in a new hemisphere.” Throughout the night absolute silence never reigns: the tank-frogs at a distance, and the metallic chirp of the hyla close at hand, the shrill call and response of the tree crickets, and the hum of innumerable insects, keep up their murmurs from the close of day to its dawn. Everywhere the air is lit with a constant play of tiny pyrotechnics as the fire-flies dart about, while the glow-worm’s pale green light gleams from the surrounding herbage. But rich as is the island in the wonderful splendour of its *flora* and insect *fauna*, the earth beneath teems with as glittering and vary-coloured treasures, and Ceylon is still the “island of jewels.” The very fowls occasionally pick up gems; and an instance is given of a ruby, the size of a pea, being taken from the crop of one of them. The sapphire, from its exquisite colour and the large size of which it is found, is the most valuable gem of the island. A piece dug out of the alluvium, in 1853, was purchased by a Moor at Colombo, in whose hands it was valued at upwards of four thousand pounds. The mountains and rocks are supposed to contain mines of precious stones: the sands of the rivers to the south are composed of fragments of rubies, sapphires, and garnets, and are used by lapidaries (chiefly Moors) in polishing softer stones, and in sawing the elephant’s grinders into plates.

Travellers in the middle ages told, on their return to Europe, of the sapphires, topazes, amethysts, garnets, and other costly stones of Ceylon. Gold has been found, but only in small particles. Tin has been discovered, and in its vicinity the jewel hunters find garnets, white topazes, corundum, and tourmaline. In the beds of some of the western rivers, nickel, cobalt, and tellurium—another rare and valuable metal, has likewise been found. Manganese is abundant, and iron may be had in quantity from the mountains in the neighbourhood of Adam’s Peak; and from the rude and simple way in which these natural treasures have been worked and sought for, it, in all probability, remains for British skill and industry to fully develop the wonderful resources of this interesting island, whose oldest port is presumed to be the Tarshish of Scripture, and which, in the days of Solomon, was famous for its gold and ivory, apes and peacocks.

HAMED THE PORTER'S VISION OF BURDENS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

HAMED was a porter of Constantinople in the old Turkish times, while Nazarine innovations were yet unknown, and the believers dressed and acted in their own established fashions—times, when at least a quarter of the city was burned down every year, and the plague marched through it every five; when the accession of each successive Sultan—and the intervals were rarely long between them—was preluded by an insurrection of the janisaries; in which his predecessor reaped the benefits of the bowstring; when all manner of goods were moved about by manual labour, and the porters of Constantinople were noted for carrying the heaviest burdens in the world. Hamed had long been a chief among the men of his order, for he could stand under two thousand pounds, and run with thirteen hundred. Some of the envious attributed this surprising ability to an amulet which his mother—she was of Arabian origin—had suspended round his neck when a child, and it was supposed to contain a few hairs of Omar's camel; but the more pious believed it to result from his constant habit of repeating aloud the two professions of Moslem faith, whenever he took up a burden. Be the cause what it might, besides the porter's size of frame and strength of muscle, Hamed was esteemed accordingly by all who had goods to move. Raisins for the Sultan's sherbet had gone to the seraglio on his shoulders, and wine for the college of Dervises to the back door of that establishment. He had carried to and from the bazaar half the wealth of its merchants. Franks had laden him with their cases of knives and scissors, and Persians with their bales of carpets and silks. Arabs entrusted him with their bags of spices; Indians with their boxes of shawls; and though he seldom condescended to carry for Jews, yet at times, when trade was slack, and the day almost over, their gathered wares were piled upon him also. Thus had he borne, for more than thirty years, through crowded street and narrow lane, the burdens and the dust of Stamboul; many a sequin he had earned, but none of them ever remained with him. Hamed's life was haunted by a restless relish for Indian tobacco, Frankish brandy, and, in short, everything that was particularly consumable and expensive. Moreover, he was liberal, and liked good company—the savings of a month were often expended on the feast of a day, or borrowed by a friend in distress, who never found means for repayment; but feasts and sequins were gradually becoming fewer, and Hamed felt that he was growing old.

Burdens he once thought light grew heavier day by day, and though the two professions were uttered louder than ever, his motions under them were slow and toilsome; employers began to observe, and rivals to triumph in the decline of his powers; younger and once despised porters now exceeded him in their lifts, and old infirm men vied with him. Hamed had the amulet still, and believed that his years were not threescore—hard he strove to maintain his pre-eminence, and scowled fiercely when his strength was questioned; but resolution cannot war against decay, and he ceased to be chief of the porters.

The day on which this fact was made known to him was one of the bitterest of Hamed's life; for he had been used to excel, though it was but in the fashion of the camel. An Armenian priest called him at the custom-house to

carry home a bale of goods for his household at Pera, and Hamed took it up with the usual recitation of his creed, but staggered under the weight. "Sheik, it must be divided," cried the porter, in desperation; "Rustan himself could not bear such a burden." "It is my household stuff, and may not be opened," replied the inflexible Armenian—a discharged servant afterwards reported that he had the entire plate of a church in that bale. "If thou canst not carry it, old man, another will be found." But Hamed did carry it, though with many a zigzag and many a stumble. Oh, how long did the streets appear, and what groups of porters gathered to gaze at him; some of them laughed, others advised him to lay it down, and many remarked that they had seen him carry twice the size. At length he reached the quarter where Christians were permitted to live; but his strength was utterly exhausted, and in spite of his utmost exertions, the unwieldy bundle rolled from his shoulders, dragging him with it to the ground. "Dog of a Turk," looked the Armenian, but he did not say it—such observations being forbidden to unbelievers,—however he beckoned to a strong Servian, who had followed as if expecting employment, and before Hamed could recover himself, the latter took up the bale and marched away with it, as erect and easily as he was wont to do.

That night Hamed lay in his house alone. It was a poor hut, standing among many similar, in a back street of the golden city; the walls were of old wood, the roof was of straw. It had no chimney; the crazy door scarcely kept out the dogs that howled and prowled about it; a piece of cane lattice work served for a window, and admitted the sultry night air to the single apartment where Hamed lay on his prayer carpet, with his cloak for a pillow, his barrican for a coverlet, and close by stood an earthen pot, filled with water, and a small flickering lamp, the only furniture of the poor Musselman. Hamed was still weak and weary; after that sickening strain he had sought for no more work, but gone home to rest and think over his chagrin. In that meditation all the sorrows of the porter's years rolled back on his memory; how his mother had died long ago, and his step-mother had persecuted him—how his brothers became makelukes in the vizier's service, and despised him—how his sister had married a Greek, and he renounced her—how his first wife and five children had all died of the plague, and how his second had turned a wallee, and left him.

"Many and heavy have been the burdens of my days; and now a Servian excels me, for the weight of age has fallen," said Hamed, as he concluded the survey, and drew his brown fingers through his whitening beard. The dogs had gone from the door—the lamp by his side had burned low—but there was a hand on the latch and a step on the threshold. It opened, and with the careless but regular pace of one accustomed to long travel, and bent upon his errand, there entered a tall, stately figure, whose lineaments seemed human, but of no race nor order that Hamed had ever seen; man or woman, Moslem or Christian, yet the countenance was serene, and the white garment it wore resembled nothing but a cymar. The question of craft puzzled the porter also, for in one hand the stranger carried a bright but antique sickle, and in the other a massive key.

"Oh Sheik," said Hamed, "hast thou goods for me to carry; the hour is late, and they say that I am old; but there was a time when no porter in Stamboul could excel me."

"Arise, and follow me," said the stranger, in a low, emphatic tone, "and I will show thee the division of burdens."

Hamed rose and put on his sandals, for the woe and weariness which had oppressed him before, seemed suddenly passing away. He followed the

stranger through the silent streets of the city, and passed the garden of graves. Their way was not long, but it was one Hamed had never travelled before in all his goings. At last it led him to a solitary plain, on which the stars were shining. Behind, the spires of the city were seen faintly, as if far away; and before them rose a vast barrier, like a wall of granite, whose summit was lost in the sky. In the midst of it was a door, wide as the gates of the Seraglio. "This," said his guide, "is the door which I open to all living—men call it by many names, yet it has but one. Stand thou on the threshold, and mark those that pass, for thy time is near, but not yet come."

He plied the key, the ponderous door swung back without sound of bolt or hinge, and Hamed stood beside him on the threshold. The prospect beyond seemed boundless, but of what character he could not tell, for the light there was like the earliest grey of morning; yet Hamed could see companies of people trooping across the plain, and in at that open door. Of all ages, nations, and ranks, they seemed when approaching the threshold, but their differences of costume and appearance were wonderfully softened in the grey light beyond. Stranger still it appeared to Hamed, that they all carried burdens in one shape or other: every man, woman, and child was laden, and though the magnitude of their burdens was unaccountably various, every one moved as if his strength was tasked to the utmost. As Hamed's eye became accustomed to that strange light, he also perceived that just beyond the threshold ran a deep and narrow stream; its waters made no sound, though they passed with the swiftness of an arrow, and all comers, as they stepped over, dropped their burdens in or carried them onward, according to the command of the guide. "Sheik of the door," said Hamed, "tell me, are these all porters? whose goods do they carry? and why are so many cast into the stream?"

"They carry no goods but their own," replied the guide. "Listen, and be instructed." While he spoke, there approached a peasant man, bowed with a heavy burden, which seemed of iron ware.

"What weight hast thou brought to the threshold?" demanded Hamed's guide; and he answered, "Mine age and poverty."

"Cast it into the stream of oblivion," said the guide, touching him with his sickle; and as the man stepped over, the burden dropped from his shoulders, the deep waters closed over it, and he went forward, free and unencumbered, to those regions of morning. Hamed was about to express his wonder, when another appeared, habited like a vizier, with a burden almost as great, but it had a brodered covering, and he seemed more fearful to enter.

"Of what consists thy burden?" said the guide; and he replied, "The honours of my high estate, and the cares of my riches." But the guide touched him with his sickle, and said "Let fall." And as he crossed, the greater part of his burden fell; but a small portion remained, which grew and enlarged at every step, till it seemed greater than all the rest had been. Then said Hamed, "Oh, Sheik, what is this that remains, and how is the increase?" And his guide answered him, "This is the luxury of his wealth, and the injustice of his power; for such burdens cannot fall, and their true magnitude appears in this place, because the coverings that dazzled men's sight are removed."

Thus there passed men of all climes and conditions, various as ever Hamed had seen at the harbour or the slave market. Franks, Nubians, Greeks, and Jews, with many of the true believers; yet his guide paused not for their professions, but spake to all in the same language, touching their burdens. Still more various were the contents of these, and the chances of their bearers in crossing that soundless stream. One came laden with his pride; and it was

with him as had happened to the vizier, for the sins of his arrogance remained when the pride was gone. Another carried the evil fortunes of his life. He said, "I was lame, and my people despised me, though I taught them to recite the Koran." But when the guide touched him with his sickle, saying, "Lay down," there remained a small weight, which seemed of solid iron, and he said, "It is the hardness of heart and despite of his fellow-men, which gathered round him in the course of luckless years." Yet, as the man receded in that land of dawn, his burden appeared to grow lighter, and whether or not it fell from him in the distance, Hamed could not tell. Children came there, who laid down the burdens of sickly constitutions, and the remembrance of harsh nurses; women, who dropped into the stream of oblivion large weights of family care and domestic disquiet; but there were two that retained their burdens: one was attired like a Sultana, her load was large and cumbrous, and she said—"It is my vanity and my fear. I was Zeline, the eldest daughter of the Sultan. Men called me the star of the Seraglio, and I glorified myself, but feared all things—the sun, and the plague, the power of time, fairer faces, and thee, Oh reaper of the tireless sickle." And he said, "Let fall," but only the silken covering fell, and she went onward, laden with a mass of rags and rubbish. The other was clad in poor Christian garments, but her face resembled the faithful, though furrows and weariness were on it: her burden was heavier, but more tightly bound; and when she was asked what it contained, the woman spake of much penury and long sickness, of a household who had forsaken her, of three children who were ashamed of their Moslem mother, and the love of a Greek who had proved inconstant and unkind.

"Then," said he of the sickle, "Would'st thou cast off the whole?" but the woman replied so low that Hamed could not hear whether she said, I cannot, or I would not. "Let fall the sorrow of it, then," said his guide, and he saw the outward part of it drop away as she crossed the stream, while the rest fell round her like a mantle, and Hamed exclaimed in amazement, "God is great!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the woman turned, and he knew it was his sister, for she looked as in her youth, and Hamed cried, "Let me go to salute her," but his guide said, "In three months thou wilt come to rejoin her, and lay down thy burden also."

"Great Sheik of the door," said Hamed, "tell me what shall I let fall, and what must cling to me when that silent stream is passed;" but the answer of his guide was lost in a shout of "Hamed, Hamed, arise, and help to carry away the goods of Ali Deen, the silversmith, for he hath become a Nazarene dog, and they are confiscated."

The porter started at the noise, and saw the morning shining into his hut, and the Servian shouting to him through the window—for it was a dream. But in that night there was wailing in the seraglio for the death of Zeline, the Sultan's eldest daughter, and a Greek priest had chaunted hymns for the soul of the dead in an old caravansery, where Hamed's sister had lived with a Greek in Pera. All this the porter learned, when the confiscated goods of Ali Deen had been safely lodged in the Cadi's store-house; but many a Dervise, and many an Imaun did he consult in vain, to discover the meaning of the vision, and whether or not it was sent him by the Prophet. Most of them promised him an answer in twelve months,—but one to whom he mentioned that there had been a Dervise among the burden-bearers, who cast off a bundle of doubts and cares, yet retained a much larger one of deceit and uncharitableness—publicly declared he was mad, and advised that he should be immediately secured. Doubtless, the worthy man's advice would have been taken, but Hamed stole quietly home to his hut, and from that day avoided either repeating his dream or asking questions. It was observed, also, that he

never again over-exerted his strength, nor scowled upon the more successful porters; that he shared his earnings with his sister's children, and something like a friendship grew up between him and the Servian—but its trial was not long, for the latter made recitations of the Koran beside his grave, just three months after the day of the Armenian's bale, which all the porters in Constantinople affirmed to have broken the heart of Hamed, and given him that inexplicable Vision of Burdens.

THE SUNSHINE AND THE SHADE.

BY S. SOUTH.

WHEN fortune's ever-smiling sun
 Our pathway doth pervade,
 How soon, alas! we then forget
 Those dwelling in the shade!
 We seek the smooth, unbroken road,
 And shun the sight of sorrow:
 Forgetting that the self-same sun
 May shine on them to-morrow!

But if she on an after day
 Untimely should depart,
 What bitter anguish then will cause
 The burning tear to start!
 We meet a look of cold reserve
 From those on whom she smiles,
 And the long-forsaken friend,
 He turns him and reviles!

It is while dwelling in the shade
 We learn to sympathise;
 And sorrow's blighted form becomes
 Familiar to our eyes.
 Oh! through life's weary pilgrimage,
 Our joy and grief's surveyed
 By Him who doth predestinate
 The sunshine and the shade!

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE completion of our second volume gives me opportunity and fair reason for addressing a few lines, more or less personal, to my good friends, the thirty or forty thousand readers of this Magazine.

Three years since the Directors elected me from among some thirty literary applicants, to fill the editorial chair of the *Odd-fellows' Quarterly Magazine*. I was not at that time an Odd-fellow, and I came, necessarily, with some degree of diffidence to the work. Of course I met with some discouragements and coldnesses—as what new man in a new post does not? Of course there were not wanting those who knew exactly how a magazine, addressed to Odd-fellows, should be conducted; though, as in many like cases, they persistently, and somewhat strangely, kept the important knowledge to themselves. Of course there were grumblers: who has failed to encounter numerous members of the great fraternity? some desiring “light literature” (which is generally rather heavy reading, by the way); others, disquisitions on “political economy and vital statistics;” some being all in favour of Odd-fellowship and the discussion of what may be termed the “politics of the Order;” others, not daring to approach such subjects, except by very circuitous and rugged bye-paths. Like the old man in the fable, I was encumbered with good advice. But I listened with courtesy and frankness to all; took advantage of what I considered useful, and respectfully declined to adopt the rest. Sidney Smith tells us that there are men who consider themselves capable of editing a newspaper, guiding the helm of the State, or performing the operation for the stone: what wonder, then, that every correspondent who had a theory to advance, should believe *his* particular theory the safest and the best for the sustentation and popularity of the Magazine. But I did not blindly rely on my own strength. I took advice, from those who were capable of giving it; and acted on it. Contrary, however, to the wishes of some gentlemen, who claimed to possess a thorough knowledge of the Order, I was initiated a member of the great Manchester Unity, so that I might see and judge for myself. I passed—I hope I may be allowed to say creditably—through the several offices in my Lodge; and, in a few months, I conquered the alphabet of Odd-fellowship. There is much yet for me to learn; but I am learning it every day.

On the other hand, I am very happy to say that I have received kind and considerate attention from some of the most prominent members of the Unity, and, indeed, from the Directors, and my correspondents generally. I cannot, in this place, refrain from mentioning the names of some of those to whose warm and ungrudging sympathy and assistance I am especially indebted. Past Grand Masters Charles Hardwick, Samuel Daynes, James Roe, John Schofield, William Alexander, Benjamin Street, and William Hickton; Grand Master Henry Buck, Deputy Grand Master John Gale, Corresponding Secretary Henry Ratcliffe, Past Provincial Grand Master William Aitken; Vincent R. Burgess, C.S. of South London; and John Harris, Deputy Grand Master of North London—all these I am proud to number among the many dear and valued friends I have acquired in the Order. Indeed, I ought considerably to extend the list; but to these gentlemen I beg to tender my sincere thanks for many important hints and much excellent, because disinterested, counsel.

On the whole, therefore, I have great reason to be thankful. All with

whom I have conversed or corresponded since I have had the honour of conducting this Magazine, have expressed themselves favourably towards me and it. There have certainly been differences of opinion, sometimes, on certain points—it would have been very strange if there had not—and I have had, occasionally, to submit to adverse criticism and misrepresentation, as a sort of counter-irritant to over-much flattery and praise. But it has always been, and I trust always will be, my earnest endeavour to do my duty with manfulness and integrity; striving continually to render this Magazine worthy the flourishing association of which it is the literary organ, and creditable to my own reputation.

With this view, I early sought the co-operation of my literary friends and acquaintance, and frankly invited my readers to give me their cordial assistance. Among those well-known writers, whose names I announced, the following have contributed papers especially written for the Magazine:—Eliza Cook, both in prose and verse; Caroline A. White, the excellent editor of the *Ladies' Companion*; Mrs. De Morgan, wife to the celebrated Professor; and Miss Isabella Munro. Among the gentleman writers, it will be sufficient to name Messrs. Charles Hardwick, Dudley Costello, Dr. Edward Smith (Professor of Botany at King's College), Cuthbert Bede, W. C. Bennett, E. F. Roberts, J. Hain Friswell, Andrew Halliday, John Leaf, William Dalton, James Ewing Ritchie (editor and proprietor of the *National Magazine*), W. F. Peacock, Alfred Alaric Watts, William J. Ostell, George Augustus Sala—all of whom, except the last, have written original articles, which have appeared only in these pages. But, in addition to these, our Magazine has been honoured by contributions from the pens of Dr. Anna Blackwell, the talented and amiable Y. S. N., Dr. Henry Owgan, Stephen Leigh Hunt, William Aitken, J. A. Wyndham, Edward Mogridge (son of "Old Humphrey" of the Tract Society), J. Critchley Prince, E. L. Blanchard, Edwin Goadby, and the clever and practical author of "Leaves from the Diary of a Relieving Officer;" to say nothing of many selections useful to my readers, and such memoranda as was deemed necessary to a proper understanding of the progress of our association.

Much, however, remains to be done. It is difficult to please all tastes, and equally difficult to say in what direction improvement is needful. It will be my endeavour, in the forthcoming volume, to render the Magazine still more worthy the acceptance of my brother Odd-fellows. Arrangements are in progress with writers who have not yet addressed themselves to our special audience, and it will be my endeavour to include in each number one or more papers of undeniable interest to the members of Friendly Societies.

In conclusion, I cordially invite the co-operation of all well-wishers to this Magazine. Quoting a former address, I have only to say that what has been done may be taken as an earnest of the future, and that I trust our united endeavours may secure for this periodical the widest possible recognition and usefulness. Let every member who wishes well to the Magazine procure one other subscriber, and success is at once assured and certain.

Beaumont Square, London, E.,

Sept., 1860.

The Lodge Room.

METROPOLITAN DEMONSTRATION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON Tuesday, the 7th of August, the members of the Metropolitan districts held their annual *fête* at the Crystal Palace, in aid of the Widow and Orphan and Distress Funds; when about 28,000 persons were present. Last year, in the two days, nearly 43,000 persons visited the Palace. The North London, South London, and Pimlico Districts unite their forces and work amicably together on the occasion of this annual *fête*—the Stepney District, not having, hitherto, a widow and orphan fund, has refrained from taking any active part in the demonstration. It is not necessary in this place to give the newspaper account of the day—how excursion trains brought thousands from all parts of the country, how the great fountains played, and music, and dancing, and military sports were added to the numerous attractions of the Palace, of itself one of the great wonders of the world. But we may be allowed to say—that immense exertions were made, in order to induce a large number of persons to attend. Deputations visited the principal towns on the several lines of railway; advertisements were inserted in the most influential newspapers; large bills were posted by thousands, and small bills were distributed by tens of thousands; paragraphs were inserted—per favour and by dint of great influence—in all the London, and many of the provincial, journals; and much speechifying was made in lodges and at anniversaries—the writer himself making some scores of special appeals—and the result was, that 27,890 persons were present on the day in question, which was one of the finest during the whole summer. This—compared with the 68,000 brought together at the Crystal Palace a fortnight later by a kindred society—is disappointing; but we do not despair of next year doubling our numbers. As it is, the one day's *fête* will yield a larger profit than the two days' festival of former years. What we, personally, should recommend as the course to be adopted in future, is—to give 3d. profit to lodges and individuals on every ticket sold and paid for by the end of July; to hold the festival a fortnight later in the season; and to take steps for a more full and complete publication of the programme selected. Though it would, of course, be desirable that the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Metropolitan Districts should be placed on such a footing as not to require aid from any sources other than the subscriptions of its members;—still, the annual *fête* at the Crystal Palace is of incalculable value to the Unity as a great demonstration—and, as such, deserves the warm and cordial support of every good Odd-fellow.

On Friday, the 28th of September, the united committees, and other friends, dined together at the Crystal Palace, the officers of which had given them every possible facility and encouragement in promoting a large gathering on the 7th of August.

If, next year, we would really show to the world what the Manchester is capable of achieving in the way of numbers and respectability, let each member, and especially those of the metropolis, take the matter in hand, and work it as if the whole success of the undertaking depended on his own individual exertions.—ED.

TESTIMONIAL TO CHARLES HARDWICK.

How shall we get up a testimonial to Mr. Hardwick, in which every Lodge in the Unity, if not every member, may take part? This gentleman has worked assiduously and admirably for the Manchester Unity and Friendly Societies for many years. He has written the best book on the subject that ever was written—the only one, in fact, that really grapples with the case, and works it out plainly. I feel a great interest in making his Manual universally known, because I am sure it is a good and valuable book. A few copies of the first edition only remain on hand, and a second is called for. Let orders for the book be immediately sent to C. S. Ratcliffe, and then you will be giving to Charles Hardwick the very best testimonial possible—the most flattering to him as an author—the most valuable to yourselves—the most useful and enduring—and, in brief, the only one he would really and fully appreciate.

G. F. P.

TESTIMONIAL TO C.S. BURGESS.

ON Friday, the 30th of August last, a large number of friends and members of the Manchester Unity assembled at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, London, to do honour to Mr. V. R. Burgess, the well-known and respected Corresponding Secretary of the South London District, and member of the Board of Directors; Past Provincial Grand Master Fisher in the chair, and Mr. W. F. Bruty, present Grand Master of the district, in the vice-chair. There were also present several well-known members of the metropolitan districts.

A most excellent dinner was provided; and after doing it ample justice, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and drunk with all the honours.

The chairman then came to the real business of the evening, which was the presentation to Mr. Burgess of a gold watch and chain, of the value of forty guineas. The watch, which was manufactured by Mr. G. Champion, of Walworth, bore the following inscription:—"M.U.I.O.O.F. Presented to C.S. Vincent Robert Burgess, by the members of the South London District, as a testimonial of their esteem, and in acknowledgment of his eminent services rendered to the above district. August 31st, 1860." In presenting the testimonial, the chairman dwelt with considerable eloquence on the great good which Mr. Burgess had been instrumental in affecting in connection with Friendly Societies, especially the vast and flourishing association known to the world as the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows. In speaking of the services Mr. Burgess had rendered, the speaker said it should never be forgotten that it was to him, and such men as him, that the Friendly Societies of Great Britain owed their present proud position. The chairman then, in a few brief and touching words, presented the watch and chain.

Mr. Burgess, who was received with immense cheering, said he received that expression of their kind regard for him as even more important than the valuable gift he held in his hand, and which had been purchased with the subscriptions of his friends and fellow-members. After expressing, in suitable terms, his obligations to the district for the substantial testimonial

he had received, Mr. Burgess dwelt at some length on the progress made in the South London District during the last twenty years. The society was then without the pale of the law, and the weekly subscriptions of its members were insufficient to ensure the benefits promised. But now the South London District, to which he more particularly referred, possessed about 4,200 members, with a capital of more than £37,000. The prosperity of the district was due to the strict attention its members bestowed upon their funds, a proper valuation of their assets and liabilities, a good understanding of the science of vital statistics, and the judicious alteration they had made in the Widow and Orphan Fund—raising it from a state of insolvency to a safe and prosperous condition. He had been secretary to the district for eleven years, and it had been his main object and ambition to place it in a safe financial position. He was proud to say that he had achieved that object; but he had done no more than his duty—no more than any other good Odd-fellow, similarly circumstanced, would have been happy to have an opportunity of doing. He should reflect on this night's proceedings as the most important and gratifying in the history of his life. The speaker then again thanked the meeting, and resumed his seat amid great applause.

Several other toasts appropriate to the meeting were given in the course of the evening. G. F. Pardon responded for the "Press," and Mr. Jones, of Pimlico, for the "Metropolitan Districts."—It may be stated that the present is the third testimonial which has been presented to Mr. Burgess, one being a handsome snuff-box, and the other a valuable silver inkstand.—As was said by one of the speakers, the value of the testimonial presented to Mr. Burgess is as nothing compared to the moral influence of such a demonstration; for by that night's proceedings young members may learn that if they exert themselves to advance the interests of the Manchester Unity and similar associations, they may be certain that their labours will, in the end, be fully appreciated by those for whom they labour, and not only by them, but by society in general.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.

THE financial statement of this district has been issued to the Lodges. To statisticians, as well as members, it affords important information as to the Sick and Funeral Fund of this vast society—the chief fund for providing the benefits assured. At the commencement of 1860, the North London District contained 7,611 of the 305,214 members forming the Unity. A year before the numbers were 7,227. The entrance fees during 1859 amounted to £411 6s. 9d.; contributions, £7,840 9s. 6d.; interest, £1,419 17s. 8d.; together £9,671 13s. 11d. The amount paid in sickness during the year was £4,165 15s. 4d., and funeral levies £1,217 16s. 4d., together £5,383 11s. 8d., the net increase being £4,288 2s. 3d., and making the total capital of the district £50,241 10s. 3d. The number of deaths were—members 82, and wives 60. Our society has falsified the predictions of actuaries; for, if comparison be made with former years, the Lodges are in a better position, and strange to say, though the members must be increasing in age, this district is younger than it was 15 years since (the average age of the members being 34 years 7 months), and the rate of sickness is not so high as the expected average; in fact, the sickness does not increase in proportion to the number of members. One cause of this is the influx of young men, but a suspicion gains ground that the true law of sickness has not yet been ascertained.

ANNIVERSARIES, PRESENTATIONS, &c.

[Several notices are unavoidably omitted for want of space; they will be inserted in the January No.]

ABERAVON DISTRICT.—A handsome rosewood writing desk, bound and inlaid with German silver, was recently presented to P.G. William Williams, of the Sir John of Avon Lodge, of this district. The inscription, beautifully engraved, recognises the able service rendered by Mr. Williams to the above-named Lodge. The presentation took place at a meeting specially convened for the occasion, presided over by Prov. G.M. Edward Jones.

ABERDARE.—At the quarterly committee of the Aberdare District, a splendid gold watch, the voluntary offering of the brethren, was presented to their C.S., Mr. Thomas Vaughan, in token of their obligations for duties ably performed, and as a mark of their confidence in him as a member of the Order for 30 years. The watch bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Thomas Vaughan, 23 years C.S. to the Merthyr and Aberdare Districts, for pre-eminent services. 1860."

ALDERNEY NEW DISTRICT.—On Tuesday, the 10th July, the officers of the Island of Guernsey District, left that island on board the *Queen of Isles*, Brother George Scott, Commander, to proceed to Alderney, to open the new district granted by the last A.M.C. The district was opened in due form, and the officers elected. The following was the result of the ballot:—Prov. G.M., John H. Wallace, P.G.; D.Prov. G.M., George Weyson, P.G.; C.S., John Vickery, P.G. The appointment of Examining and Relieving Officers followed, as also the election of a Treasurer and three Trustees; the whole being brought to a close by the new district adopting the laws of the Island of Guernsey District for the ensuing six months.

ALSAGERS BANK, STAFFORDSHIRE.—The brethren of the Farmers' Glory Lodge celebrated their 31st anniversary on Monday, July 16th. The members formed in procession, after attending public worship, and perambulated the neighbourhood, and afterwards dined together; Br. Samuel Emberton in the chair. The Farmers' Glory Lodge is going on very flourishingly, both increasing in young members and adding a good round sum each year to its funds. In the year 1858 the Lodge was in possession of a capital of £888 12s. 1½d., and at this time have £1,110 1s. 11d., and upwards of 200 members. A very gratifying portion of the day's enjoyment was a presentation of the emblem of the Order and Widow and Orphan's emblem, beautifully framed, to the Lodge Treasurer, Bro. Thomas Wilson, as a token of their esteem for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office for several years.

ATTLEBOROUGH.—On Sunday, August 12th, the brethren of the Loyal Howard Lodge met at the Lodge-house, at 6 p.m., and formed into procession to church, joined by some of the members of the Tradesman's Hope Lodge, when the sermon was preached by their Chaplain, the Rev. J. R. Quirk, Incumbent.—On Wednesday, the 15th, seventy of the brethren and friends celebrated their anniversary by an excellent dinner, John Estlin, Esq., their solicitor, in the chair; the vice-chairs being filled by P.G. Henry Clews and P.G. Thomas Winfield, supported by the Rev. J. R. Quirk, R. B. Nason, Esq. (their surgeon), P.P.G.M. William Taverner, P.P.G.M. T. Staton (of Coventry), and other officers of the Lodge. The Howard Lodge was opened in 1840, and now has 116 members, with a capital of £1,400—more than £12 per member.

BANBURY.—BRITISH QUEEN LODGE ANNIVERSARY.—On Monday, the 10th of September, the members of the British Queen Lodge, No. 2,429, celebrated their 20th anniversary by dining together. The chair was taken by W. W. Coleman, Esq., Mayor; P.G. Harding and Warden Herbert officiating as vice-chairmen. R. Grimbly, Esq., the Lodge surgeon, and Messrs. H. Flowers, T. H. Wyatt, T. Jarvis, and — Willis, gentlemen connected with the town, supported the chairman. The following district and Lodge officers were also present:—Prov. C.S. Lancaster; P.P.C.S. Jakeman; P.P.C.S. Busby; Past Grands Dew, Greenaway, Thornton, Harding, Wilks, Shadwick, Harding, and Nason; N.G. Hitchcox, &c.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.—The Lodges in this district united to get up a grand day and evening fête in the Ancient Castle Grounds, at Great Berkhamstead, on Monday, June 25th. The use of the grounds was kindly granted by Lady Marian Alford and Earl Brownlow. A great variety of amusement was provided for the numerous visitors, and a goodly surplus remained for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the district.

BECKLEY, OXFORDSHIRE.—The 15th anniversary of the Loyal Farmers' Home Lodge, in this village, was celebrated on Thursday, July 26th. The band of the First Oxfordshire Rifle Corps, which was engaged for the occasion, was met by the brothers of the Lodge at the New Inn, and marched in procession through the village to the Abingdon Arms, where the Lodge is held, when luncheon was provided. Afterwards they proceeded in procession to church, headed by the band, where an appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. T. L. Cooke, Incumbent. After the service the procession paraded the village to and fro, the band playing the martial airs, which quite enlivened the place. At half-past two o'clock upwards of 70 members and friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner, P.G. Green, of the Loyal Wellington Lodge, Oxford, in the chair. P.G. Grace responded to "The Farmers' Home Lodge" in a very able and telling speech, showing the progress made in the Lodge during the last two or three years, their numbers having increased, and their funds being in a very healthy state.

BRIDGE-END DISTRICT.—INITIATION OF T. M. TALBOT, ESQ., SON OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF GLAMORGAN.—The above-named gentleman, heir to the Morgam Estates, was duly initiated a member of the Manchester Unity in the Centre of Glamorgan Lodge, Kenfig Hill, on Tuesday, August 14th, 1860, at a special Lodge convened for the occasion, at the New School-room; and, as was anticipated, a large number of members attended. Prov. G.M. Edmund Jenkins filled the Lecture Master's chair, Mr. Talbot being introduced by Prov. G.M. Edward Jones, Aberavon, and P.G. Thomas Daniel. The meeting was one of the most pleasant and gratifying of the kind ever held in the large county of Glamorgan.

BRIGHTON.—The 27th annual fête of the Brighton Lodges this year consisted of a cheap excursion to Portsmouth, on Monday, June 25th. Unfortunately the state of the weather prevented the attendance of so many members and friends as could have been wished; but, nevertheless, about 1,200 persons joined in the excursion, so that no loss, though but slight profit, resulted. A dinner took place, at which Mr. T. Ancock delivered an excellent address, written for the occasion by Mr. Mullens.

CHELMSFORD.—The members of the Loyal Hope Lodge, Stepney District, celebrated their 16th anniversary on Monday, June 25th, when about eighty visitors and friends dined together at the Black Boy Inn, W. W. Duffield, Esq., in the chair; and Mr. Robinson, secretary to the Lodge, in the vice-chair. There were present, Mr. C. Harvey, G.M. of the district; Mr. R.

Pitt, D.G.M of the district ; Mr. David Love, C.S. of the district ; W. J. Bruty, Esq., of Chelmsford ; and Messrs. Heather and G. F. Pardon, who attended as a deputation from the Crystal Palace Excursion Committee. Many excellent speeches were made, and many capital songs were sung. In the course of the evening C.S. Love gave the statistics of the Stepney District, and Secretary Robinson stated that the Hope Lodge was in a very flourishing condition.

CUCKFIELD.—The members of the Hayward's Heath Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Monday, September 3. The chair was taken by Robert Loder, Esq. (High Beeches, and Lieutenant 2nd Sussex Volunteer Rifle Corps), supported by Captain Meek* (of Bantridge, Captain 2nd Sussex Volunteer Rifle Corps), the Rev. R. E. Wyatt (all members of the M.U.), and several honorary members and friends. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. Wm. Curtis, of Brighton, the founder of the Lodge. In all eighty-five members and friends dined. The Hayward's Heath Lodge continues to flourish. It now boasts of 112 members and a fund of almost £120. Twenty-eight members have been made in the past year ; four members only have left, and but five members are on the sick list. Its management is economically conducted. Its officers are good and tried men, and with such a host it cannot fail to prosper.

DONCASTER.—The members of the Lord Morpeth Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Monday, July 9, when upwards of one hundred dined together at the Saracen's Head. Mr. Joseph Hurst, of Spring Gardens, in the chair ; Mr. C. Roebuck in the vice-chair. The number of members in this Lodge was on that date 200, with a capital of £1,369, of which £900 was employed as a mortgage on freeheld property.

DONCASTER.—The members of the Jubilee Lodge held their anniversary on Monday, July 16. N.G. Carmichael in the chair, and V.G. Marsh in the vice-chair. This Lodge is in a prosperous state, both as regards members and funds.

DUBLIN.—The members of the Emerald Isle (the parent Lodge of Ireland) held their anniversary dinner on Wednesday evening, September 5, which was numerously attended by the officers and brothers of that and other Lodges in the district.

ENNIS, IRELAND.—On Tuesday, July 3rd, the members of the Star of the West Lodge celebrated their second anniversary, when a large number of brothers from neighbouring Lodges were present. The financial position of the Lodge was reported as highly satisfactory, considering the short time it has been in existence.

EPWORTH, YORKSHIRE —On Friday, July 13, the members of the several Friendly Societies in this town held their anniversary festivals. The Odd-fellows assembled in the Market-place a little before noon, and, with the members of other societies, proceeded to the parish church to attend divine service, when an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, the rector. Afterwards the members and friends dined at their several Lodge houses.

FINNINGLEY, YORKSHIRE.—On Monday, July 23, the members and friends of the Good Intent Lodge celebrated their seventeenth anniversary. The members assembled about ten o'clock, and, after perambulating the village, headed by a band from Doncaster, proceeded to church. After divine service they returned to the Lodge house, and partook of a sumptuous dinner. This Lodge is in a very flourishing condition.

HINDERWELL, YORKSHIRE.—The anniversary of the Loyal Brotherly Love Lodge was celebrated on Wednesday, the 25th July. The members met at the Lodge-room at 11 a.m., and proceeded to the village of Staithes, thence to the parish church of Hinderwell, headed by the Farndale brass band, where the Rev. H. M. Sims, Incumbent, preached a very appropriate and excellent sermon; after which a collection was made for the benefit of the Odd-fellows' Reading-room and Library. On leaving the church the members formed in procession, and after having paraded the streets, sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Br. R. Hansill, in a spacious tent erected for the purpose; after which a ball was commenced, which was kept up with great spirit by the members and their friends until a late hour. The Lodge was opened about 18 months since, and has, under good management, been very successful. It now numbers upwards of 50 members. On Tuesday evening, July 31, after the usual Lodge business was concluded, N.G. William Adamson was presented by his fellow-members with a gold star and appendages, in acknowledgment of his faithful discharge of his duties while acting as Secretary and V.G.

HORSHAM.—The 16th anniversary of the Weald of Sussex Lodge was celebrated on Monday, July 30th. The members and friends met on the Cricket Field in the afternoon, where various games were vigorously enjoyed by male and female, the band of the 7th Sussex Rifles playing at intervals. At eight o'clock in the evening the members and friends re-assembled at the Lodge-house, and partook of a good substantial dinner, Brs. C. Gilbred and Weakford ably sustaining the duties of the chair and vice-chair. This Lodge is progressing in a steady and satisfactory manner.

LEICESTER.—Br. W. N. Waldram has favoured us with a long and interesting account of a presentation to Br. J. Bray, Chairman of the Committee of Management at the Leicester A.M.C., and Br. Cox, the C.S. of the District. We regret that the report arrived too late in the quarter to allow of its insertion in full. We can only say that the testimonials consisted of two handsome lever watches and gold chains, accompanied by appropriate addresses, which were delivered by the Chairman, Br. T. Millis, Prov. G.M. Mr. Cox was unfortunately absent from illness. The inner side of the watch presented to Mr. Bray bore the following inscription:—"Amicitia Amor et Veritas. Presented by the Members of the Leicester District, as a token of esteem, to P.P.G.M. John Bray, for his efficient services as Chairman of the Committee of Management for the A.M.C., I.O.M.U.O.F., held in Leicester. 1859." The watch presented to Mr. Cox bore an inscription in similar terms, with the exception of the name and services of the recipient.

NEWARK.—ANNIVERSARY OF ODD-FELLOWS AND FORESTERS.—On July 9th the two Orders met in the Town Hall, as usual, to celebrate their anniversary. The members formed into procession to church, headed by the excellent band of the Sherwood Rangers, and after Divine service paraded the principal streets; after which they dined with their friends at the Corn Exchange. The chair was taken by John Thomas Pratt, Esq., son of the Registrar of Friendly Societies. During the afternoon a presentation was made to P.P.G.M. Charles Reavill, consisting of a handsome medal in the form of a star, and a Past Officer's certificate, neatly framed, bearing the following inscription on the medal:—"Presented to P.P.G.M. Charles Reavill, by the Officers and Brothers of the Good Samaritan Lodge, M.U., as a token of respect for his valuable services." The presentation was made by P.P.G.M. John Adcock, Permanent Secretary of the Lodge, in an eloquent and appropriate speech.

NEWTON HEATH.—On Saturday, July 7th, was held the anniversary of the Loyal King George IV. Lodge, when about 180 members sat down to dinner; P.P.G.M. Abel Shorples in the chair, supported by the D.G.M. and C.S. of the District. The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music, and the usual toasts were given and responded to. In the toast for the Lodge, Mr. James Barnes, the Secretary, gave a short pithy account of the progress of the society since the last anniversary. Touching on the deaths that had occurred, reference was made chiefly to two of the oldest members who had died during the year. Eleven new members had joined the Lodge, making a total of 269. He eulogized the management of the Lodge, stating that when the chairman first joined the society, in 1825, they were £10 in debt. The society had now funds out at interest to the amount of £2,000 and upwards, lent on the best security—namely, that of the Newton, Oldham, Salford, and Bradford Corporations. But, beside this, there was £400 in the bank, and £40 in the hands of the treasurer: making a grand total of £2,341, or nearly £12 10s. per member. There was no reason, therefore, to fear for the stability of the Lodge, for with ordinary precaution they had capital sufficient to meet all demands.

NORTH LONDON.—The Oliver Cromwell Lodge held its 15th anniversary dinner at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on Wednesday, July 25th. P.G. Sowdon presided, P.G. Woods occupying the vice-chair. The well-filled room presented an animated appearance, many members wearing the uniform of their volunteer corps. After the usual loyal toasts, that of the Order and the Directors was given, and responded to by Prov. G.M. Rough. In replying for the District Officers, Prov. D.G.M. Harris stated that at the beginning of 1859 the surplus capital of the North London District was nearly £47,000, the income during the year was £9,588, the payment in sickness £4,163, and at death £1,209. At the end of the year the district had a surplus, properly invested, of about £51,213, and 7,611 subscribing members. P.G. Woods proposed "The Widow and Orphan Fund," remarking that since its institution the gifts to widows and children had amounted to upwards of £21,000, and there was now in hand £9,500. The annual balance-sheet of the Lodge showed an available surplus of £630 at the end of 1859.

NORTH LONDON.—The members of the Pride of Westmoreland Lodge, Sutton Arms, Caledonian Road, have just presented to their Secretary, Mr. Joshua Simms, as a mark of their esteem, a silver watch and official scarf with a star. After an appropriate and eloquent address from P.G. Fillingham, expressive of the high esteem and regard in which he has been held during his secretaryship, Mr. Simms replied, and said, when he received the books there were 79 members and a capital of £264. During the four years he has been in office the Lodge had paid for sickness £173 12s.; it has now 133 members and a capital of £528, thus showing that in four years the Lodge had doubled its capital.

NORTH LONDON.—The Cambridge Lodge celebrated its 17th anniversary at St. James's Hall, on Monday, Sept. 10th. P.G. Stephens presided, and N.G. Reaveley occupied the vice-chair. "The Manchester Unity and Board of Directors" was responded to by P.G. Pardon. "The North London District" and "Widow and Orphan Fund," etc., followed; and in proposing the chief toast—"The Cambridge Lodge"—P.G. Stephens, as Secretary, stated that it now numbered 155 members, whose average age was 36 years, with a surplus capital, well invested, of £1,953. Some time since it was thought right to have the assets of the Lodge valued, and there was found to be nearly £900 surplus. On this the Lodge resolved to increase the benefits to the members; and now, a second valuation having been made

by C.S. Ratcliffe, it was proved that the Lodge was quite capable of meeting all its liabilities, and still leave a small surplus.

ROTHERHAM DISTRICT.—MEMORIAL TO WORTH.—After the decease of the late Mr. Nussey (reported in this magazine in October, 1858), it was considered desirable by many members of this district that a memorial should be erected by them in Kimberworth churchyard, near Rotherham, over the remains of a brother who had so unremittingly laboured for the welfare of the Order in the town and neighbourhood. In compliance with such feeling, Mr. Bamforth, P.P.G.M., Mr. Brameld, G.M., Mr. Law, P.G., and others were elected as a committee to carry out this laudable object, and they have so far succeeded in their united efforts as to meet with the entire approbation of all parties. The memorial has been only recently completed, and now forms one of the most interesting objects in the above burial-ground. It consists of an upright pillar, surmounted by an unrolled scroll, on which appears the following appropriate inscription:—"This monument was erected by the members of the Rotherham District of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, in remembrance of the late William Nussey, P.P.G.M., whose loss they lament, and whose memory they revere. He had been a member of the Order upwards of 20 years, during which period he filled several offices to the entire satisfaction of the brotherhood, and by his zealous attention to the interests of the society gained for himself that respect and esteem which his integrity and ability so well merited." On the back of the pillar are the arms of the Order.

ROTHERHAM.—On Saturday, August 25th, a testimonial was presented to Mr. J. Bamforth, P.P.G.M., solicitor, Rotherham, consisting of a handsome time-piece, with a silver plate attached, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Bamforth, P.P.G.M., by the members of the Star of Providence Lodge, No. 2,222, M.U.F.S., as a token of respect for his valuable services. Aug., 1860."

SHREWSBURY.—The Rev. J. Yardley, Vicar of St. Chad's, was initiated a member of our Order in the Loyal Salopian Lodge, on Monday, July 16th; R. Giles, G.M. of the Lodge, acting as Lecture Master. The rev. gentleman has thus given practical proof of the appreciation in which he holds the Manchester Unity—a proof hardly needed by those who heard his eloquent sermon and made his acquaintance at the A.M.C., but which is highly gratifying, nevertheless, as his example cannot but be useful in spreading the knowledge of our principles in a new direction.

STALEYBRIDGE.—On Wednesday evening, July 4th, J. H. Harrison, Esq., of Highfield House, was initiated an honorary member of the Royal Grove Lodge; P. Prov. G.M. Joshua Saxon acted as N.G., and P. Prov. G.M. William Aitken as Lecture Master.

TRURO DISTRICT.—OPENING OF AN ODD-FELLOWS' LODGE AT HELSTON.—A Dispensation having been granted by the G.M. and Board of Directors, the Loyal Duke of Cornwall Lodge, No. 4,839, was opened in due form on the 12th of December last, and twenty new members were initiated.

WEST BROMWICH.—The anniversary of the Earl of Dartmouth Lodge was held at the Swan Inn, on Monday evening, August 13th, and a goodly number of members and friends sat down to a good and substantial dinner. On the removal of the cloth, P.P.G.M. Williams was called to the chair, and P.P.G.M. Dawes, C.S., to the vice-chair. On January 1st, 1859, this Lodge had 34 members, and funds amounting to £370 9s. 3d.; the receipts for the year were £101 15s. 4d., making a total of £472 4s. 7d.; the total

expenditure for the same period was £75 13s. 7d., showing a surplus over the expenses of £26 1s. 9d., and leaving a balance in hand to the credit of the Lodge of £396 11s.

WORTHING.—On Wednesday, Feb. 8, the members and friends of the Victoria Lodge presented pictorial certificates to the following Past Grands, as testimony of the satisfactory manner in which they have filled the office of Chairmen of the Lodge:—D. Prov. G.M. George Palmer, of the Brighton District, founder of the Lodge, and 23 years a member; P.G. William Harris, Esq.; P.G. Thomas James Aldridge; P.G. H. Richardson; P.G. James Swan; P.G. Joseph Bristow; P.G. Charles Birch; P.G. Stephen Sayers; P.G. Thomas Gard; P.G. Charles Hedger; P.G. George Shelley, and P.G. Thomas Harmer. The chair was ably filled by William Verrell, who presented the certificates.

WORTHING.—On Tuesday, July 3rd, the officers and brothers of the Victoria Lodge celebrated their 15th anniversary, when about 200 members and friends assembled. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Verrell, supported by Mr. George Palmer, Prov. D.G.M., of the Brighton District, Mr. James Curtis, C.S., P.G. William Harris, Esq., and Mr. Duke Paine. The annual statement, presented by the chairman, who is secretary of the Lodge, showed the present number of members to be 163, at an average age of 30; £32 17s. 2d. had been expended during the year in sick allowances. The present value of the Lodge funds was £727 4s. 6½d., being an increase of £152 5s. 2d. on the year. The funds are invested on freehold property at Brighton, and Worthing Town Bonds, paying good interest.

Obituary.

At New York, U.S., on the 7th of June, on her journey homewards from Mexico, Amelia, the beloved wife of Edmund B. Monro, Esq., Manager of the Santa Fe Iron Works, and formerly of Maesteg, in the county of Glamorgan. The deceased lady was the only sister of Mr. Thomas Vaughan, C.S. to the Aberdare District.

In memory of P.G. Matthew Winterbottom, of the Blucher Lodge, Staleybridge District, who died June 11th, in the 70th year of his age, and was interred at Cocker Hill Chapel, Staleybridge, June 17th. His remains were followed to their last resting-place by upwards of 100 past and present officers and brothers of the district. Deceased was a member of the Order for 46 years.

At Bradford, Yorkshire, on the 27th of July, aged 60, Mr. Charles Simons, for the last 20 years C.S. of the Bradford District, during which time his kindness of disposition gained for him the esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

END OF VOL. II.

EDWARD BENHAM, PRINTER, COLCHESTER.

